

California and the West, 1881, and later. By L. Vernon Briggs

LUAU AT THE MOANALUA COTTAGE OF HON. S. M. DAMON, OAHU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. ROBERT LEWERS, P.C. JONES, S. M. DAMON, W. H. LEWERS, EDDIE DAMON, OLIVER CARTER, HARRIET LEWERS, ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, HELEN JUDD, MRS. S. M. DAMON, MRS. JOSEPH O. CARTER

CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST 1881 AND LATER

Privately Printed BY L. VERNON BRIGGS

Author of

“The History of shipbuilding on North River, Massachusetts”; “Around cape Horn to Honolulu on the Bark ‘Amy Turner’, 1881”; “Experiences of a Medical student in Honolulu and on the Island of Oahu, 1881”

1931

COPYRIGHT, 1931 BY L. V. BRIGGS BOSTON WRIGHT & POTTER PRINTING COMPANY
1931

DEDICATED TO MY EVER FAITHFUL, LOVING AND DEVOTED SISTER VELMA BRIGGS

INTRODUCTION

Since writing my experience as a medical student in Honolulu I have been urged by many friends in the West to continue my narrative and write of my experiences in the West, especially of my visit

to California fifty years ago. It is a personal narrative and therefore I have decided to publish this volume privately.

I have left out the continuation of my journey from Yuma, Arizona, to Boston in 1881, for the experiences of my sister and myself in Arizona during the Apache war, and my later trip to Mexico, would make this too large a volume. I have decided to publish these experiences in a separate volume later.

I do not expect the general public to be interested in these tales, but only those who reside in the regions I write about, or who have visited these localities some years ago. L. V. B. JULY, 1931

CONTENTS

CHAPTER PAGE I. Northern California, 1881-82 — Napa City and Soda Springs — St. Helena — Calistoga — Ætna Springs — White Sulphur Springs — A Suicide at Our Hotel — The Geysers — Petrified Forest - Ukiah — Monticello — Martinez — Vallejo 1 II. San Francisco in 1881 — Funeral Procession for President Garfield — Mare Island — Governor Romualdo Pacheco — Chinatown in 1881 — San Francisco to Los Angeles 67 III. Los Angeles in 1882 — The Old Town — The Fort — The Suburbs — Samuel Henry Kent — Santa Monica — The Perry Family — General William T. Sherman — California Desert — Yuma 113 IV. A Trip to the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill., 1893 144 V. A Trip to California in 1895, along the Route of the Canadian Pacific — Vancouver — Seattle — Portland — Home by way of the Brigham Young Trail 150 VI. World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904 — A Visit to the Yellowstone Park 159 VII. A Hurried Trip to Santa Barbara in 1920 170 VIII. California and the West, 1921 — Truckee, Nevada - Lake Tahoe — Yosemite — San Francisco - Monterey — Santa Barbara — Los Angeles - Grand Canyon, Arizona 176 IX. Visit to Santa Barbara, California, 1923 208

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Luau at the Moanalua Cottage of Hon. S. M. Damon, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands. Robert Lewers, P. C. Jones, S. M. Damon, W. H. Lewers, Eddie Damon, Oliver Carter, Harriet Lewers, Elizabeth

Campbell, Helen Judd, Mrs. S. M. Damon, Mrs. Joseph O. Carter *Frontispiece Facing page*
 Residence of Hon. Samuel M. Damon, Nuuanu Avenue, Honolulu. Home of L. V. Briggs for Many
 Months. Mrs. S. M. Damon and Miss May Damon in Foreground 4 Palace Hotel, Napa, Cal.(text)
 7 U. S. Arctic Relief Ship “Rodgers” and Officers, 1881 8 C. H. Wetmore, M.D., Napa, Cal., 1881
 12 Luke Kelly, Napa, Cal., 1881 12 San Rafael, Marin County, Cal., 1881 16 Calistoga Hotel and
 Grounds from the Depot, 1881 16 Charles J. Guiteau (from Frank Leslie's “Weekly,” 1881)(text)
 25 Discussion by the Attending and Consulting Surgeons of President Garfield (from Frank Leslie's
 “Weekly,” 1881)(text) 27 Napa Soda Springs and Hotel(text) 30 L. Vernon Briggs, 1881 32 The
 Geysers — Foss in His Glory — The Geysers Hotel(text) 35 Arriving at the Geysers Hotel, July 25,
 1881(text) 39 Geysers Hotel, Sonoma County, Cal., 1881 40 x *Facing page* View from the Geysers
 Hotel, Geysers, Cal., 1881 40 Devil's Tea Kettle, Geysers, Cal., 1881 40 Mrs. Howland, Wife of
 Capt. John Howland, Napa, 1881 48 Emma Haas, Napa, 1881 48 View of the Bay and Part of the
 City of San Francisco, 1881 (photo by Taber) 56 Ferry Landing, San Francisco, 1881 56 Petrified
 Tree, 70 Feet Long, 11 Feet Diameter, Petrified Forest, Sonoma County, Cal., July 27, 1881 56
 San Francisco, Cal., in 1848 (from a pencil sketch by Taber) 64 Central Pacific Railroad Depot,
 Oakland, Cal., 1881 (photo by Taber) 64 Arraignment of Guiteau (from Frank Leslie's “Weekly,”
 1881)(text) 74 Daniel Callaghan, 1882 80 Palace Hotel, San Francisco, 1881 (photo by Taber) 80
 Court, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, 1881 (photo by Taber) 88 California Street, San Francisco,
 looking up from Sansome Street, 1881 (photo by Taber) 88 Market Street from 3rd Street, looking
 East, San Francisco, 1881 (photo by Taber) 104 The Crocker and Colton Mansions, California
 Street, San Francisco, 1881 104 A. F. Sawyer, M.D., San Francisco, 1881 (photo by Taber) 106
 Cliff House and Seal Rock, San Francisco, 1881 108 Grand Hotel, San Francisco, 1881 108 Bird's-
 eye View of San Francisco, 1881 108 Sonora, the Original Settlement of Los Angeles; occupied
 in 1882 by Aged Spaniards and Mexicans; Many Adobe Houses (photo by Payne, Stanton & Co.)
 114 xi *Facing page* View of Los Angeles, Cal., from the Top of the Court House, 1882 114 Pico
 House, Los Angeles, 1882 114 The New Normal School, 1882(text) 125 Samuel Henry Kent, 1882
 (photo by The Adams Studio) 128 Residence of William H. Perry, Esq., on Boyle Heights, Los
 Angeles, 1882 136 Mamie B. Perry, Los Angeles, Cal 138 William H. Perry, Esq., Los Angeles,
 1882 138 Adobe Mission Church, 110 Years Old in 1882, San Gabriel, Cal. The Chimes came

from Spain (photo by Payne, Stanton & Co.) 142 Indians at Needles, Cal., 1882 142 Indians near
 Needles, Cal., 1882 142 The Raymond & Whitcomb Grand(text) 145 Vancouver, British Columbia,
 1895 (photo by Boorne & May, Ltd.) 150 Main Street, Winnipeg, 1895 (photo by Notman &
 Son) 150 Cree Indian Family and Travois, Calgary, 1895 152 Bow River and Twin Peaks, Banff,
 1895 (photo by Notman & Son) 152 Blackfoot Indian Camp near Gleichen, 1895 154 Loop in the
 Selkirks, showing four Tracks, 1895 (photo by Notman & Son) 154 Cree Indian at Medicine Hat,
 1895 158 Blackfoot Indian, British Columbia, 1895 158 Miss Velma Briggs riding a Camel at
 World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 159 Miss Velma Briggs dismounting from
 Camel, World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 159 xii *Facing page* The Igorot
 preparing and cooking a Dog for their Daily Meal at the World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904 (photo by
 Philippine Photograph Company) 160 Miss Velma Briggs resting on an Elephant, World's Fair, St.
 Louis, 1904 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 162 Miss Velma Briggs feeding an Elephant, World's Fair,
 St. Louis, 1904 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 162 Driving into the Yellowstone, 1904 (photo by L. V.
 Briggs) 162 Constant Geyser, Yellowstone, 1904 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 164 Mammoth Hot
 Springs Hotel and Mount Everts, Yellowstone, 1904 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 164 Typical Group of
 Tourists watching Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone (photo by L. V. Briggs) 164 Paint Pots Geyser,
 Yellowstone (photo by L. V. Briggs) 166 Excelsior Geyser, Yellowstone (photo by L. V. Briggs)
 166 Yellowstone Great Falls (photo by L. V. Briggs) 166 Giant Geyser, Yellowstone (photo by L.
 V. Briggs) 168 Buffalo in Yellowstone Park (photo by L. V. Briggs) 168 A Familiar Scene in the
 Yellowstone 168 "The Upham," Santa Barbara, Oct. 30, 1920 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 172 Cottage
 Hospital, Santa Barbara, Oct. 30, 1920 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 172 Wood-fired Engine which ran
 from Truckee to Tahoe (photo by L. V. Briggs) 176 L. Cabot Briggs diving in Lake Tahoe, Sept.
 1, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 176 Lake Tahoe(text) 178 Mono Lake. Mrs. McPherson's Boat
 just leaving her Island 180 xiii *Facing page* Venita R. McPherson and her Goats on Paoha Ranch
 and Island, Mono Lake 180 After leaving Mindon, Sept. 3, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 180 L. V.
 Briggs and Party passing a Mule Team near Tioga Pass, Sept. 3, 1921 182 Tenaya Lake, California,
 Sept. 4, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 182 Canvas Cabins at Tenaya Lake, where we spent the Night
 of Sept. 3, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 182 Facsimile of Automobile Pass for Tioga Pass(text) 183
 Yosemite (photo by L. V. Briggs) 184 Half Dome, Yosemite, at Mirror Lake, Sept. 5, 1921 (photo

by L. V. Briggs) 184 Merced River, Yosemite, Sept. 4, 1921, near where we lunched in Our Car (photo by L. V. Briggs) 184 L. Cabot Briggs, L. Vernon Briggs and Chauffeur, W. G. Anderson, on the Yosemite Trail, Sept. 5, 1921 (photo by Mary Cabot Briggs) 186 Half Dome, Yosemite, Sept. 5, 1921 (photo by Mary Cabot Briggs) 186 View on the Way from Yosemite to Glacier Point, Sept. 6, 1921 (photo by M. C. Briggs) 186 View from Glacier Point, Yosemite, Sept. 6, 1921, Cabot in the Foreground (photo by L. V. Briggs) 188 Big Tree at Wawona, said to be 5,000 Years Old, L. Cabot Briggs standing at the Foot of the Tree, Sept. 6 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 188 Bay at Carmel near Monterey, Cal., Sept. 11, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 192 View from Glacier Point, Sept. 6, 1921 (photo by M. C. Briggs) 192 xiv *Facing page* Bird's-eye View of Hotel at Monterey, 1882(text) 193 L. Cabot Briggs on the Golf Links at Monterey, Cal., Sept. 11, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 196 L. Cabot Briggs at Miss Baylor's Walnut Grove (Harvest Time), Santa Barbara, Sept. 21, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 196 L. Cabot Briggs on the La Cumbra Golf Links, Santa Barbara, Sept. 19, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 198 Cabot on the Steps of the Cottage we occupied at the El Mirasol, Santa Barbara, September, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 198 "Casa De Paz," Mary Gray's House in the Ojai Valley, California, Sept. 17, 1931 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 198 San Inez Mission, Sept. 23, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 198 Guide, Mrs. L. V. Briggs, L. Cabot Briggs, L. V. Briggs starting on a Two Days' Trip down Hermit Trail, Grand Canyon of Arizona, Sept. 30, 1921 (photo by a Friend) 203 L. Cabot Briggs (leading), Mrs. L. Vernon Briggs and the Guide going down the Grand Canyon of Arizona, by the Hermit Trail, Sept. 30, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 203 Mary Cabot Briggs on the Hermit Trail, Grand Canyon of Arizona, Oct. 1, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 205 L. Cabot Briggs, Mary Cabot Briggs, with the Guide leading, going up the Hermit Trail, Oct. 1, 1921 (photo by L. V. Briggs) 205 Mary Cabot Briggs and her Son, L. Cabot Briggs, at the Foot of Hermit Trail on the Colorado River, Grand Canyon of Arizona, Oct. 1, 1921 206 President and Mrs. Warren G. Harding, Brigadier General Sawyer in Uniform on her Right, receiving their Friends from Marion, Ohio, at the White House, June 10, 1921. L. V. Briggs present but not visible in the Picture (photo presented to L. V. Briggs by Mrs. Harding) 211

CHAPTER I

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, 1881-82 NAPA CITY AND SODA SPRINGS — ST. HELENA
CALISTOGA ÆTNA SPRINGS — WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS A SUICIDE AT OUR HOTEL
THE GEYSERS — PETRIFIED FOREST — UKIAH MONTICELLO — MARTINEZ —
VALLEJO

Four years ago I published an account of my experiences as a medical student in Honolulu and on the Island of Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands in the years 1880-81. In this volume I also told of my voyage back from Honolulu to San Francisco in the steamer “City of Sidney,” 3,009 tons. We sailed from Honolulu on May 10, 1881, arriving in San Francisco on May 19. At this time I was seventeen years of age. I had been sent to Honolulu by way of Cape Horn by Dr. Henry I. Bowditch of Boston, as I was suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs. This form of treatment was much in vogue in those days, and the voyage, although a very rough one, did me good. I was much better when I arrived in Honolulu, but overtaxed my strength as vaccinating officer, and later government physician, in the epidemic of smallpox which broke out soon after my arrival. I was responsible for the successful vaccination of all the inhabitants on the 2 Island of Oahu.^{*} However, I was already recovering from a series of hemorrhages from my lungs as a result of long horseback rides in the rain and sleeping in native grass huts, often damp or wet. I had accepted a position as government physician for the District of Kona, Island of Hawaii, when my plans were suddenly changed. My sister Velma had been taken ill with malaria while visiting in Washington, D. C., and the physicians had ordered a complete change of climate for her, so it was arranged for my mother to bring her as far as San Francisco, where I was to meet her and take her back with me to Honolulu. After her arrival in San Francisco, however, this plan was changed, as she was not considered well enough to make the journey to Honolulu.

See “Experiences of a Medical Student in Honolulu and on the Island of Oahu in 1880,” L. Vernon Briggs.

Soon after I reached San Francisco I was offered a position as physician on the United States Arctic relief ship “Rodgers,” which was about to go to the Arctic regions in search of the “Jeannette.” I felt that it would be a wonderful experience up there in the Arctic, and was most anxious to go, but my physicians, Doctors Hubbard and Sawyer, would not listen to the suggestion, so I had to

see the vessel go off and leave me behind. We were all at that time much interested in the fate of the United States steamer "Jeannette." Commanded by Lieut. George W. DeLong, and financed by Mr. James Gordon Bennett of the "New York Herald," she had sailed from San Francisco on July 8, 1879, on a gallant expedition in search of the North Pole, and she had been last reported by Captain Barnes of the whaler "Sea Breeze," on September 4 of that year. Captain Barnes reported that, though he had sighted the vessel, she had disappeared in the fog and they were unable to speak her.

She was provisioned for three years, and those best acquainted with the personnel of the expedition had not felt much uneasiness as to the safety of the vessel and her crew until the close of the season just past. But the exceptional freedom from ice of the Arctic region during the summer of 1881, and the fact that no tidings had been obtained of the expedition by the United States revenue cutters "Rodgers" and "Corwin," or by any of the whaling fleet, had been causing much solicitude, and several expeditions had already been sent out in search for her. The "Jeannette" had on board, when she cleared from San Francisco, thirty-three souls, — twenty-five forward and eight aft. To this number were added at St. Michael's two experienced native guides, with several dog teams. DeLong's last despatch had been received at the Navy Department in September, 1880, thirteen months after it was written. It was dated from Cape Seedezkamen, August 19, 1879, and the message concluded with the statement: "The officers and men in my command are all well, and we expect to sail tonight for Wrangel Island via Kalintchin Bay." At the time of my arrival in California there was much excitement over this expedition, and great fears were entertained that the vessel and all her crew had been lost.*

This expedition was a most unfortunate one, and it was a year from the date of sailing before any definite news was had of the "Rodgers." However, all of her officers and men survived. These officers were Lieutenant R. M. Berry, commanding; Master C. F. Putnam; Master H. S. Waring; Ensign C. M. Stoney; Ensign H. J. Hunt; Engineer A. V. Zane; Surgeon M. D. Jones; Dr. J. D. Castillo; and a crew of twenty-six men. The "Rodgers" caught fire in St. Lawrence Bay on November 30; all attempts to reach the fire were unavailing, and the ship, being helpless, was carried by the ice and tide aground near Lutka Island. After great difficulty, all the boats but two were got on land. The fire burned the anchor line, and the ship was swept out of the harbor by the ice. She was last seen December 2, 1881. The official records were saved, but the crew lost nearly all their clothing, and but little success was had in securing her provisions. The whole crew were camped upon the beach for two days, and then made their way to a village of eleven huts about seven miles distant, where the natives cared kindly for them, but it soon became evident that their scanty provision of wolves' meat would not last for long, so the

crew of the "Rodgers" were distributed among different villages along the coast within a distance of thirty-five miles. On December 23, Lieutenant Berry, accompanied by Ensign Hunt, left the others in St. Lawrence Bay and proceeded to sledge the Siberian coast in search of the "Jeannette." on May 13 Master Waring received a letter from Berry, through natives, dated at Keoyma River, April 4, stating that he had heard of the loss of the "Jeannette" and the landing of her boat, and that, should he search for survivors, he would not return eastward. He directed Mr. Waring to take his party and make the best of his way to San Francisco and communicate with the Navy Department. His letter was dated from a point which lies about halfway between the St. Lawrence and the Lena River. In the meantime, Master C. F. Putnam, who had been left in charge of the supply station at Cape Serdge Karmen, heard of the loss of the ship, and on February 4 he arrived at the village, where most of the men were quartered, with four sledges of pemmican and other provisions for the shipwrecked party. He started on his return journey to the depot in bad weather, and was carried out on the ice in a terrible gale. A vigorous attempt to rescue him was made by four of the "Rodgers" crew and two natives in a canoe, but they were unable to reach him and were obliged to put back. This was the last they saw of Putnam, but some natives reported the following June that they had seen his body on an ice floe, but could not recover it owing to a change of wind, which caused the ice to drift away from the shore. The conduct of the natives was excellent, and their humble hospitality profuse. Their scanty provision of wolf meat, walrus and seal were at times very scarce, and they often went without food themselves to afford relief to the whites. A sledge party from the "Rodgers" visited Plover and Marcus bays, and left with the natives letters to be delivered to any whaling vessel which might visit these places, informing it of the condition of the shipwrecked crew. Captain Owens of the steam whaler "North Star" finally got one of these letters, and forced his ship through the ice opposite St. Lawrence Bay, reaching them on May 8, 1882. He jammed his ship on the outer edge of the ice so as not to be carried to the northward by the large floes of ice floating by, and on the afternoon of the 14th he got the crew of the ill-fated "Rodgers" on board his vessel. Before leaving, Mr. Waring issued to the natives all the unexpended trade goods, rifles, ammunition and boats as a recompense for their kind treatment, and with these they seemed greatly pleased. The officers and crew were conveyed to Sitka, where they arrived in excellent condition.

In my former story I gave an account of my first days in California which were spent in San Francisco and its suburbs, where I was soon joined by my mother and sister. My story ended on July 14, 1881, when, having abandoned our plan of returning to Honolulu, we had decided, by the advice of Dr. A. F. Sawyer, to go to Napa, Napa Valley, Napa County, north of San Francisco, to avoid the cold winds which sprang up in that city even in summer, making it necessary to wear an overcoat after 4 P.M. Their chill comes over

RESIDENCE OF HON.SAMUEL M. DAMON, NUUANU AVENUE, HONOLULU. HOME OF L. V. BRIGGS. FOR MANY MONTHS. MRS. DAMON AND MISS MAY DAMON IN FOREGROUND.

5 me again in reading a letter which my mother wrote my father on June 7, 1881, from the Tamalpais Hotel, San Rafael, where we stayed for a short time before going to Napa:

“We are now in a little town out of San Francisco — a delightful spot; although, strange to say, the wind never ‘blew so hard’ in this part of the country before as it has for the last four days. It has rained twice this week and was raining all last night — such a thing was never known here before in June, but it seems as if everywhere that Vernon goes he has things happen 6 that never happened before! . . . The air is delightful and the hotel good. Vernon had two letters to Dr. W. G. Graham, the proprietor, one from Mr. Robert Howland and one from Mr. Pierson. . . . I want to get Velma a new riding habit, for there are very nice horses here; a party of over twenty went riding from the hotel this morning. Velma and Vernon go riding every day. . . . Vernon is quite uncomfortable with the croton oil they are putting on his chest to draw out the inflammation.”

We had thought, first, of going to Los Angeles, but Dr. Sawyer advised against it at that time. He said, “I don’t like Los Angeles — it gets the sea breeze.” I spoke of Nevada; “Too far inland,” he said; and then he suggested the Napa Valley as just the place, and said, “This is the mode of life I want you to live — plenty of exercise out of doors, such as horseback, etc. I want you to go to Napa, or a place near there; take a gun and fishing outfit. After you have eaten your breakfast, start out early every morning and fish or hunt till night; don’t come home any day until dark. Make your lunch out of what you kill; build a fire and cook it. By such a plan you will be obliged to get your lunch, and this will keep you out of doors. When you come home, take a bath, change your flannels and your clothes, and you will be fresh for dinner. I want you to do this for at least six weeks. In a few days your sister will be able to go with you. For the first month I want you both to live like nigger Indians, and you will get a foundation and improve so that your parents will not know you.”

Velma and I did not carry out Dr. Sawyer’s instructions 7 to “live like nigger Indians” to the letter. It would doubtless have been better for us had we done so, but we were sociable young people, and my sister was not inured to roughing it. Probably our mother would have been very anxious had we done so, for the fresh-air treatment, especially for tuberculosis, was practically unknown in that day. But we did get much benefit from our stay in Napa, and I spent a great deal of time in the open air.

On June 15, 1881, with my mother and sister, I crossed the ferry from San Francisco to Oakland, where we took a train to Vallejo, California’s old capital, which I visited later, as I shall relate;

thence we changed to another train for Napa, where we had engaged rooms at the Palace Hotel. From my notes made at the time I extract the following description of Napa:

To the visitor at Napa City today (1881) the statement that a little more than thirty years ago the site of the now lively little city was a “howling wilderness” sounds more like a fable than a reality; and yet such is the case. It is situated in the midst of a country noted for its mild and genial climate, the great fertility of its soil, and its many well-cultivated vineyards. Those in Napa Valley produced in one year over twenty-six hundred thousand gallons of wine and brandy. This production was from sixty-one cellars.

The valley is about forty miles long, and Napa City, thirty miles inland from the Pacific Coast, is hedged in completely by branches of the Coast Range Mountains, these protecting it from any great devastations by wind and weather. Snow is a great rarity, and ice seldom forms. In summer the thermometer rarely reaches ninety, though during a dry spell the heat seems intense. It is also very dusty during the dry season, but the streets are kept fairly watered and the sidewalks in very good condition, so that the visitor will find little cause for complaint on that score, especially when it is compared with most other California towns. The products are principally fruits, wine and cereals, and the future will probably reveal the fact that no part of California is better adapted to the growth of the vine than Napa Valley. The soil among the foothills is the common red detritus from volcanic substances, which is well adapted to the growth of the vine. The blackberry ranches are well worth a visit, also the strawberry and raspberry ranches. Timber is a scarce article, there being no growths to speak of, except a belt of redwood along the west line. On the road to the State Asylum for the Insane, situated near Napa City, is a little adobe house which has withstood the action of the climate for over forty years. Here lives Don Cayetano Jaurez, a Spanish Mexican, to whom belongs the honor of being one of the first settlers. Coming here in 1840, he built this house in which he has since lived continuously.

(See page 4)

Spaniards continued to come, but it was not until 1847-8 that any Americans settled here. In May, 1848, the first wooden building — a saloon 18 by 24 feet — was erected by Harrison Pierce. At that time the town was divided into “Napa Alta,” or Upper Napa, and “Napa Abajo,” or Lower Napa. Pierce's saloon was soon deserted, as on the 8th of May, 1848, the discovery of gold in California excited the male portion of the small settlement to such an extent that the town was almost deserted in a few days (there being scarcely a woman there then), and the inhabitants of Napa were among the first to arrive at the newly discovered gold fields. Pierce returned to Napa in the fall to find his first building just as he had left it, and reopened it with the name of “Empire Saloon” over the door, well remembered by old pioneers as a place where lodgings and “square meals,” of beef, hard bread and coffee, could be had at \$1 each.

At that time lumber was worth \$300 per thousand; freight by wagon to Sonoma, a distance of seventy or eighty miles, was \$80 per thousand, and barley cost \$8 to \$15 per cental. The population increased rapidly, and in 1854 the whites and Indians were about equal in point of numbers. At that time the banks of the rather muddy river which runs through the town, and is navigable to Napa from San Francisco Bay, were covered with a dense growth of alders and willows. Now wharves, tanneries and mills have taken their place, and the cleared banks of the river give it the appearance of a canal. On the 4th of July, 1856, the “Reporter,” the first newspaper in Napa, made its appearance. It was a tri-weekly, and was published by A. J. Cox, who certainly earned his bread, inasmuch 10 as the list of paying subscribers one year later did not exceed twenty. The office was a picture of a California pioneer's life as a publisher, a rickety old shanty, eighteen feet square, without ceiling, plastering or paper, with great cracks through the roof and floor, editorial lodging room in the garret, with an iron bedstead and a few blankets for furniture, while the printing office contained a “Washington hand press” with a platen 14 by 17 inches, a small font of second-hand minion and one of long primer. This press was brought from Mexico to San Francisco at the close of the war, and is now in possession of the Sonoma Pioneers.

Three papers are now issued in Napa, — the “Daily Reporter,” the “Daily Register” and the “Weekly Register.” In December, 1867, gas was introduced into the town, giving it quite a citified appearance. An act incorporating the “town of Napa City” was approved March 23, 1872.

The town is well supplied with churches, having Presbyterian (Rev. Mr. Lewis), Methodist-Episcopal, Baptist, and Dutch Reformed churches. Religious meetings were first held in 1853 in the court room, a rough place, with no carpet, curtains, paint or finish of any kind, while the seats were plain slabs laid on roughly hewn logs. Napa has a number of well-conducted schools, among which may be mentioned the Napa Ladies' Seminary, Napa Collegiate Institute, and the Central and Oak Mount schools. The industries are quite numerous, and transportation is very cheap, there being communication with San Francisco by both rail and water. One of the liveliest enterprises here is the tannery business. Sawyer's tannery, started in 1869, now has a capacity of two thousand sheepskins and two hundred deerskins a day, besides heavy hides. About a hundred Chinamen and a number of white men are employed here. The buildings cover two and one-half acres of land. The wool is graded into five Separate kinds, baled, and shipped to Boston. Next in importance in the manufacturing line are the flour mills. The Vernon Mills and the Napa City Mills together turn out about 250 barrels a day. The cream of tartar works, established in December, 1880, bid fair to be quite an industry. The wine settlings used in making cream of tartar are obtained in Sonoma and Napa counties. The tartar forms in small brown crystals, either on the bottom of the tanks or on threads suspended in them. After being removed they are dried in the sun. Napa has one bank and two banking houses, eleven hotels, seven of which are worse than none, three drug stores, two fire companies, twelve doctors, ten lawyers, twenty-one saloons, five livery stables, four saddlers, besides numerous stores and offices of all kinds.

From my diary I take up the tale of daily happenings:

JUNE 16. — We find Napa a very warm place, as it is located in the valley and rather shut in. This afternoon Velma and I hired a horse and buggy and drove to Roscobel Ranch, where we called on Mrs. Condon and the Rogerses.

Napa is situated on the level of the sea. The river is muddy, but very deep, and boats sailing on it between here and San Francisco take all kinds of freight. 12 The streets are lined with shade trees, very large though planted only five years ago, but everything is covered with a fine brown dust; fleas are a perfect pest. You can't walk out in the streets anywhere and return without being troubled by them.

This house, the Palace Hotel, is kept by Luke Kelly. He raises his own fruit and vegetables, and has 500 hens, 200 ducks, 12 cows, 75 horses and colts, besides pigs, etc. He has a three-year-old colt which makes a mile in 3.06 already. He is training it on the race track behind the depot.

JUNE 17. — Velma was awakened at 1.30 this morning by hearing mother jump out of bed and open the inside blinds of the window. A blaze of light immediately illuminated the room, and they saw that the Washington House, a large family hotel opposite, was in flames. They waked me immediately and at about the same time men ran through the hotel corridors, screaming, "Fire!" and everybody began to pack his belongings ready to leave the hotel if necessary. My room got so hot that it was uncomfortable, and men began wetting blankets and hanging them over the outside of all the windows facing the fire. Mother packed all our belongings in a sheet and carried them downstairs herself — a thing she could not have done except for the excitement. The Washington House burned quickly and was nothing but a mass of embers by four o'clock, when we all once more went to bed.

Mr. Luke Kelly, the proprietor of our hotel, is a typical Irishman of the old sort. This evening, the 18th, to relieve the tension after the fright we all received

LUKE KELLY, NAPA, CAL., 1881

C. H. WETMORE, M.D., NAPA, CAL., 1881 (See page 23)

13 from the fire last night, he made up a party of guests and drove us to a dance at the Asylum. The party was headed by Mr. William A. Slocum, and Velma and I both went. The State Asylum for the Insane is located about a mile and a half from Napa City, a large, well-built structure, which

cost \$1,800,000; it has 1,045 patients and 100 attendants. All the patients who were in a condition to attend were assembled in a gaily decorated hall for the dance; there was music by an orchestra and also by a band composed of the patients. They seemed to enjoy dancing with each other and with the guests, and we all enjoyed the experience. Among the patients I met a one-legged man, a German professor who speaks six languages, a lady circus rider and a lawyer. Mr. Slocum is an interesting character from the Middle West. In company with a geologist, Professor Palmer, a historian, Professor Bowen, and a journalist, David D. Fagan, he is writing and publishing the histories of the different counties of California. They have already completed several counties and have produced very creditable histories, the first ever written of these counties. They have asked me to join them in preparing the history of Napa County. It is an attractive offer, and I have accepted for part-time work. They have to cover every foot of the country, visiting ranches and towns, climbing and surveying mountains, living sometimes with farmers, sometimes in open tents, and I am to accompany them on some of these trips, or rather, Mr. Slocum is to be my companion on most of them.

JUNE 19. — Velma's chills and fever have left her. 14 She and I both enjoy the little happenings here in Napa. For instance, when we run short of pork at the hotel the Chinese cook goes into a field opposite with a wheelbarrow. He catches a hog, sticks a knife into its throat, throws it on to the wheelbarrow, and wheels it into the kitchen, where he finishes dressing it. He goes on Friday or Saturday morning into the hen yard to obtain a part of our Sunday dinner, wheeling his barrow with an empty barrel on it. Here he performs the same office, sticking a knife into the throats of the chickens, one after the other, until he has thrown a sufficient number for dinner into the barrel. At these times there is great commotion — squealing of pigs in the pig yard or cackling of hens in the hen yard, and we all know what is taking place.

For some time Mr. Kelly has been missing his chickens, and disturbances in the chicken yard before dawn on several mornings made him believe that the thief must visit his premises at that time; so for several nights he has been lying in wait with a gun for the intruder. This morning he heard a great commotion among the hens, and in the uncertain light just before dawn he saw what seemed to be the white shirt of a man who was chasing the chickens which were fleeing wildly before him.

So Mr. Kelly up with his double-barreled shotgun, and fired both barrels — when the commotion was increased tenfold, with terrible roarings and bellowings! He immediately investigated, only to find that he had shot his best cow, which had a large white spot over the chest! Every one in the house was awakened by the noise, and the guests tried 15 to sympathize with Mr. Kelly,^{*} but all to no purpose — he was disconsolate.

Mr. Kelly died in 1882. The following notice of his death appeared in a San Francisco paper: NAPA, March 11. — Luke Kelly, a prominent hotel man of this State and proprietor of the Palace Hotel and Napa Soda Springs, died today of pneumonia, after two days' illness. This community sustains a severe loss in the death of Mr. Kelly.

JUNE 20. — Slocum and I took a horse and buggy today, and, leaving Napa township, we drove nine miles over a level road in the center of the beautiful Napa Valley, to Yount township, the first township north of Napa. To this town belongs the honor of having the first *white* settler that ever located in Napa County. George C. Yount came into the valley in 1831, and about five years afterward permanently located in Yount, building a house, which, with the land surrounding it, was known as the “Caymus rancho.” It was a log house, and served both as a fortress and dwelling; he, however, soon became very friendly with the Indians, and they treated him with great kindness. Yountville is the principal town in Yount township, and has one store, one saloon, two hotels and a population of about 200. We visited Groezenger's vineyard, one of the largest in Napa County. It cost over \$200,000 to start his great wine cellars and the distillery in which he makes brandy. The buildings are of brick. We then went on to St. Helena, the first town in the Hot Springs Township, population 1,200. This town, situated eighteen miles north of Napa City, is second to it in size in Napa County, and is the center of the wine-producing region 16 of this valley. There are vineyards and orchards in every direction, some extending for hundreds of acres. Its main street is always cool, being shady and well watered. The town was incorporated in 1876, and since then it has grown very fast. It has now four churches, many neat residences, a very fair school, a fire department, water company, banking house, a semi-weekly paper, brewery, and, lastly, the St. Helena Cream of Tartar Works, which now has a capacity large enough to make five hundred pounds a week. To fully appreciate St. Helena, one must make a stay not of several days but of several weeks.

We continued our trip up this beautiful valley to Calistoga, a town about seventy miles north of San Francisco and six miles from St. Helena. On our drive we passed many of the favorite madrona and manzanita trees. The former sheds its bark in the fall of the year in the same manner as other trees do their leaves, when the tree presents a bright salmon color which gradually turns darker until the shedding time of the following year. The latter, which has a Spanish name, manzanita, meaning "little apple," is more of a shrub, and also sheds its bark; a perfectly straight cane of this wood is very valuable, large rewards being paid for such canes. Scarcely any such have ever been found, so knotted and twisted does it grow. The root takes a fine polish, and many fancy articles are made from it. The valley here is called "safe land," because it can always be depended upon to produce a crop, as the rainfall is sufficient every year and irrigation is unnecessary.

17

SAN RAFAEL, MARIN COUNTY, CAL., 1881 (See page 5)

CALISTOGA HOTEL AND GROUNDS FROM THE DEPOT, 1881

Calistoga is a small town, with a farming country on one side and quicksilver and gold mines on the other. It is quite fascinating to see the miners bring in rocks which they have found with good sized deposits of gold in them. The town has but about five hundred inhabitants as yet, but like St. Helena, the people all live in sight of each other, giving the appearance of a much larger town. It has an enterprising population and supports two hotels, blacksmith, shoe, hardware and millinery stores, two markets, drug store, barber, candy, paint and tailor shops, one each, a weekly newspaper, five saloons, three doctors and three livery stables. The latter is a very good business, and as Calistoga is the terminus of the Napa Valley branch of the Central Pacific Railroad, many stage lines are run from here to various points, including the one to the Geysers, driven by the celebrated Foss with "six in hand," and others to Kellogg's, Harbin Springs, Lakeport, Lower Lake and Sulphur Bank. The town also has a school, erected at a cost of \$6,000, a flour mill, two churches, the Methodist Episcopal and Presbyterian, — and several orders, including the Masons and Odd Fellows. To Samuel Brannan belongs the honor of being the founder of this place, and he also named it. He prophesied that it would some time be the Saratoga of California, so he spliced

the names and called it Cal(is)toga, the middle syllable being inserted for euphony. Mr. Brannan chartered the ship "Brooklyn," fitted it up for passengers, and sailed from New York in February, 1846, with a company of 236 passengers, most of whom were, like himself, Mormons. 18 Five months later they touched at the Sandwich Islands, where they purchased provisions, arms and ammunition, and on the last day of July arrived at Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), where his colony settled on the sand hills in rudely constructed dwellings made mostly of frames covered with canvas. In 1859 he came to Calistoga and soon secured two thousand acres of land, expending not less than half a million dollars thereon, especially improving the few acres of land near the location of the springs.

These springs, which are located about a quarter of a mile from the hotel at which we stopped, are well worth a much longer journey. From here it is only a little way to Mt. St. Helena, an extinct volcano 3,243 feet high. Among the improvements made during the administration of Mr. Brannan may be mentioned an observatory, erected on a small hill called Mt. Lincoln, situated near the center of the grounds, from which a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained. He also built a reservoir on this hill with ninety thousand gallons' capacity. At the foot of the hill he erected a hotel (since burned), twenty-five neat cottages, and covers and arbors over the springs. He laid out the grounds with walks and ornamented them with trees and flowers. During the four months of April, May, June and July of 1872, three thousand and twenty guests arrived at the Hot Springs Hotel. The waters of the Springs are certainly wonderful, and hold in solution iron, sulphur, magnesia and other chemical properties. One of the most frequented of the entire group has the following over the door: "The Devil's Kitchen; cook for yourself." 19 Entering, we found cups, salt and pepper. We took some of the water boiling hot from the spring, and with a little seasoning found it to be identical in taste and smell to chicken soup — in fact, it would be hard to make any one believe it was anything else if served upon a table. The property that imparts this peculiar flavor is sulphuretted hydrogen, with which the water is highly charged. Several springs are covered over for the benefit of those who wish to take steam baths in the same manner as the Indians used to. One spring, which has a temperature of 195 degrees, has a bath house erected over it, with a floor full of holes, and the rheumatic or over-corpulent person can go there and take a Russian steam

bath, — steam being made by some unknown chemical process far down in the earth. In 1880 one Mr. Tichnor became proprietor of this wonderful property, and being a natural-born genius, he immediately conceived the idea of turning to some new uses the wonderful power these springs contained. He soon had a steam whistle blowing and considerable machinery in motion, operated by the steam from one of these springs. Over a spring south of Mt. Lincoln he placed a gas receiver, and behold! he had a lighted jet from a burner he had attached to it, and no one knew until he demonstrated it that there was carburetted hydrogen gas there, though everybody knew there was sulphuretted hydrogen. He said he could run a large factory with the steam that went to waste there, and light it with the gas. Mr. Tichnor also suspended thin strips of lead foil in the vapors arising from the spring, and he found upon cupelling that he had quicksilver. All these at one 20 time were daily illustrated and found to be undeniable by the guests and observers. But these are not all of Mr. Tichnor's discoveries, for we find him at the "Chemical Spring," busily engaged in extracting gold from that spring. Mr. Tichnor claims to have extracted by his process \$180 worth of gold from three barrels of water from the springs of Calistoga. He does not deny the putting of gold into the water, but says that by his secret process it takes gold to eliminate the metal from the water by the law of affinity, and that he only puts in one-sixth of the amount which he takes out. The assay of a bar of gold which he took to the United States Mint at San Francisco was pronounced 9.93 1/2 fine. This account of the "Chemical Spring" and its contents may be taken for what it is worth, but should you tell Mr. Tichnor that you wished to buy the spring he will gladly let you see him extract considerable gold from the water.

The ever genial proprietor of the Magnolia Hotel in Calistoga, where we spent last night, is Mr. J. A. Cheseboro. He keeps a well-appointed modern hotel, located on Lincoln Avenue, a few steps from the depot, a substantial building of forty rooms. The bathrooms are supplied with water from a hot sulphur well, located on the premises. The table is excellent. When we left this morning, Mr. Cheseboro invited me to come again and to be his guest for a week.

This morning we returned as far as St. Helena, and put up at Van Tassell's Hotel. Mr. Theodore Van Tassell, the proprietor, is a gentlemanly man, refined and small in stature and dresses well; he has an attractive wife and a pretty daughter.

21

This afternoon we drove over Howell Mountain, 5,000 feet high, to the Ætna Hot Mineral Springs. The drive is beautiful over the red and white volcanic soil, through the redwood forests, — occasionally coming on to some camping party who had built a rude house near a spring and were enjoying true mountain life, — then winding up steep hills to the edge of some cliff, obtaining views of Pope Valley which would beggar description.

After sixteen miles of mountain travel we finally arrived at the Ætna Springs, which are situated in a most beautiful spot, entirely surrounded by the mountains of the Coast Range. Natural hot, water steams up from the ground, over which, in many places, little houses or coverings are built where people go in to drink the water, or to take steam or hot-water baths. Mr. and Mrs. Liddell are the proprietors. The number of campers has been so great for the last few years that they have opened several cottages near the springs, one of which is occupied by Mr. D. O. Mills of New York and his family. Will Slocum and I were given what they call the “bridal chamber,” — a canvas tent put up on the grounds of the Ætna Springs, as there was no room for us in the cottages.

We were glad, indeed, to take refuge in its cool shade after our journey, and are enjoying it greatly. We are in close proximity to the springs, of which there are two, one having a temperature of 100 degrees. The waters of these natural boiling springs are said to closely resemble Ems, in Europe, and to have curative properties for a long list of diseases. They smell quite strong of sulphur and contain carbonates of soda, 22 magnesia and lime, and sulphates of soda, chloride of sodium and some silica.

JUNE 22. — After catching enough trout for the party just after daybreak, using flies we caught from off our horses for bait, Slocum and I left the Springs at 6 A.M. and drove five and one-half miles through the Pope Valley over a very rough road. There is good trout fishing here, and

deer and game in season, but a hotter place than the Pope Valley it would be hard to find, even in California.

At noon today the thermometer reached 114 degrees in the shade, and the heat was almost unbearable. In the early evening, however, the fishing was good in the cool mountain streams, and we caught twenty beautiful trout from nine inches to a foot long; afterwards we enjoyed a bath in the hot sulphur water of the near-by springs, and returned to Liddell's before dark, tired and sleepy.

JUNE 23. — We visited the Phoenix Cinnabar or Quicksilver Mines today. They are situated one mile northwest of the Springs, but are not being worked at present. We were free, however, to explore the tunnels and carry off what specimens we chose, a privilege of which we availed ourselves, and then returned to our tent at Ætna Springs for our last night here. Jack rabbits, quail and gray squirrels abound in great numbers, and we are told that one hundred miles farther north there are many herds of deer, and rivers that have never been fished.

JUNE 24. — We left the Ætna Springs at three this morning and again drove five and one-half miles to the Pope Valley in time to fish for trout at daybreak; thence we went through part of the Charles Valley, and were pleasantly entertained at dinner by a friend of Slocum's. Afterwards we drove back to St. Helena, a distance of twenty miles, and arrived at Van Tassell's in time for supper. After supper we started off again for Napa, a nineteen-mile drive, and got home pretty well tired out at 11 P.M.

JUNE 25. — I was glad to sleep late this morning. This afternoon Slocum and I called on Miss Clara Volk, the pretty girl who is in charge of the only candy shop in town.

JUNE 27. — Yesterday was Sunday, and I stayed quietly at home, resting after my trip. In the evening I was called to the first medical case I have had here — a man who had been injured in an accident. Later this evening one John Kelly had delirium tremens. Will and I called in Dr. Wetmore and I took care of him all night.

JUNE 28. — Kelly seems better this evening. Dr. Wetmore, who is not more than fifty-five years old, came to Napa for his health about two months ago from Albany, New York, where he had practised for twenty-five years. He has asked me to assist him in his practice here. The Rev. Mr. Lewis, pastor of the church which we are attending, called on us today with his daughter. David D. Fagan, who has been away on a trip connected with the County History, has now joined us. I like him. He is a clever young man of Irish extraction, with black hair, blue eyes and ruddy complexion, and a nose that turns up at the end; quite a contrast to Slocum, who has fair, tow-colored hair, a rather pale face, and always wears glasses over his 24 blue eyes. Professor Palmer is six feet tall, with a long face, a pointed goatee and a heavy shock of hair; all of his extremities are long, especially his fingers.

JULY 2. — News of the assassination of President Garfield reached here by wire this morning. He was shot about 9 A.M. by a man named Guiteau, who was arrested and lodged in prison, and Congress was immediately called together. The message said to notify Senator Miller and Colonel Jackson, the proprietor of the Napa Soda Springs, who is also editor of the "San Francisco Post." There was apparently no one connected with the hotel who could ride a horse, and to drive a team all that distance (which would have been the only other way of communicating with the Springs) would have taken so long that Colonel Jackson would not have been able to get to Napa in time to catch the train for San Francisco today.

I volunteered to make the ride to the Springs, if Mr. Kelly would furnish me with a horse. They brought out a shaggy old white horse, which they told me was the fastest steed in the stables. He was equipped with a bridle, but no saddle. I rode that horse to Senator Miller's beautiful place, seven miles, in thirty-three minutes. I saw Senator Miller and then on to the Soda Springs and notified Colonel Jackson, and the latter lent me a saddle and rode back with me, reaching Napa just in time to board his train. The stores of San Francisco closed today and until after the 4th to allow business houses to recover from the news of the assassination.

JULY 4. — I have been suffering more or less from hay fever, so Velma and I came to San Francisco with 25

CHARLES J. GUTEAU

26 some of our friends from Napa, including Hattie Howland, and we are all stopping at the Grand Hotel. But life here is not a bed of roses, for there are plenty of fleas, even in San Francisco! The latest news is given out in the theatres between the acts, and this evening Velma and I went with Will Slocum to the Tivoli, where we heard the opera "Martha" and got the news about the President. He is said to be a little better today.

JULY 5. — Returned to Napa, leaving Hattie Howland behind, much to our regret. The papers say that the President's life is hanging in the balance, though the last official statement is somewhat more encouraging. The San Francisco "Evening Bulletin" calls Guiteau a "moral monster," but it publishes an interview with him which states that he is "more like a religious fanatic than a crazy man"! He is very anxious to know what the newspapers are saying about him; he thinks that the "New York Herald" would have backed him up in shooting the President. He claims to have shot Garfield in order to unite the Republican party, as he felt the country would have gone to ruin unless the Republicans remained in power; but he was distressed to learn that the President was suffering — said he would have put another bullet through him if he had realized that. He claims to have had the first good night's sleep after he did the deed that he has had for months.

*

In spite of this irresponsible point of view, the papers are clamoring for nothing but speedy vengeance, and the ablest criminal lawyers say that the insanity plea would be of no avail, as the 27 man talks coherently and is shrewd enough to realize his danger. When planning the assassination, he went to the jail and made sure that it was strong enough to protect him from lynching. No expert witnesses can

A DISCUSSION BY THE ATTENDING AND CONSULTING SURGEONS, DRS.
WOODWARD, HAMILTON, REYBURN, BARNES, AGNEW, BLISS

be found to testify to Guiteau's insanity, and it is doubtful if any lawyer will defend him.

See "Manner of Man that Kills," L. Vernon Briggs.

Yet surely his was not the act of a sane man! JULY 8. — It is reported that President Garfield was shot through the liver. They dress his wounds twice a day and keep him under morphine. They have been able to administer only milk and rum and ten-grain doses of bisulphate of ammonia.

28

JULY 11. — Mother, Velma and I visited Mr. Matthews' wine cellars today. We invested in a bottle of sherry and one of most delicious port for 50 cents apiece, and a bottle of excellent whiskey for \$1, all of the very best, made by the man himself, who told us just how he did it. He wanted us to taste almost everything. He is too generous for us to go there often! In the grape season the best grapes sell for 50 cents for a box of 30 pounds, and wine grapes sell for from \$18 to \$30 a ton. I take three fresh eggs every morning with some of the sherry wine. We have called during the past few days on the Owens, the Bests, the Forbeses and the Benners; on Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Bullock and Mrs. Bent.

JULY 13. — Velma and I drove to the Napa Soda Springs today in a very comfortable carriage with four horses over the road on the side of the mountain. The road is so difficult four horses are necessary to make any sort of time. This is a health resort, 1,000 feet above sea level, about halfway up the mountain on the sunny side. The mountain abounds in a luxurious growth of the large-leaved maple, the madrona, the manzanita, the snowberry dogwood, with its snowy white flowers, the chestnut and wild rose, the eucalyptus or Australian gum tree, the Italian cypress, the Eastern elm, the almond, olive, orange and fig trees, and numerous other varieties, and many species of ferns. The "California Horticulturist," in speaking of these springs, says that four thousand gallons flow daily from them, mingling iron, soda, magnesia, lime and muriate of soda with free carbonic acid gas in such combination as to impart pleasure, health and physical improvement as the result of their use. Three hundred 29 dozen bottles a day are packed in the busy season. The view looking toward the south from the springs includes fields of variegated crops, the bay, the Coast Range Mountains, and the blue sky above all, blending in one magnificent picture. Colonel Jackson, the editor of a San Francisco paper, has done much to improve this property. He has erected a large stone rotunda, two stories high in front and four in the rear; a shed for the teams of transient

visitors, a building of stone for guests and a building containing the kitchen, dining room and reading room; in the lower story of the adjacent structure is the bottling room of the soda works. Next to this are the springs bubbling up into artificial basins covered with canopies of brick. The club house, with its adjacent structures costing \$100,000, is of stone and stands on an elevation commanding a view of the entire grounds. At a short distance from these buildings are the living quarters for the guests, several small buildings with perhaps three or four rooms in each, and a very fine stable which cost about \$60,000. After it was finished they thought it too good for horses, so they keep the horses in the basement and use the main floor for dancing; above is another story with two rooms finished off, which are rented for \$15 a week apiece, the same price they charge for the other rooms. Bath houses, gas and running water are among the modern conveniences the visitor finds at this place. On the whole, it is one of the pleasantest places in all northern California during the extremely hot weather. Napa County is one place where the poet cannot write - The melancholy days have come, The saddest in the year, 30 in autumn, for here there is so little variation that the seasons are scarcely noticed. Colonel Jackson has spent nearly \$700,000, and the hotel is not yet finished.

JULY 15. — Will and I went to Oatville, Yountville and Rutherford yesterday, passing through Childs Valley and visiting several of the principal vineyards.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS AND HOTEL

Today we called on the Misses Jackson. The papers tell us that the President takes a little beef tea, Tokay wine and small sandwiches, and is considered out of danger. This is pleasant news.

JULY 16. — The “Widow Bedotte” theatrical company is stopping at the Palace Hotel, and we went to see them act at the Napa Opera House this evening. Charles B. Bishop takes the leading part.

JULY 17. — We all attended the dedication of the 31 Catholic church today — a solemn service and an important event for Napa.

JULY 19. — This morning we watched men loading two tons of quicksilver, which was put up in flasks, on to the little river steamer at the wharf in Napa. Great bales of wheat were also being shipped. We saw prisoners working on the road, with iron chains fastening great iron balls to their ankles. The principal streets here are usually watered, but when they are not watered, or if one goes outside the city, words can convey no idea of the thick clouds of fine dust that settle on everybody and everything. As there are no street cars or public conveyances, one has to hire carriages from the livery stables, of which there are a number in town. Mr. Kelly has by far the best horses, and he says that he made \$900 clear last month on his stable alone.

A man named Brooks, a patient from the Asylum, comes here almost every day for his dinner. He keeps his own horse and buggy and a servant, and is said to have an income of about \$100 a day. Recently he ran away from his attendant, and although the hotel was searched most thoroughly, he could not be found. Later, some one in the street said there was a man on the roof, and the clerks and the attendant immediately went up there and tried to take him, but he evaded them, dodging around the chimneys and running even to the gutters. After they had given up the chase and returned to the hotel office he came down, laughing, and apparently thinking he had played a great joke on them. He is a fine looking man, rather tall, with stone-gray hair and moustache and a straight 32 nose. They tell me that he came from Baltimore thirty years ago, and established himself as a merchant tailor in San Francisco, where he made his fortune. One day recently he walked over to our table in the dining room and said to Velma, "I want to marry you"! Then turning to mother he added, "I guess you will give your consent, — if not, and she goes back to Boston, I shall follow and hunt her up." We have had a good deal of fun with Velma about this suitor.

JULY 22. — Will and I came up to St. Helena yesterday and stopped at the Van Tassell's for the night, and today I drove Mr. Van Tassell to the White Sulphur Springs, a beautiful, almost primeval spot in a deep, romantic canyon about two miles west of St. Helena. A wild deer crossed our path as we proceeded up the canyon, and seemed not much frightened. The springs are a little too strong of sulphur for us to enjoy drinking the water, though some of the patrons get used to the strong taste and drink it three times a day. These springs were discovered in 1848 by John York, an old pioneer,

who arrived here late in 1845, some time before the first discovery of gold. The old man is still alive and we had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with him.

On our return to the Palace Hotel in Napa tonight, we learned that a guest, whose room was not far from our own, had killed himself. This man arrived yesterday and registered as "C. S. Smith, Arizona." He appeared to be about thirty years old. This afternoon, according to the barkeeper, Mr. Smith stepped up to the bar and invited him to take a glass of sherry, after which Smith went back to the billiard room, and

L. VERNON BRIGGS, 1881 Photo by Dickson, Honolulu

33 immediately afterward a shot was heard. The barkeeper went into the room and found Smith on the floor with his head shattered. From his position and the powder-burned condition of his left hand it appeared that he had walked up to a large mirror that hung on the east wall of the room, placed the pistol to his right ear and, holding the weapon with both hands, pulled the trigger. The ball went in at the ear and came out just above the left temple, hit the wall near the ceiling, and fell to the floor all battered. Death must have ensued instantly. Velma says the man had been pacing up and down the walk for hours at a time, and that he ate with his head on his hand. No one here knows anything about him; on looking over his things they find that he has destroyed every vestige of his name from his books and clothing. This is not such a large house but what an affair like this creates a good deal of excitement, and today the news of the suicide has cast a gloom over the whole town.

JULY 24. — Called on Miss May Monelle Stansbury,* whom we are seeing very often, and a Miss Smith today; also took Mr. Thorn, Manager of the Grand Hotel, San Francisco, to the Napa Soda Springs. Afterwards I went with Dave Fagan for a drive to the tannery to "write it up."

A San Francisco paper of 1916 has the following notice: Mrs. Mansfield, who was formerly May Monelle Stansbury of Sacramento, died Saturday evening in her apartments in the Fairmont, following an attack of bronchitis Thursday last. She was one of the authorities of the country on genealogy, and was sponsor of the National Society of Americans of Royal Descent. In this work she was qualified not alone by education, but by birth, for "Burke's Peerage" and other works confirmed her as a descendant of Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, William the Conqueror and Robert I, King of France. Her ancestors came to this country in 1698 and settled in Pennsylvania. The International Congress of the National Society of Americans of Royal Descent which met

here July 27 last was largely her work. Of this Society she was honorary vice-president general. She was a leading figure in the Colonial Dames of America and the corresponding secretary in this State. She was also corresponding member of the Society of Genealogists in London, and was a member of the order of the Crown and of the Pocahontas Memorial Association. Mrs. Mansfield had one of the finest libraries on genealogy in this country. She numbered among her friends hundreds of the best known men and women of this State.

34

JULY 25. — Velma and I started from Napa at 10.30 this morning and went by train to Calistoga, where we arrived at half past twelve. There I made a bargain with Foss, the noted stage driver, about whom we have heard so much since we came to California, to drive us to the Geysers. He is about sixty-three years old, rather taller than the average, and weighs about two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He has short side whiskers, and a cud of tobacco extends his left cheek beyond its otherwise usual dimensions. He likes to talk and does a little boasting — is rather a rough character, especially in appearance, and goes about in his shirtsleeves with his vest unbuttoned. He is considered by every one the most wonderful stage driver on this coast — “the third best in the world.” He is quite wealthy and owns much land near here at a place named for him, — Fossville. Foss is celebrated as a “dashing driver;” he has great control over his fiery running horses, and is very skillful with green horses; he makes great speed on the road, rounding quick, sharp turns in dangerous places with his six horses in perfect control and on a gallop.

“A trip to the Geysers without Foss,” says a writer of many years ago, “is like the play of ‘Hamlet’ with that melancholy gentleman left out. Not only is he 35 an unequaled driver, but he is a man of genius. In person he is more than six feet two inches in height, and is as strong as a giant, has the voice of a tragedian, and is a fine specimen of muscular development and

THE GEYSERS — FOSS IN HIS GEYSERS HOTEL

vigor. With a fresh team of six horses and a load of appreciative passengers, Foss is in his glory. Alternately coaxing and encouraging his horses up the steepest acclivities, his eye sparkles at the top as he gathers the reins, carefully places his foot on the brake and turns half around and looks over the coach to see 36 that the passengers are all there, when ‘crack’ goes the whip, a shout to the horses, and away we go down the steep mountainside. Trees fly past like wind; bushes dash angrily against the wheels; the ladies shut their eyes and grasp the arms of the male passengers, and away

we speed down the declivity with lightning rapidity, the horses on a live jump, and Foss, whip in hand, cracking it about their heads to urge them on. The effect is at first anything but pleasant. At every lurch of the coach one feels an instinctive dread of being tossed high in the air and landed far below in a gorge, or, perchance, spitted upon the top of a sharp pine. If a horse should stumble or misstep, or the tackle snap away, we should go over the precipice. The angle of declivity is exceedingly sharp, and down this descent the horses are run at breakneck speed for two miles and a half, making thirty-five turns — some of them extra short ones.”

Today our stage was a mountain wagon which we mounted with the other passengers, a Quaker family named Mendenhall, who had come all the way from Oscaloosa, Iowa, the mother aged sixty-three, the father seventy-three, a daughter of twenty-seven and a granddaughter of six, country folk. With a crack of the whip and a loud “Go lang!” the mustangs started off on a full gallop over the hot and dusty road. It was terribly rough, and the old lady was pretty well frightened. She said that she thought the round trip over that mountain road would be about as much as she ever should want. Our way for the first six miles led through farming country, and we finally were driven up to a large, hospitable looking house belonging to Clark Foss, where we dined and rested for an hour and a half. This place, with the house and a big and convenient stable, goes by the name of Fossville. The Fosses have recently put in a telephone from their house to the Geysers, and when Foss stepped up to the box and began talking, the old Quaker lady, who was standing near, was most puzzled. Their dialogue was amusing; speaking through her nose, she said, “Now *who* is thee talking to?” “Why, marm, I’m talking up to the Geysers.” “Up to the Geysers? How far air the Geysers?” “Twenty miles, marm.” “Thee don’t say so!” “Yes, marm, I’m talking all the way on a wire.” The old lady evidently accepted this for one of Foss’s celebrated jokes. “On *awire*?” “Yes, *marm*.” “Well, law sakes, who’d *think* thee could talk all that distance on a wire.”

At two o’clock we again took our seats in a three-seated coach, canopy top, and with fresh horses we resumed our journey. Passing Kellogg and Holmes’s we commenced our climb up the Mayacamus Branch of the Coast Range, through a country scarcely yet disturbed by man. The route is beautiful in the extreme; emerging from heavy growths of timber from time to time into open spaces we invariably had views of mountains with high peaks covered with primeval forest — not

a house in sight anywhere; and when we skirted the brink of a precipice, we looked down hundreds of feet into dense brush or the tops of beautiful green forest trees. At the very bottom we could see mountain streams, clear as crystal, and through our glasses trout could be seen breaking the water to catch 38 unfortunate flies. Boulders were pointed out bearing the usual worn-out names of “Lover's Leap” and “Devil's Pulpit,” etc.

From Fossville we went up for four miles and then descended to the Little Pluton River which we forded, and again climbed through timber of several varieties, including oak, madrona and manzanita, until we got above the forest growth and reached the “upper Station,” twenty miles from Calistoga and six from the Geysers, a deserted mining town called “Pine Flats,” away up in this wilderness 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. One man and his wife were the only inhabitants left. We bought a few curiosities from them and changed conveyances, parting with Foss, who turned us over to another driver named Safely — of course every one said they expected to be driven *safely* to the Geysers. Now began the most exciting portion of the journey. After leaving Pine Flats our road lay up and down steep grades, over stones and around sharp corners bordering on precipices. When rounding one of these corners we saw, 500 feet below, a miners' camp, — two or three log cabins, with here and there a place where they had thrown up the earth in their zeal for quicksilver. Looking down upon that little camp one could not help wondering about those few men — whence did they come, where are their families, what is to be their future? Are they perhaps successful in their search? Such questions run through our minds often in this country as we pass strange men in the wilds. Down one grade, up another, down a third; then the driver presses hard on the brakes, and here we are 39 at the Geysers Hotel, Bill Forsyth, proprietor. It is an inviting place after the long drive, situated on the side of a mountain called Hog's Back, and nearly hidden among the great trees with its yard and surroundings. Alighting, we were greeted by about fifteen

ARRIVING AT THE GEYSERS HOTEL, JULY 25, 1881

guests and an affable clerk, who gave us two very good rooms where we were glad of an opportunity to wash after our drive of twenty-six miles over one of the dustiest roads in all Sonoma County, where dusty roads are the rule.

Were we dusty? Indeed we were. We were perfectly white from head to foot. After spending nearly an hour removing a peck or so of the outer dirt, we 40 partook heartily of a very good meal. After supper we were glad to stretch our legs cramped by their position in the coach all day, and Velma and I took a short stroll around the grounds of the hotel and watched a monkey climbing on the flagstaff. The first “hotel” built on this site was in 1854 and was made of cloth. The place became very popular, in spite of the difficulties in reaching it, and in 1875, 3,500 names were registered at the hotel. We were glad to retire early after our strenuous day.

JULY 26. — We arose at five this morning, and at five-thirty we started to walk to the Geysers, about half a mile away.

The Geysers are located in the Mayacamus range of mountains which separate Sonoma from Napa and Lake counties. They are 1,700 feet above the level of the sea, situated among scenery which defies description. It is certainly a most beautiful spot. These springs were discovered in 1847 by a farmer named William B. Elliott. There are a hundred-odd springs, of all temperatures, colors and noises. The healing properties of the springs were long known to the Indians. There is one spring, now known as the Indian sweat bath, where the rheumatic patient was wont to be brought and laid upon a temporary grating directly over the hot steam of the spring, and there he was steamed until cured, or relieved from his sufferings by death. These springs are scattered along the Pluton River for five miles above and two miles below the hotel. The principal ones, however, lie within half a mile of it, a little way across the river and up a narrow gorge called “Devil's Canyon,” which opens into the

GEYSERS HOTEL, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL., 1881

VIEW FROM THE GEYSERS HOTEL, GEYSERS, CAL., 1881>

DEVIL's TEA KETTLE, GEYSERS, CAL., 1881

41 Pluton about 2,000 feet below the hotel. The time to see them to the best advantage is early in the morning, for when it is cold the steam shows much more clearly, and we had timed our

expedition accordingly. Our guide was a tall, lean, lanky fellow of about sixty summers, with a short moustache and side whiskers. His language was a curiosity — a specimen of something, but what, it would be hard to tell. He told us many amusing stories. Each of us was furnished with a long walking stick before we began our tour through the canyon. First, we came to an iron spring, and, following the custom, all tasted of each spring. Continuing our tramp we crossed the Pluton by means of a narrow footbridge, passed the steam bath house, and soon came upon the Eye Spring, whose dark-colored waters are said to have been used by the Indians for all diseases of the eye. “Proserpine's Grotto” in the Devil's Canyon was next seen, and there we found Epsom salts hanging in crystals on the walls. As we went onward, gradually ascending, the ground became unbearably hot, our shoes began to burn and smell, and steam rushed out of ventholes in the hillsides and underfoot. A feeling of insecurity seizes the stranger, making him reflect strongly on his past life and possible future punishment. The hot ground admits of no delay, and passing we found ourselves in the “Devil's Machine Shop.” This is dotted by “infernal” springs, bubbling and boiling with sulphur and iron solutions, and sending steam more than 40 feet in the air. One of these springs furnishes “devil's ink,” some of which we secured and found to be quite a good writing fluid, and much better than half the 42 ink that is forced upon the market nowadays. We saw the alum, sulphur, magnesia and iron springs. The banks on either side of the canyon are most beautiful, the color of the sides being variegated on account of the minerals. A few steps farther up the canyon we beheld the greatest geyser of all — “Witches' Caldron,” 6 by 8 feet, and 4 feet deep. It contains iron, sulphur and alum, has a temperature of 212 degrees, and will boil an egg hard in three minutes. The steam from this spring rose over one hundred feet the morning we were there. The “Devil's Canopy” appeared at the right, a projection from the bank composed of stalactites of sulphur and iron. The “Steamboat Springs” were just ahead of us; the steam escaped from the ground there in distinct puffs, like the waste steam from a factory, and we learned that on certain days the force from this venthole sends the steam three hundred feet in the air. We reached the head of the canyon, or the “Devil's Pulpit,” with our hands full of specimens. Turning to the east the guide led us to a spot most delightful to visit, after having gone through the canyon — “Lovers' Retreat,” where a stream of pure cold water runs through a clump of beautiful trees. From there we went upon “General Hooker's Lookout,” on the eastern bank of the canyon. The view was beyond description.

On the east is the crater, and near it is the “Devil's Oven,” which is a small side hill, and has great heat. The “Devil's Teakettle” is a short distance from the oven, and as the steam rushes out it makes a terrible whistling noise. Thus is completed the list of his Satanic Majesty's kitchen furniture. Taking a circuitous route to the hotel we passed 43 several more iron and white sulphur springs, acid and Indian baths, and a dry canyon whose walls are composed of alum. The odors in some places were almost unbearable.

Certainly this is the most wonderful laboratory in the world. The causes which produce this phenomenon of the Geysers are the subject of much discussion. A majority of scientists accept the theory that the steam and internal heat are produced by the antagonism of mineral substances in the earth, which with water flowing through them, cause an effect like that of wetting unslaked lime. But, although chemists generally accept this as the most plausible theory, it is difficult to convince “outsiders” that the Geysers have other origin than that of most volcanoes, differing only in degree. To strengthen this opinion, the adjacent mountains show undoubted evidence of volcanic action. The “Witches' Caldron,” the “Steamboat Springs,” the metallic hills, the hot river, the unearthly roaring and whistling of the steam as it is forced through the ground, are scenes and sounds not easily described. Scientific and hydrographical accounts have been written, but no pen can give a correct idea of these boiling chemical springs, these seething caldrons, the steam and force from which may some time be used to great advantage. The hills are also full of mineral wealth, but wherever a cane is run a foot into the ground and withdrawn, a column of steam rushes out and a new geyser is formed.

But to come back to the end of our tour. We emerged from this laboratory, crossed the Pluton, and soon found ourselves back at the hotel, with a good 44 appetite for our breakfast. After this meal we enjoyed a most beautiful picture — the valley backed by the high range of mountains. Soon the stage was driven up and the ride home begun. From the Geysers back to Calistoga we stopped but twice, once to water the horses, and at Kellogg's, a summer resort situated in Knights Valley, at the foot of Mt. St. Helena. It is seven miles from Calistoga and nineteen miles from the Geysers, and is a pretty place though often extremely warm. It is a popular resort for invalids, and there is plenty of hunting and fishing in the immediate vicinity. The house has a capacity of about one hundred

and twenty-five guests. The notes describing this trip in my journal were written with ink from the "Devil's Inkstand." They are still legible after fifty years, though slightly faded.

JULY 27. — We spent the night again in Calistoga, at the Magnolia Hotel. This morning Velma and I started off in a top buggy with a brake, drawn by a fine pair of mouse-colored young horses, to visit the Petrified Forest, which lies five miles from Calistoga in the direction of Santa Rosa. It was a beautiful mountainous trip. Mr. and Mrs. Leckter rode on horseback beside us, making a pleasant little party. The winding road from Calistoga to the forest is picturesque and beautiful, either side being covered with groves of oaks, pines, madronas and manzanitas, and the tourist cannot help being struck with the beauty and grandeur of the scene as he goes up and up to the top of the mountain, then down into Sonoma County and the Petrified Forest, which is located 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was discovered in 1870 by C. H. Dennison of San Francisco.

45

In that year Prof. O. C. Marsh visited the place and decided that it was mainly composed of metamorphic rocks of the cretaceous age, which are in places overlaid by later tertiary strata, consisting of light-colored, coarse sandstone and beds of stratified volcanic ashes. The trees lie at five or six different levels — on the lower, almost north and south; at the highest, northeast and southwest. At the high level the trees must have been buried under eighty or a hundred feet of lava; at the lowest, five hundred feet. Their dip conforms to the dip of the turfa, and is at an angle of from thirty to forty-five degrees. They are in fragments, many of which have been converted into charcoal, others into lignite, and others into beautiful specimens of jet. Where the heart of a tree had decayed the cavity is filled with a substance resembling opal, a form of lustrous, uncrystallized silica containing water. Chalcedony, another form of silica, but clear and limpid, is found in other cavities. No top has been petrified, and only here and there a root. Many have been charred by fire, and some were broken after petrification had taken place, as there is no mark of splintering or bruising. The majority of the trees are redwood, and measure from 70 to 120 feet in length and from 5 to 11 feet in diameter. The largest is called the "Queen of the Forest."

One tree shows marks of having been hacked with an axe, probably made of obsidian, as all the prehistoric implements from this locality were made of this substance, a volcanic rock, which appears in abundance all about. There is no mistaking the fact that the cutting was done before the petrification began, as the cuts appear at different angles to the grain of the wood. 46 The deduction is inevitable that man was in California before the birth of Mt. St. Helena, and also that he was of a type superior to the people who inhabited it at the advent of the European, for he knew how to fashion cutting tools.

The direction in which the trees lie, the formation of the earth from which they were excavated, and the appearance of scoræ scattered about and walls of black turfa crested with rock as white as chalk, all tend to show that they fell by the heavy shock of an earthquake, or were swept by the flow of lava which followed, and have lain buried perhaps hundreds of thousands of years, forming into every state of crystallization. "Petrified Charley" (Evans) died a few days before our arrival; he lived many years here the life of a hermit, unearthing the trees and selling curious specimens, among which was a petrified snake. A relative of his, a widow named Evans, lives on the place now and receives the profits.

There is some talk of building a hotel on or near the grove, but though it is beautifully located, there would be great inconvenience in reaching the place. Returning to Calistoga, we scarcely removed our feet from the brakes the entire way, so steep was the grade, and the two horses that were attached to the buggy that I drove fairly flew down some of the steep inclines. From Calistoga we came back by train this afternoon as far as St. Helena, and this evening, hiring another horse and buggy, we drove out to Pellet's Vineyard and wine cellar. They are making about 20,000 gallons of wine this year from their own grapes.

JULY 28. — St. Helena is a very attractive place. 47 There are pleasant walks, fine residences well kept up, and beautiful drives in several directions. The pleasantest of these drives is that to the White Sulphur Springs, only about two miles away. I went there with Will last week, and this morning I drove out again to show it all to Velma. On our return we passed through St. Helena, and out in another direction to Krug's Vineyard, which covers hundreds of acres, and we then visited his

wine cellar, where we saw a great cask that contains 10,000 gallons of wine. The crop this year will yield 200,000 gallons. The proprietors of all these vineyards and wine cellars are most hospitable, and insist upon our sampling the different wines and taking some home with us. This afternoon we came back to Napa by train from St. Helena, much refreshed by our delightful trip through one of the richest valleys in California.

JULY 30. — Slocum and I have just returned from a long drive up the valley to Ukiah, in Mendocino County. The approach to this beautiful city, through a valley of fertile fields, is lovely; to the right and left of us large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are sheltering themselves from the hot rays of the sun beneath the widespread limbs of the western oaks. After some time we inquired how much farther it was to the city, and were told that it was close at hand, but we looked in vain for any evidence of the fact. The forests seemed to enclose the entire landscape. By degrees, however, a change began. Farmhouses changed into suburban cottages, and these in turn to city residences. A moment more and the horses were drawn up before the hotel. We alighted, shook off 48 some of the terra firma and opened our eyes to find ourselves in one of the liveliest little cities we have yet visited. After a wash we found that we had an hour and a half before dinner, so we took a stroll about the town.

Nestled as it is among the trees of a magnificent grove of pine, firs and oaks it is completely hidden as one approaches from any direction. It was a very warm day, and as we sauntered along we took especial note of the many fine churches, — Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Catholic and other denominations. The bank of Ukiah is a fine building with an imitation stone front. The town supports five newspapers, a brewery, a public school, fire company, sawmills and flour mills. Continuing our walk through a still busier part of the town, we saw four livery stables, three barbers, a grocery store, restaurant, jewelry store and a gunsmith, three dentists, three shoe stores, eight with general merchandise, three drug stores, five physicians, *fourteen* lawyers and eight saloons, with a few other stores not enumerated, and a population of three thousand constitutes what I call a lively little town.

Ukiah was first settled in 1851 by John Parker. The Indians at that time were quite uncivilized and savage. Parker constructed a block house and was provided with arms and ammunition to protect himself. Soon afterwards he was attacked and severely wounded, and but for the timely arrival of help he would have perished alone. Since 1851, however, the town has grown rapidly. There are several secret societies, among others the Good Templars, Royal Arch Masons, Odd Fellows and the Ancient Order of United Workmen.

49

MRS. HOWLAND, WIFE OF CAPT. JOHN HOWLAND, NAPA, 1881

EMMA HAAS, NAPA, 1881

The chief products of this town and valley I found to be cereals and hops, and though no finer fruits and vegetables can be produced in the State, the town is so far from the market that it is not profitable to raise produce so perishable. Ukiah seems like one large flower garden, and nothing impresses the stranger more forcibly than the neat yards and houses and the abundant display of flowers to be found here. The winters here are never severe, and the summers are not oppressive. The temperature seldom rises much above 90 degrees, and when it does, the air is so dry and light that one would not think it over 80 degrees at the highest.

Many readers will ask how the name *Ukiah* originated, as I did on first hearing it, and on reaching the town I hunted up an old pioneer who gave me the following version. It was originally an Indian word and was spelled *Yokia*; this was transformed into *Yokaya*; the next transformation was *Ukia*, and it can be seen so spelled on the records as late as 1860 or 1870. Since then the *h* has been added. This is the most probable explanation, though I will cite another alleged origin which appeared in the "Marysville Express" in 1864, as follows:

Capt. A. C. Bledsoe was sheriff of Sonoma County before Mendocino was cut off from Sonoma. Being in the northern part of the county attempting to summon a jury, he found almost every one biased by having read newspaper accounts of the case in question. Finally he came to a solitary

cabin hard by a big spring where he stopped for a cool drink, for the day was very hot. As the place seemed too remote to be much influenced 50 by the daily papers, he accosted a tall, gaunt, middle-aged woman engaged in hanging out clothes, and learning her husband's name, asked to see him in order to serve a process. The man's Christian name was Hezekiah, and his better half set up a most unearthly yell: "You 'Kiah! You 'Kiah! You 'Kiah!" and finally her better half in bifurcated butternut toggery came rushing in with a stride that measured his length at every step. This name made an impression on the sheriff so great that he is said to have suggested it for the new town. The reader may choose whichever explanation he likes.

After dinner we took a walk over the hills lying to the west of the town, and there we found a mossy seat from which we had a glorious view of the beautiful scene which spread before us as far as the eye could reach. The air seemed to cast a magic spell upon everything. Below us lay the little city, nestled in a network of evergreens, and beyond, in bold relief, stood out the dome of the Court House; here and there from the grove arose the spires of churches.

For the next ten days we remained in Napa, taking only short pleasure trips and making pleasant acquaintances, lunching and dining out.

Among our best friends in Napa were the Howlands. Captain Howland ran the river boat to San Francisco. He had formerly been a man of some property, but had lost \$100,000 through his partner's speculations. He and his wife came from New Bedford nine years ago. (Mrs. Howland had her 95th birthday March 9, 1931, and entertained 14 people at dinner and 24 after dinner.) Their daughter, Mrs. Solomon L. Haas was 51 the wife of a prominent merchant in Napa, known throughout the valley. He was born in Germany in 1840, had come to this country while yet a boy, and started in business in the Napa Valley with his brother; in 1876 he had closed out that business and entered into partnership with Asa R. Ford in the dry goods business, of which he later became sole proprietor.

S. L. Haas died while on a visit to San Francisco on January 3, 1883, at the Grand Hotel. His widow married Fred L. Button, who later deceased, and she died in 1930, leaving several children.*

Mrs. Emma H. Button, widow of the late Fred L. Button and a member of one of the pioneer families of Oakland, died Sunday night, October 26, at the Lakeview Hospital, where a losing fight against the disease that claimed her life had been bravely fought for the past nine months. Mrs. Button was the daughter of Captain and Mrs. John Howland, the latter of whom survives her. She was born December 25, 1858, aboard the whaling vessel of which her father was master in a Peruvian port. In 1885 she married Fred L. Button, and her husband became one of the leading attorneys of the state. Throughout her life Mrs. Button was active in welfare work and was prominent in the charities associated with the Masonic order. She was a member of the Commandery Social Club, Daughters of the Nile, Scottish Rite Ladies' Club, Ebell and Oakland Pioneers. She is survived by her mother, Mrs. Howland, and three daughters, Mrs. Nicholas T. Luning, 5920 Keith Avenue, Mrs. B. Merrill, 5536 Manila Avenue, and Mrs. Daniel H. Knox, 2537 Encinal Avenue, Alameda. There are also two grandsons, David and Fred Merrill, sons of Mrs. Freda Merrill.

I have already referred to Captain Howland's niece, Miss Hattie Howland, who was our intimate friend and who had accompanied us on our trip to San Francisco early in July, and made many other trips with us to that city, usually to go to the theatre, returning the following day. She was the prettiest girl in the valley and was considered a great belle.* Among other 52 young acquaintances were Miss Bullock and Miss Cutter.

She later married Williamson Finnell, and resides, in 1931, at Berkeley, California.

The notes in my journal for this period are brief. On July 30 a six-year-old boy, the son of Judge Wallace, was drowned in Napa Creek. On August 2 Mr. Brooks again slipped his attendant, and after hiding in a bedroom managed to escape to the roof and give everybody a fright. On August 7 we made up a coach party and drove to Hudermann's Ranch, and my journal adds, "Also visited Barth's place, which is much like the Hunnewell place in Wellesley, Massachusetts, and we fed some of the many elk that he has pastured there." On August 9 the young people of the hotel gave a play, "Mulligan's Guards;" they were dressed as ridiculously as possible. Velma was pianist for the evening. I wore a peanut costume.

On the 12th of August I went again to the Soda Springs with another party, consisting of my sister, Hattie Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Shurtleff, Mr. and Mrs. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. Mather, O. P. Meyers and Mr. Johnson. We all rolled tenpins and danced until late in the evening. The 13th of August was my 18th birthday, and I was rejoiced to receive from my father a beautiful hand-made Schaeffer gun, a breech-loader, with a double bolted rebounding pistol stock, which he had taken much pains to select for me from the maker's shop on Elm Street in Boston. I learned afterwards that mother

had written him she thought I would like a good gun for my birthday, and indeed nothing could have given me more pleasure than to find this among many other presents from family and friends. I considered the gun among my most cherished possessions. It is now (1931) in the possession of my son, Lloyd Cabot Briggs, and is being used by him.

We, as well as many of our friends, had ceased going to the Episcopal Church which we had attended when we first came to Napa, because of what we felt to be the very unpatriotic behavior of the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Leacock. He was a Democrat, and since President Garfield had been shot he was the only minister in that part of the country who had offered no prayers for the recovery of the President. We not only avoided his services, but had ceased to meet him socially.

I continue quoting from my journal:

AUGUST 15. — Started off today with Slocum on another trip of investigation for his History, driving a nice pair of ponies with a sort of express wagon in which we packed our tents and provisions. We drove over the mountains to Berryessa Valley, through Gordon Valley. The road is extremely dusty this time of year, owing to the large trucks loaded with quicksilver which travel from the Knoxville quicksilver mine to Napa. The scenery is superb, and the waving wheat, hundreds of acres of which we passed, looked like a golden realm in such a wild, mountainous country. Quail are plentiful and quite tame, also the turtledove, and cottontail and jackass rabbits; and I had my game bag well filled on arrival from what shooting I had while standing in the team. I have shot twenty-seven doves before it was fairly light in this valley, and innumerable rabbits.

We passed many ranches bearing peculiar names, such as "Hole in the Wall," "Windy Flats," etc. The valley was named for the Berryessas, a Mexican family to whom it was granted by the Mexican government. Senor Berryessa's body now rests peacefully near the roadside, far down the valley, which is nearly twenty miles in length. Arriving at Monticello, a farming and mining town of about 100 inhabitants, twenty-five miles from Napa, we put up at a hotel kept by E. A. Peacock, to whom belongs the distinction of building the first house in the town of Monticello in 1866.

AUGUST 17. — We remained yesterday in Monticello, and I enjoyed fishing in Putah Creek which runs back of the town. Of all the dusty places in this region this is the dustiest place I ever was in. We were white from the time we entered it until we left. The seats, tables, floors and counters, and all the articles on them, were buried in dust by the passing teams or puffs of wind; a cloud of dust arose from our beds as we retired for the night. I enjoyed talking with the inhabitants, who were kind and friendly, but, as one visitor at the hotel expressed it, “They do want to know where you cut your first tooth and how old you were; when and where you were born.” Although the population is about 100, but three of the feminine sex were visible during the entire two days that we spent there.

On these trips we usually rise at four in the morning — a very good hour to shoot, and I use my new gun to advantage. We not only furnish ourselves with what game we can use, but help out the tables of our hosts from time to time. Today, on the way back to Napa, I shot twenty turtledoves, eight quail and three rabbits. Returning by way of Yountville, we visited Chills Valley, Oakville, and a few of the principal vineyards.

55

I spent most of my time for the next ten days in Napa with my family and friends. During that time Slocum and I made a gunning trip to the Knoxville Quicksilver Mines, but we found ourselves back in Napa on August 26. Here I was informed that during my absence Sol. Haas^{*} had taken offense at something I was *reported* to have said or done, — I never knew what it was, — and I was warned that he was going about in search of me and had threatened to shoot me on sight. Such events were not uncommon in the pioneer days in California. Having a revolver, I went out to look for him, and we met on the bridge. Both stopped, each with a hand on his revolver. After gazing at each other for some time, we passed!

The Napa “Daily Register” of January 3, 1883, says: A brief telegram announcing that S. L. Haas of this city died at the Grand Hotel, San Francisco, at 10.50 o'clock this forenoon, was received here shortly after the sad event. The unexpected news quickly spread through the town and created a feeling of sadness on every hand, as the deceased had been for many years one of the prominent merchants of Napa, and was well known throughout the valley. He had been troubled for some time with heart disease. Although his condition had for some weeks excited the fears of his intimate friends, yet none seemed to apprehend his life was so nearly ended. He received the best medical attention, but his malady had progressed too far to be reached by the most skillful treatment. Solomon Leon Haas was born in Germany in 1840, and came to America when a boy. About fifteen years ago

he commenced business in connection with his brother, David L. Haas, in Napa and Vallejo, under the firm name of Haas Brothers, the deceased attending to the Vallejo store. He closed out business in that town in June, 1876, and entered into copartnership with Asa R. Ford in the dry goods business in Napa. The widowed wife and orphaned daughter have the deepest sympathy of numerous friends in this their great bereavement. Three brothers survive, David L. of this city, Martin L. of San Francisco, and Lewis of New York.

My friends were very apprehensive, because Haas was considered a dangerous man. That evening Capt. John Howland called on me at the hotel and said he had brought a message from San Francisco for me to come there at once to see some Honolulu friends. I suspected he was trying to spirit me out of town, but he denied this and urged me to go down the river to San Francisco on his river boat that night that I might be there in the morning to see my friends, as no train was leaving Napa until the next day. Late that evening I boarded the little side-paddle-wheel steamer, "Emma," named for Captain Howland's daughter, and commanded by Captain Pinkham, at the town landing on the Napa River; and after a very beautiful moonlight trip arrived at San Francisco at 9 the next morning in time to see the Joneses, Damons and Fosters off for Honolulu on the "Zealandia," which was apparently the object of my visit. I also boarded the "City of Peking," 5,079 tons, bound for China.

This visit to San Francisco was prolonged for some days, for I was joined there the next morning by a party of young people from Napa who had come down by train. Among them was Miss Hattie Howland whom I took that night to see "The Planter's Wife" at the Bush Street Theatre; another evening we went together to the Tivoli. The next day I called on Dr. Sawyer and on Miss Cushing, E. C. Stetson, Wilde & Co., and on my cousin, Otis Briggs. I took this opportunity to see Chinatown for the first time under the guidance of Mr. Obadiah Rich, assistant manager of the Grand Hotel, who was a native of Cape Cod, and very friendly to us. I was not at all pleased with that quarter, and my journal says, "It is a rough place and the most filthy place imaginable," but in my later visits there I found more of interest. During this six days' visit in San Francisco I found time to make many pleasant calls on acquaintances old and new. I

VIEW OF THE BAY AND PART OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO, 1881

FERRY LANDING, SAN FRANCISCO, 1881

PETRIFIED TREE, 70 FEET LONG, 11 FEET DIAMETER, PETRIFIED FOREST, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL., JULY 27, 1881 (See page 44)

57

met a Miss Aldrich, and took her to the Mechanics' Fair, and I called on Nellie Fuller and Hattie Foster, two of my Honolulu friends, who were stopping at the corner of Jefferson and 15th streets. All this is briefly recorded in my journal, and brings back many pleasant memories of old days and old friends.

SEPTEMBER 2. — Today Slocum^{*} and Dave Fagan met me in San Francisco and we all came to Martinez to continue our History writing in Contra Costa County. The trip was very enjoyable. After crossing the ferry to Oakland we went north by train along the bay to Stege, catching glimpses of San Francisco across the water; then to San Pablo, nestling in beside the mountain foothills, surrounded by evergreens and well-cultivated lands; through the little village of Pinole, with its large warehouses and long pier, skirting the Bay of San Pablo, to Port Costa. The views on all sides were glorious. To the south and right of our train we beheld a beautiful narrow valley extending for miles to the rugged heights of the Contra Costa Mountains. Across the narrow straits to the left was the harbor and city of Vallejo, with the Suchal Hills rising in the background to the eastward. Mare Island lay a mile to the west, across the inlet; and to the north, away beyond all, we saw the beautiful Napa Valley, at the head of which, forty miles away, rose Mt. St. Helena. Still farther, and more to the right, are the mountains in which are situated the great Geyser Springs of California. As we proceeded more to the westward we saw the Sonoma Hills, Sonoma Valley, Petaluna, Santa Rosa and the Russian River Valleys which are said to be the richest and most productive in the world. Beyond, bordering these, were the great redwood forests, and still farther rose the blue outlines of the Coast Range, of which Mt. Tamalpais is the highest peak. Close to us, nestling in the center of all these magnificent surroundings, was San Pablo Bay, ten miles in diameter, sparkling like a jewel, dotted here and there with vessels and bordered by the deep color of the evergreens. Contra Costa County has the only fresh-water anchorage in the State deep enough to accommodate large sea-going vessels; ships can load direct from the railroad pier. We

arrived in Martinez this evening, and I was greeted by 59 a number of friends. Dave Fagan resides here at present and is one of the founders of the Social Club for the young people of the town. This evening a ball was given in my honor by the Misses Katie and Rachel Gift, very pretty girls, Mrs. Blum and Mrs. Shirley, the wife of Senator Shirley. Sol. Blum and his brothers are proprietors of a large department store, which advertises "New spring and summer goods, fine dress and business suits, boys clothing, dress goods, hosiery, boots and shoes," all at the very lowest prices, as well as "a full line of first-class groceries and a choice stock of pure liquors," etc., — a western Jordan Marsh's.

After a varied experience Will Slocum settled in Los Angeles where he died in 1925. I quote from a letter received at the time from his nephew: LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 11, 1925. Uncle Will left shortly after Christmas for St. Louis to straighten up matters for his company. He consummated his work during as cold a spell as St. Louis has had for years, and part of his time was occupied in fighting a bad cold. As soon as matters were completed he went south for the company, but was forced to take a train at Atlanta, Georgia, direct to Los Angeles. I met him at the depot and found him very weak, and made arrangements for him to go to bed immediately. After about a week at home he was feeling much better and seemed to be improving when he took cold again, and went out to Bimini Baths for a Turkish bath. This move weakened him so badly a physician was called immediately and his trouble was pronounced pleurisy and pneumonia. one week to a day he passed into the great beyond in spite of two nurses and two doctors. While delirious part of the time, he was ready to joke with the doctors and nurses up to the last day, and whether he knew his end had arrived or not is a question in my mind. His funeral was attended by about eighty people, on Monday afternoon, March 30, and he was buried beside Auntie (his wife) at Inglewood Cemetery midst nine large standing floral wreaths, anchors and pillows, and twenty-seven floral sprays composed of roses, sweet peas, gladiolas, lilies, etc., a visible showing of a host of loving friends, neighbors and relatives. He passed away Saturday morning, March 28, 1925, at 2.50 A.M. He spoke of you so often and so affectionately that I feel as if I really knew you too. I trust you will notify me should you visit Los Angeles as it would be a great pleasure to meet you in person. Sincerely yours, DEWITT E. SLOCUM.

SEPTEMBER 5. — I have been very busy working on the History. My only spare time is in the evening, but I enjoy our expeditions into the surrounding country. This county is very fertile, in spite of its mountainous character, and the hills about here are especially adapted to the growth of table and wine grapes, which are very abundant about Martinez. Mt. Diablo, in the very center of the county, rises from sea level to a height of 3,876 feet. One of its peaks was chosen as the meridian from which the government survey of Central California was made. The view from its summit is magnificent, with the great interior valley of California spread out like a map as far as the eye can reach. The outlook seems illimitable, especially to the east. One can see over thirty cities and towns, in which reside one-half the population of California. The foothills of this portion

of the Coast Range cover a large share of the county, interspersed with valleys which are very fertile. The plains are dotted with great white oaks which are especially 60 thick near the borders of the streams. This is a wheat-raising country, but fruits and nuts of almost every sort flourish in abundance in the valleys and on the hillsides. They say that the fruits from here bear shipment remarkably well. The reason for this is that all fruits are grown without irrigation, and, owing to the uniformly low temperature, they ripen more slowly, develop later, and consequently keep better than fruits which are matured more rapidly. Stock-raising is also profitable, I am told, and this county can show as fine stock as any in California. On almost every farm there are a few specimens of the best breeds of horses, cattle, sheep or hogs.

This evening, after our return from one of these expeditions, I escorted the Misses Gift to a very pretty party at Mrs. Abercrombie's, given especially for me.

SEPTEMBER 7. — Dave Fagan^{*} and I drove back to Napa from Martinez. We crossed the Straits of Carquinez by ferry to Benecia, which was formerly the capital of the State. It is a charming, quiet old rambling town, lying at the head of ship navigation. There is a long ferry slip running out from the city, built by the railroad company, and a similar one on the other side of Port Costa. These slips are built on piles 18 inches in diameter, averaging 95 feet in length. Between these cities runs the largest steam ferry boat in the world, the "Solano." She has a greater breadth of beam than the "City of Tokio," and there are four 61 tracks running from end to end with a capacity of 24 passenger cars or 48 freight cars. This ferry shortens the railway route from San Francisco to Sacramento by forty-nine miles. Benecia has about 2,000 inhabitants, and the only law school in the State is located here. Benecia also boasts some of the largest shipyards on the coast, at one of which my father's cousin, Charles Otis Briggs, used to be master ship builder.

Dave Fagan, after a few years, established the house of D. D. Fagan & Co., corner of Harris and 9th streets, Fairhaven, Washington, a men's furnishing goods store for the people of Fairhaven and Bellingham Bay. He afterward went into the Norris Safe Company and died in 1923 at St. Paul, Minnesota.

We made a longer stop at Vallejo, which we found particularly interesting from an historical point of view, as well as for its natural beauty. The town is situated on the southeastern point of the high, rolling, grass-covered hills bordering Vallejo Bay, which was granted to the old Spanish

General Vallejo by the Mexican government, and which he surveyed over forty years ago. These hills are now covered by the many homes of this beautiful little city, surrounded by gardens of the brightest flowers. The hills, and the land for miles around, which forty years ago were among General Vallejo's possessions, were in his day covered with wild oats, but now they bear a goodly crop of wheat, finer than any other country can produce. The increasing population has brought with it the improvement of the soil, and now nothing can be seen but the richest vegetation as far as the eye can reach. The view from Capitol Hill is serene. Toward the north lies Marin County, and the Coast Range Mountains define a clear, irregular line against the cloudless sky, and above them all rises grand old Mt. Tamalpais, like a father over his large family of children. Below is the steamers' wharf, where passengers are landing to branch off to all points of the 62 compass. There is scarcely a ripple on the placid surface of the bay. Small fishing craft are sailing here and there, while three large iron ships are riding peacefully at anchor, awaiting their turn to draw up to the wharf and load with wheat for some European port. On the other side of the bay lies Mare Island and the Navy Yard. Along in the years of 1866-7, the probability of a railroad being built across the continent to California brought thousands to the spot who had until then never dreamed of ever coming to this far-away land. Comparatively few persons in the East had, up to this time, heard of Vallejo except in connection with the naval station. As the certainty of the construction of the road increased, Vallejo began to show signs of renewed life; stores, shops, hotels and dwellings began to spring up in every direction until it became the busy mart which it now is. Vallejo at the present time has five churches; the first series of meetings in the Advent Church were held by Alden Miles Grant of Boston, Massachusetts. Some of its principal buildings are the Bank of Vallejo, the Vallejo Savings and Commercial Bank, the Pioneer Brewery, the Empire Soda Works, the Bernard House, a very imposing Structure, and Farragut Hall, built by the late Admiral D. G. Farragut, in the year 1869; it is lighted by a sun-burner gas jet in the center and lights around the hall; it has five dressing rooms, also a stage with a very good outfit and scenes for theatrical performances. It is capable of seating over eight hundred, and almost all political, social and public meetings of any importance are held here.

Vallejo supports three papers and has also a gas company with a capital of \$40,000. The city stands next 63 to San Francisco in the condition and number of its lodges, it having fourteen; the principal of these are the Naval Lodge, F. & A. M., Naval Chapter, R. A. M., Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, the Farragut Post, G. A. R., and the Society of California Pioneers. Vallejo has two reservoirs, the larger one containing 9,000,000 gallons, and the smaller one 200,000 gallons, of water; also a fire department, National Guards, a high school and several public schools. About 1850 there was erected on York Street the capitol. It was a two-story building, the offices of which were built of hewn planks from the Hawaiian Islands. The upper story was occupied by the Senate, the lower by the Assembly, and the basement by a tenpin alley and saloon, which in those days went by the name of the "Third House." The Legislature first met here in January, 1852. The original building has since been destroyed by fire. Vallejo was then the capital of the Golden State. I will give a few instances relative to the condition of things at that time that I learned from one of California's old pioneers. Living was very expensive. Cabbages sold at 30 cents per head, pork 30 cents per pound, eggs \$5 per dozen, milk 50 cents a gallon, and chickens \$10 a pair; but wild game was plenty and the streams were alive with fish. "In the fall of 1853 there arrived in Vallejo the first representative of the law in the person of Colonel Leslie. It is reported on one occasion, shortly after his arrival, that a Mr. Reed was out hunting and firing his gun; most probably by mistake, the ball crashed through Leslie's window and lodged in the wall of the room where he was lying in bed. Boiling over with rage he arose, dressed in great haste and arrested the said Reed with his own 64 hands and found himself prosecuting attorney, jury, witness and judge, and fined Reed \$10 and costs; what became of the fine has never been found out," Vallejo was named for General Mariana Guadalupe Vallejo, who now resides in Sonoma. As I before mentioned, the Leescoc ranch, which is now covered by the city, was granted to him in the year 1837 by the Mexican government, and was occupied by the aboriginal Indians, wild cattle and game. In the following year General Vallejo, with his young bride, set out on their eager journey; she in her chair saddle and he on his noble steed. As they rode over mile upon mile of their property, little was said, so eager were they to drink in the new scenes and possessions through which they were riding. Both were full of hope, and as they proceeded, the General pointed out the more important features of his fair domain of nearly 100,000 acres. Finally, reaching a point about six miles north of the present city, he ordered

a halt to rest his steeds and enjoy the surrounding scenery. This hill he named the “Balcony.” Here the General thought of De Foe's hero, Alex. Selkirk, who said: I am monarch of all I survey, My right there is none to dispute; From the centre all round to the sea, I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

Continuing their journey they soon arrived at the spot where the Capitol afterwards stood, and it was here he prophesied that ships of every flag would ride peacefully at anchor within the shadows of these hills that this State would be a halfway station of commerce

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., IN 1848

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD DEPOT, OAKLAND, CAL., 1881

65

between Asia and Europe; and that there would be communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts that would enable them to reap benefits from each other's products in a comparatively short space of time. “Remember,” said he, “what I have today spoken shall come true. I feel a spirit within me which tells me that this ‘hacienda’ of mine shall be the nucleus of a vast State, of which I shall be Governor.” For twelve years he ruled his little kingdom and was unmolested, the Indians being a peaceful, pastoral and happy race.

The following interesting description of the aboriginal Indians I take from the Vallejo directory of 1870:

“The toilet of the women was no more pretentious than that of the males, consisting only of a scanty apron of fancy skins or feathers, extending to the knees. Those of them who were unmarried wore also a bracelet around the ankle or arm near the shoulder. This ornament was generally made of bone or fancy wood. Polygamy was a recognized institution; the chiefs generally possessed eleven wives, sub-chiefs nine, and ordinary warriors two or more, according to their wealth or property; but Indian-like they would fight among themselves, long before the Spaniards came, and bloody fights they often were. Their weapons were bows and arrows, clubs and spears. They had a kind

of helmet made of skins. Their women followed the warriors and supplied them with provisions, and attended them when wounded, carrying their papposes on their backs at the same time. These Indians believed in a future existence, and an all powerful Great Spirit; they likewise believed in a cucusui, or mischief maker, and to him they attributed all their ill luck.”

66

Thus I have carried Vallejo from its earliest settlement until the present day, and certainly every day now looks brighter for its prosperity.

We have now completed our work in this part of the country, and on my return to Napa this evening I made some farewell calls and packed my things preparatory to leaving Napa. I am sorry to leave Dr. Wetmore, but hope to see him again. I have assisted him in his practice a good deal while I have been here, on days when I was not occupied in writing the history. He has given me cases just outside the city or at distances in the city which required more time than he could well give, and when he made visits to San Francisco I took over all of his work.

67

CHAPTER II

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1881 FUNERAL PROCESSION FOR PRESIDENT GARFIELD MARE
ISLAND GOVERNOR ROMUALDO PACHECO CHINATOWN IN 1881 SAN FRANCISCO TO
LOS ANGELES

SEPTEMBER 8. — Today we came back from Napa to San Francisco by way of Vallejo; thence by boat across the mouth of the Sacramento, where we took the train to Oakland and then by ferry to San Francisco. The Russian man-of-war “Africa” was anchored in the bay. We dined with the Samuel Henry Kents, where we met Captain Fletcher of the Navy Yard; and we spent the night at the Grand Hotel, where we met Mrs. Laura Dixon and little “Mudgie,” Mr. and Mrs. Milne (“Sandy”), and Miss Armstrong, all of Honolulu. SEPTEMBER 9. — This morning we took rooms at the Truesdell House, corner of Market and Turk streets. This afternoon we all went through

Chinatown. Soldiers and marines in gay uniforms from the Russian ship in San Francisco Bay were marching through the streets.

SEPTEMBER 12. — Yesterday we attended service at St. Ignatius' Church (Catholic), one of the most beautiful churches here. I spent the night at the Russ 68 House, as guest of Will Slocum, so that we could start again early this morning, With Dave Fagan and Mr. Bowen, for Martinez on the Bay of Carquinez, Where I have been asked to take the local doctor's practice for ten days during his vacation, while I continue to help Slocum and his party in their work on the History of Contra Costa County. Mother and Velma stayed behind at the Truesdell House.

During this second stay in Martinez I enjoyed much social life. The Gift girls, the Misses Winnie and Maggie Bolton, the Bents, Mrs. Russell, and especially the Blums entertained us frequently. Rose Blum is a delightful young girl, with very pleasing manners. At the Bennett's stables we watched the inspection of the horses which had been bought by the United States government to be used in the war with the Apache Indians in Arizona. It was grape season, and we had many sent us; the most delicious were the white malagar or raisin grapes. A gift of grapes usually consisted of about half a bushel.

I find in my journal, under date of September 19: "There is a report in town tonight that President Garfield has died, and the bells are tolling — God grant that it is not true." It was true, and when I returned to San Francisco on the 21st I found the whole city in mourning, virtually every building draped in black and white.

SEPTEMBER 24. - Today is Jewish New Years, and we all went to the Jewish Synagogue where we heard a sermon by Rabbi Kohn. I continue to visit Dr. Sawyer, the celebrated lung specialist.

Velma, who came out here with malaria, has been under Dr. Hubbard,* 69 an old army surgeon, who is considered an authority in the treatment of malaria. He insisted that we should both take the one remedy. I think it has done more than anything else to restore her health, and it is helping me very much also. He prescribed fresh horseradish root, which we purchase at the market where we have it ground, put into a quart bottle until it is a little more than half full, and then we fill the

bottle with well-aged whiskey and shake frequently, taking a swallow as nearly once an hour as we conveniently can. Velma's malaria has entirely disappeared, and I am certainly improving; I have had no more hemorrhages and my lungs continue to heal.

In April, 1882, the following notice appeared in a San Francisco medical journal: APRIL, 1882. — With feelings of sorrow we are obliged to chronicle the death of one of the most eminent surgeons of the Pacific coast, Dr. H. H. Hubbard. Another name has been added to the already long list of those who have fallen victims to the unhealthy condition of San Francisco. Notwithstanding the reports from the Health Department show a great excess in the number of deaths over that of last year, still nothing is done, and in the meantime the authorities are allowing friends and relations to die, and many valuable lives to be lost from a far more dangerous enemy than smallpox, against which such extraordinary measures are being taken, namely, sewer gas. This is a cause of disease against which a vigorous crusade should be inaugurated, for it is one that makes its influence felt so insidiously as not to be recognized in hundreds of cases, on the health of every man, woman and child in San Francisco. The health report shows what havoc is being made. There has been no epidemic, and yet within the past five months there has been an excess of some seven hundred deaths over the number for the same months of the year 1881. During this same time the deaths from smallpox cannot number twenty. Sewer gas, in many cases, is not the primary cause, but from whatever disease a person may be suffering, gases entering the house from the sewer reduces very considerably such persons' chances of recovery. Could the death of so valuable a man to the community as Dr. Hubbard only awaken the profession and the people to the absolute necessity of good drainage in a large city like San Francisco, his death would not have been in vain, and he himself would have rejoiced to have died in so good a cause. We append a short sketch of his life taken from one of the daily papers: The medical profession has sustained a great loss in the death of Dr. Horace Hulsey Hubbard, who died this morning of typhoid-malarial fever, after a sickness of twenty-seven days. It is generally believed that the disease was engendered through sewer gas emanating from a patent wash bowl in his room. Dr. Hubbard was born at Fulton, Essex County, New York, on January 14, 1827. When scarcely of age he went South, and studied medicine at Vicksburg, Mississippi. He then proceeded to New Orleans, where he graduated. In 1854 he obtained his diploma from the University of Louisiana. Returning to Vicksburg he practiced his profession with success until the breaking out of the war, when he at once joined the Confederate Army. His knowledge and skill, both in medicine and surgery, soon won for him the rank of Surgeon-General of the Army, a position which he retained until the close of the rebellion. Returning again to Vicksburg, he remained there until he came to this city in 1868. In this city he gained a reputation second to none of his professional brethren. He served with credit a term as a member of the Board of Health. Dr. Hubbard was also one of the most prominent Masons of the State. He was one of the Inspectors General of the Thirty-third Degree, Scottish Rite of Masonry, and Superintendent of the Council of Jurisdiction of All Degrees and Rites. He was also a high official in the Knights Templars, and, in fact, held every office of high degree in Masonry. He was a member of California Lodge No. 1, under whose auspices he will be buried on Wednesday next, at 2 o'clock P.M., from King Solomon's Temple. Dr. Hubbard leaves two sisters and a brother in New York, one in this city, and a cousin, Judge Thomas H. Caswell, and numerous friends to mourn his loss.

70

SEPTEMBER 25. — Today I saw Captain Marston set sail on the bark "Lady Lamson," the vessel on which I was so pleasantly entertained during my stay in Honolulu.

SEPTEMBER 26. — Yesterday we all went to see my very kind and faithful friend, Mrs. Samuel M. Damon, With her children, Eddie and May, and Miss Lizzie Campbell, off for Honolulu on the “City of Sydney,” the same steamer in which I came here with Mrs. Damon and her family from Honolulu. I shall miss her very much, for she has been more or less with us during these months, and when not with us she was usually with Mr. and Mrs. Mills at the Mills Seminary in Berkeley where mother and I visited them last May.

President Garfield's funeral took place in Cleveland today. There have been memorial services and solemn 71 processions of mourning in every city in the country. Here there were 22,000 men in line. The procession took nearly two hours to pass; the buildings along the line of march, especially in Montgomery, Market and Kearney streets, were elaborately draped in black and white bunting; the streets were black with quiet, thoughtful people — thousands of spectators to this demonstration of mourning and affection for our late President. Market Street was almost impassable; every inch of vantage ground was taken. Not only were the sidewalks, roofs and windows crammed with people, but grave and decorous citizens were grasping the tall chimneys and in perilous positions were holding on to cornices, while others younger and still more adventurous clung to the near tops of telegraph poles, sitting on the crosstrees.

The booming of the minute guns over the bay and the solemn tones of the church bells from the hills broke the silence as the hour set for the President's funeral approached; the procession came along with muffled drums and draped flags — people of every nationality and all sorts of organizations. First came the mounted police and the United States Artillery Band, the Grand Marshal, whose only badge of office was a baton draped in crêpe, then the 200 aides with sashes of black and white with silver trimming. After them came the local soldiery, marching in ranks of sixteen, trailing their arms, their colors furled and draped, and their officers with crêpe on their arms. (It is said that nearly 90 per cent of the membership of the different organizations were in line.) The independent military companies turned out in a battalion — the German Fusileers, the Independent Rifles and 72 the California Jaegers, the Swiss Sharpshooters, the Austrian Military Company. Many of their uniforms, especially those of the Independent Rifles (gray with black hats

and black plumes), were in marked contrast to those of the regular militia companies. Then came the Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons, preceded by their marshal and a standard bearer in the splendid trappings of a Knight Templar, representing all the Masonic orders, twelve abreast — a magnificent display of uniformed men in solemn procession, over 2,000 in all. The great catafalque, somber and splendid, followed, drawn by eight perfect horses, each as black as night. The gentlemen's stables for miles about San Francisco had been thrown open for the selection of the fittest horses for this purpose, and probably no other city in the country could have provided such faultless spans as were attached to the vast moving cenotaph. Each horse was completely shrouded in a cover of black cloth, so that only the blinders over the eyes and the feet under the deep fringe of the ebon covers were visible. Abreast of each horse walked a tall black groom, dressed in a black frock coat and trousers, with white gloves and vest and a black silk hat, with a mourning band of black crêpe fastened, at the side farthest from the horse, with a white bow, the ends of the black crêpe falling over the groom's shoulder and down his side to below the elbow. The solemn driver of the catafalque was also a black man. It is said that the casket borne on the catafalque was the counterpart of that actually used at the President's funeral in Cleveland today; on the top lay a General's hat, belt and sword. On the lower platform of the 72 catafalque was the escutcheon of the United States on one side, and that of the State of California on the other, between great wreaths of rare white flowers. Behind the catafalque another colored groom led a riderless black horse, deeply hooded, and covered with white fringed black broadcloth, saddled and bridled; in the stirrups were military boots, empty and reversed, telling with the grim significance of military fashion that the great Commander-in-Chief lay dead. The Guard of Honor flanking the catafalque consisted of officers of the army on one side and of the navy on the other, all in full dress uniform and wearing crêpe on the left arm. Following the catafalque were pallbearers, all eminent men, each wearing a full long sash of black and white crêpe, with flowing ends drooping nearly to the ground. These were all eminent citizens of California. Then came a magnificent floral tribute from the French citizens of San Francisco — a giant wreath of roses, with a French flag wrought in flowers in the center, borne by eight tall men. There followed a procession of foreign consuls, veterans of the Civil War, more officers of the army and navy; then came city and county officials, firemen, more distinguished citizens, delegations from the foreign war vessels in the harbor, the clergy, judges

and justices — more long lines of mourning citizens from every organization imaginable. A funeral ceremony was held afterwards before a great gathering at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and there were elaborate services in all the churches either yesterday or Sunday, in memory of our late President.

The war vessels in the harbor include the Russian

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF GUTEAU FOR THE MURDER OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD, OCTOBER 14, 1881

74 Admiral's flagship "Africa," the "Plastun" and the "Vestnik," the Italian frigate "Garibaldi," and the Mexican gunboat "Democrata," as well as the U. S. S. "Lackawanna." The yardarms of the warships were crossed to the port side of the vessels, while the ensigns hung at half mast from the gaffs. At sunrise the Russian Admiral's ship began the first of the fifteen minute guns which were taken up at regular intervals by the other vessels, and continued their solemn booming all day.

The mourning decorations are, many of them, unique, but not all in the best of taste; a residence on northern Powell Street has perhaps the most unpleasant, for stretched across the front is a remarkable specimen of the crayon art in black and white, representing the late President lying on his couch of pain, a woman with disheveled hair leaning over the head of the bed, and two angels floating above — all life size.

OCTOBER 1. — After a lovely visit with us, mother left for the East this afternoon at 3.30, and Velma and I went as far as Oakland to see her safely started on the train. We felt that father needed her, and, as we were so much better, we could take care of each other, but we shall miss her terribly. She has been a wonderful traveling companion, always ready to plan interesting excursions for us wherever we stopped, ever cheerful, never complaining of discomforts, but always alert and enterprising and helpful.

OCTOBER 5. — Our cousin, Otis Briggs, now lives in Vallejo, and has a position in the United States Navy Yard at Mare Island. He is the last ship builder in the Briggs family, and came to California in the early days. His visits to us have been among the brightest spots of our stay in San Francisco, for his jovial disposition and quick wit make him a delightful companion, and his

anecdotes are full of native humor. Today we went to see him at Mare Island and were 76 shown all about. Having been appointed a regular correspondent to the "Boston Evening Transcript" on my return I wrote and sent a long article about Mare Island to the "Transcript" from which I extract the following:

Much curiosity has been excited by the peculiarity of the name of this island. The origin of its appellation is related as follows: In former days there was only one ferry boat on the waters near Vallejo and Benicia, a crude one at that, being made principally from oil barrels obtained from whaling ships, which were secured together by beams and planking. The craft was divided into compartments for horses and cattle, the transportation of which was its principal use. On one occasion, while the boat was making its way from Martinez, on the opposite shore of the Carquinez Straits to Benicia, a squall overtook her, causing her to pitch dreadfully. The animals then on board, being for the most part horses, became alarmed and commenced to kick, causing the weak portions to give way. The vessel then capsized and the living cargo was thrown into the bay. Some reached the shore while others were drowned. Of the former was an old white mare, owned and much prized by General Vallejo. Its capture was effected on the island a few days later, when the General dubbed the place "Ista de la Yegua," or Mare Island. . . . At the northern end of the island there are three large Indian mounds or graves, covered with burnt mussel shells, upon which nothing will grow. Some time ago one of these was opened and a large number of skulls, bones, arrow heads, etc., were found. Each of these mounds has a legend attached to it. They were probably made during the smallpox epidemic, which wrought such havoc among the native Indians in the year 1839.

The first commandant of the yard was Capt. David G. Farragut, appointed on September 6, 1854. At the time of his assumption of office the island was a mere grazing locality, there being visible only squatters, one or two humble dwellings and a few sheds which had been put up by the builders of the sectional dry dock. Arrangements for occupation were pushed forward with characteristic 77 vigor by Captain Farragut, and on October 3, 1854, the national flag was first hoisted on this newly acquired property. In the archives of the commandant's office is preserved a log, in the handwriting of the officer who afterward achieved such glory for his name and country at New Orleans, when

he caused himself to be tied to the shrouds of his flagship, the "Hartford," and ran the gauntlet of the enemy's guns. The ink on the pages of Farragut's diary may be faded by time, but his memory will remain untinged as long as the United States has a history, and be cherished in the hearts of his countrymen in such a manner as is only done for our great men. I quote from his diary:

"September 16, 1854. — Commander Farragut took charge of the island and forthwith ordered all of the squatters off. Vara, Gilbert and Antonio Pintee were their names. Weather clear.

"September 17, 1854. — Looked around the island for the localities specified in the plan of the Navy Yard; also engaged in examining the amount of property on the island that could be advantageously used by the government. Weather clear.

"September 18, 1854. — The sloop-of-war 'Warren' came up to be moored as a storeship for the accommodation of the Yard. Also employed Vara, a carpenter, to put up a flagstaff. Paid \$500 for towing up the ship, and \$192 for pilotage. Weather clear."

The sectional dock on Mare Island is the first erection of the kind ever attempted on the Pacific coast and was commenced in the year 1852. It is composed of eleven sections, each 130 feet long and 33 feet wide, the sections standing 6 inches apart. The extreme length of the construction is 325 feet, and is capable of accommodating a ship of 3,000 tons burthen. The dock basin in connection therewith is 400 feet long by 150 feet wide, with a proper depth and ways, 350 feet in length. To get a vessel on to the dock the dock is first sunk to a sufficient depth, when the vessel is floated on to it and it is closed. The water is then pumped out by steam engines, built expressly for the purpose, when the entire structure rises. It is then floated into the basin, being hauled by hydraulic power. The basin is then emptied by means of pumping, and the dock sinks to the floor, where it becomes a fixture. . . . 78 There have been built at this yard, or are now building, the U. S. S. "Saginaw," and the steam sloop-of-war "Mohican" (new). The first of these was constructed in the year 1859, and was of the following dimensions: register length, 128 feet; breadth, 26 feet; depth 11.3 feet, and tonnage, 282 tons. She was wrecked on Ocean Island in October, 1870. In reference to the loss of

this vessel, the following interesting record is attached to one of her boats now suspended in the construction store.

Boat of the U. S. S. "Saginaw," which vessel was wrecked on Ocean Island Reef, Lat. 28 deg. 36 min. N., Long. 178 deg. 25 min. W., October 29, 1870. This boat was fitted out on Ocean Island, manned by a crew of five who volunteered to sail to Honolulu, distance 1,600 miles, for the purpose of saving their shipmates. Sailed November 18, 1870, arrived off Kawai (one of the Hawaiian group) evening of December 18, 1870, capsized morning of 19th of December, in surf while trying to land at Kalihi Island of Kawai. Four of the five volunteers were drowned, viz.: Lieut. J. G. Talbot, Seaman J. Andrews, Quartermaster P. Francis, Seaman I. Meni, and Coxswain W. Halford was the sole survivor.

Halford for his heroic conduct, was promoted to the rank of gunner in the navy, and presented with a bronze medal by the government. He is now serving on board the U. S. S. "Lackawanna." The steam tug "Monterey" and the schooner "Freda" were also built at Mare Island. Besides these, the following ships have received repairs there: the sloop-of-war "St. Mary's," paddle-wheel "Saranac," steam sloops-of-war "Ossipee," "Lackawanna," "Reserve," "Kearsarge," "Pensacola," "Benicia," "Tuscarora" and "Iroquois." The vessels now attached to the Pacific station are "Pensacola" (flagship), "Alaska," "Jamestown," "Adams," with the storeship "Onward," now at Callao, Peru.

The "Guerriere," 44 guns, the first frigate that had been put into the water on the seaboard by the American government since the year 1801, was launched at Philadelphia, June 20, 1814. It was intended that the "Independence," 74 guns, should have gone off at Boston at the same time, but she stuck on the ways. She was got safely into the water on the 20th of July, however, and was the first two-decked ship that ever properly belonged to the American navy. The "America" had been given to the King of France while yet on the stocks. The last cruise of this vessel 79 was made in 1855 as flagship of Commodore Marine. The "Independence" made her first cruise as flagship under Commodore Bainbridge in the Mediterranean Sea. . . . She was raised in 1836 and made a 54-gun frigate; and besides being the first double-decked ship that went to sea under the American flag,

she was the first 74 that was ever converted in the United States Navy. She was always called a good sailor, and said to behave well at sea. During her cruise in the Pacific from 1846 to 1849, she averaged 140 knots per 24 hours for 400 consecutive days. Her record also says, "Is sure in stays, stiff under canvas, inclined to gripe and hard on her cables."

(1849-52.) "It has been recommended to dispense with the poop and topgallant forecastle and ten tons of ballast, to shorten the lower masts and to do away with the tiller on the gun deck, as it interferes with the working of the stern guns." The good old vessel is now at Mare Island Navy Yard as a receiving ship, and she is as sound in every respect as she was fifty years ago. Although the new order of ships-of-war has come into use, there are none that are built more substantially than the "Independence." The seclusion of Vallejo Harbor, with its beautiful surroundings, is a fit retirement for this naval Argonaut of California.

OCTOBER 7 (continues my journal). — Palmer, Bowen, Slocum and I had a conference about publishing the History of Napa County. This afternoon Velma and I went through the United States Mint, and in the evening we all went to hear the opera "La Grande Duchesse."

OCTOBER 10. — We have visitors almost every afternoon when we are at home. Today Mr. and Mrs. Robert Howland called. He is a mining engineer of considerable reputation. Our cousin, Otis Briggs, and daughter Kate also come frequently;* we do enjoy his 80 visits so much. Other callers were Mrs. (Captain) Howland, Densie Percival, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Joe Carroll and George W. Spencer. Mr. Spencer took us for a drive in one of McKay's famous turnouts, a barouche and pair, to the United States Reservation and to Fort Point, where We had a beautiful view of the Golden Gate, the park, the cliff, and Seal Rock.

Charles Otis Briggs died many years ago, and his daughter Kate married George W. Spencer of San Francisco. They had one son, George O. Spencer, now (1931) residing in Augusta, Maine. He is married and has one child.

OCTOBER 21. — Today I called at the Palace Hotel to see Judge Widemann, whose plantation I visited in Honolulu, and his daughter Minna. While I was there King Kalakaua and Major McFarland called to see Judge Widemann.

They are sailing for Honolulu tomorrow on the steamer "Zealandia," Captain Cargill and Purser Dean.

My journal continues to report everyday happenings for the next month, most of them interesting to me only as reminders of the good friends whom we found everywhere and of the simple, busy, care-free life, which did so much to build up our health. Dr. Sawyer examined me again on the 25th of October and reported me greatly improved. The following Sunday I took my sister to Grace Church in the morning and went with Miss Hattie Howland to Trinity Church in the evening. On November 3 we went to a Japanese Tea Party at Platt's Hall, and saw very pretty tableaux, given for the benefit of the Homeopathic Hospital. My journal records almost daily calls to and from our many friends in the neighborhood. The following names appear with more or less frequency: Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Allen, Mrs. King, Miss Emma Whitney, the Misses Charlotte Carter, Hattie Foster and Nellie Fuller of Honolulu, Wolcott Morse (who lived at Dr.

DANIEL CALLAGHAN, 1881

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, 1881

81 Lowe's on Scott Street), Miss Helen Aldrich, Mrs. Fishborne, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Henry Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Stoneham, L. L. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Van Heusen, Judge Shepard and Miss Shepard, Miss Howard (who took us to the Commencement exercises at the Pacific Medical School), Mrs. (Captain) Morse, Captain and Mrs. Freeman, and Hattie Howland, who was staying at the Noyes's. We called on the Misses Callaghan and saw more or less of them. Their father, Daniel D. Callaghan, was President of the First National Bank and a successful business man, and was well known in San Francisco at that time; he was a strong and interesting character, very public-spirited and interested in local enterprises, especially the development of street car lines. We enjoyed hearing him tell of his experiences in California in the early days, which were still fresh in his memory. He had come to California in 1852, first, in general merchandise in Shasta, later at Red Bluff, and in 1864 to San Francisco. His brother

Jeremiah, a real pioneer, preceded him in '49. Daniel married in Fall River and left nine children, three boys and six girls.

On November 12 I went with Bowen and Slocum back to Napa City to check up some matters for the History, arriving just in time to see a fire, the burning of David Haas's store. We spent several days there working on the History and seeing some of our old friends — the Howlands, the Noyeses, May Monelle Stansbury, Clara Volk and Rebecca Frankenburg; and we went to St. Helena, where we stayed at the Windsor Hotel. They were kind friends and pleasant days. I wish I had recorded more details, but even the 82 names are good to remember. The last week in November found us back in San Francisco, and my journal continues its brief items.

NOVEMBER 23. — I visited some of the whale ships on the water front today, including the “John Howland,” the “Sea Breeze,” the “Progress” and the “Northern Light,” the last just arrived from Point Barrow; from her captain I got two pairs of walrus tusks, and from the first mate, Mr. Gifford, a pair of sperm whale's teeth.

NOVEMBER 26. — Once more we came to Martinez with Dave Fagan to check up the Contra Costa County History. Velma and I are rooming at Mrs. Brown's, and have our meals at Mrs. Corbett's. During this visit we were entertained by the kind friends of our former visits, Miss Rose Blum, Miss Josie Williams, Mrs. Bent, Miss Mollie Bent and Rachel and Katie Gift. “We went to the M. E. Church,” says my journal, “to hear Dr. Abercrombie preach.” I frequently went shooting with my new gun, and took Velma along, or Mrs. Bent, who had a telescope rifle that she used most effectively. Molly Bent and I had some delightful rides together.

On the 29th Dave Fagan and I drove to Lafayette, a “town” of thirteen buildings, nine of which were dwellings, and to Walnut Creek and Pacheco's.

DECEMBER 3. — Velma and I went to Pacheco's Ranch, where we called on the last Spanish Governor, Romualdo Pacheco.^{*} He weighs 452 pounds and 83 the weight of his abdomen is so great that he uses a sort of little wheelbarrow, the body of which forms a shelf, to wheel his

abdomen about in front of him. At one time his estate was “three leagues square” and he still owns over a thousand acres of land. He amused us with his tame coon and a tame hawk, and gave us each a pear weighing a pound and a half. These we were told to cover with cloves, sticking in the stems close together, which he said would preserve them for many years. We did so to one of them, which we kept for over twenty years thus preserved.

Ex-Governor Romualdo Pacheco died on January 24, 1899, of Brights' Disease. He was one of the best known and most brilliant Spanish-Americans in California. His wife was well known as the author of several successful dramas. Governor Pacheco served in the State Legislature and Congress, and as Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of the State of California.

DECEMBER 6. — Velma and I returned to San Francisco today, and came to the Kents', 711 Leavenworth Street, where we are to make our home for the present. Mr. Samuel Henry Kent is my mother's cousin, and he and his wife are very kind to us.

84

Again we spent some pleasant weeks in San Francisco with few happenings of importance. Among the names in my journal at that time I find those of Miss Maggie Callaghan, Mr. Lowe and his family, Miss Fordham, Mr. and Miss Nichols, Miss Emma Lombard (at 621 Pine Street), Miss Helen Aldrich, Judge Wallace and Miss Addie Wallace (on Van Ness Avenue), Miss Shurtleff, Wolcott Morse, with whom we went to call on Mrs. King and Mrs. Abbott in Oakland, and Mr. and Mrs. Obadiah Rich. Obe Rich came from Cape Cod. He was manager of the Grand Hotel at this time.

We went to the theatre frequently; saw “The Little Chanticleer” with Louise Lester, Carrie Crouse and Harry Gates, at the Winter Garden; “Lurline, or the Nymph of Lurleiburg” and “Olivette,” at the Tivoli, and the “Black Crook” at the Winter Garden. I have the programs still. On December 22 we went to the market and saw a dressed hog, “Captain Jack,” which weighed 1,018 pounds, so my journal records. On December 23 Velma and I went to see my Aunt Sophia Stetson, who for some time was living at the Palace Hotel. His Excellency the Honorable H. A. P. Carter, Minister of the Interior of the Hawaiian Islands, my very good friend, was staying in town with his family, and I

lunched with them on December 30 and afterward saw them off on the train for Boston on their way to Europe. He goes to Portugal to make a treaty for his government.

Letters from home were encouraging, so far as my own parents were concerned, but they told me of the death of my Aunt Elizabeth in November, followed, 85 December 6, by that of her husband, my uncle, Harrison Otis Briggs.

*

BRIGGS, November 26, 1851 — H. Elizabeth, wife of Harrison O. Briggs and daughter of the late Alpheus Stetson, 53 yrs. BRIGGS — In this city, December 6, 1881, Harrison O. Briggs, 57 yrs. 10 mos. 7 dys. Harrison O. Briggs, President of the National Bank of the Republic, died yesterday morning at his residence, No. 124 Marlborough Street, after a brief illness. In November last his wife died, and the day of her death Mr. Briggs was attacked with erysipelas, which has since developed into blood poisoning, and terminated fatally. Mr. Briggs was a native of Scituate, and for many years was a member of the shipbuilding firm of E. and H. O. Briggs at South Boston. He relinquished the business early during the war, and gave his attention to the care of his property, becoming an active director in the National Bank of the Republic. In 1876, after the death of David Snow, he became the president of the bank, a position which he has since held. In 1860 he was induced to accept a position as alderman, but he declined further political service. Mr. Briggs was in his fifty-seventh year. He has long been connected with the old South Church.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1882. — As it is the custom in California to make New Year's a holiday, and to make and receive calls, most of the day was spent with our friends. Altogether, I made twenty-three calls upon people whom I have already mentioned in this journal, and also upon Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Morse, Adolph Kaals, Miss Ella Evans of San Jose, Mr. Cameron and his daughter Daisy. Every one had open house in the good old style. In the late afternoon and evening Velma and I remained at the Kent's, where we are still staying, and received callers. Many of them brought presents, — for that is another custom of New Year's Day here, — the most valuable of which was a pair of earrings which Velma received from James P. Cross. Later more friends came and we all played cards, euchre and Pedro Sancho being the favorite games.

JANUARY 2. — It is usual in California to return New Year's calls on this day, so Velma and I have been 86 busy. We came back this evening after making thirteen return calls. Refreshments were served everywhere, as on New Year's Day, especially wine, punches and cakes.

JANUARY 4. — The New Year gaieties continue in spite of rain. Tonight Velma and I went to a “Calico Ball” at the Grand Hotel — very amusing. Many of our friends were there, and among others we met Captain Dearborn and Mr. Birch, Mrs (Captain) Morse, Miss Butler and Mr. Buckley. Velma said I looked fine with a calico collar and necktie. She wouldn't wear calico, but went in her velvet and brocade dress.

JANUARY 7. — Today Slocum called and we went together down to the wharves and on board the “City of Tokio,” “City of Sydney,” and “W. H. Meyer.” The first of these ships runs between here and China, the second between here and Australia, and the third between here and Honolulu. In the afternoon I went to Oakland and called on Hattie Foster, Nellie Fuller, Lottie Carter and Emma Whitney, all from Honolulu, and in the evening I went to see Joel Low. The weather is delightful.

JANUARY 8. — A beautiful day like yesterday. I called on the Callaghans, where I met Miss Butler and Mr. Buckley.

JANUARY 9. — Dr. Hook of Walnut Creek sent word to me today, asking me to take his practice for two or three months, but as I have not been feeling quite well of late, Dr. Sawyer forbid my accepting this call. At Dr. Sawyer's house today I met Dr. William T. Whitwell, who has a sanitarium here for 87 mental cases. I am much interested in his work. This afternoon we called on Emma Lombard and the Slocums.

JANUARY 10. — Went through Chinatown, which is situated on Sacramento Street, above Kearney, Dupont Street between Sacramento and Washington Streets, and Jackson Street between Dupont and Kearney. This district is occupied exclusively by Celestial shopkeepers — the “Heathen Chinees.” There are two Chinese theatres, one on each side of Jackson Street. The plays sometimes require several weeks for presentation, and frequently include the events of a dynasty of several hundred years. The stage is devoid of scenery, except for a few scrolls that are hung against the wall; the orchestra is at the back of the stage and the musicians keep up a constant din of gongs during most of the performance. The actors are all men, who enter and leave through doorways on either side of the orchestra, which are hung with red curtains, and the costumes of the performers

are kept in enormous trunks on either side of the stage. Beside these trunks stand small tables and a few chairs — these are the only stage properties and are shifted by a Chinaman in full sight of the audience. During the performance, if an actor dies or is killed, he lies still for a few moments so that the spectators may realize he is dead — then he springs up and runs off the stage. By long practice the male actors have acquired the power of counterfeiting women's voices. But more interesting to me than the play itself are the remarkable acrobatic feats which seem to be an important part of the performance.

The chief Chinese temple, or Joss House, is on Clay 88 Street, opposite Portsmouth Square. There is a Chinaman always on duty to see that no one injures the furniture or ornaments of the Temple, but he remains invisible until it is necessary for him to come forward and politely usher an offender down the two long flights of stairs to the street. The Temple contains some magnificent specimens of Chinese carved work, overlaid with gold, and banners of fine silk embroidered with figures of dragons and gods. Beautiful bronze vessels stand on tables in front of the main altar, from which arises a fragrant cloud of incense to propitiate the god who sits in state on the richly carved altar.

The streets in this quarter are all very interesting, and for a few blocks one is in a veritable Chinese city. There is a great deal of unjustifiable prejudice against the better class of Chinese in this country, but this is largely fostered by ignorant working men who fear their competition. The Chinese are good workmen, and, at least in California, work for the same price as others. Those who employ them tell me that they are faithful, courteous, honest, neat and capable as servants, and never forget to show gratitude for kindness received. One never sees a drunken or disorderly Chinaman; they never become criminals or even beggars, but go quietly about their business, leaving their neighbors strictly alone. They have certain vices among them, but are surely less vicious and less dangerous to the public morals than many other classes of immigrants who are freely admitted to this country.

But in Chinatown vice is made very profitable, and the curiosity of visitors is stimulated by anti-Chinese agitation and newspaper articles describing the traffic in women and the opium dens, and most of them want

CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, LOOKING UP FROM SANSOME STREET, 1881

COURT, PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, 1881

89 to see these places in action. Our guide and interpreter, R. Williams, “late manager of the Grand Chinese Theater,” according to his card, advertises that he is “the only guide that can give you a satisfactory investigation of Chinatown,” but there are, of course, many others. That prostitution flourishes among the Chinese is not strange, as it is contrary to their ethics to bring their wives away from their native land. These virtuous women are left at home to look after the old people and the children; but it is doubtful if the Chinese are more vicious than other men of the same social class away from their homes. Certainly the American and European visitors to their quarters do what they can to make these vices profitable for the Chinaman.

Public attention during the past week has been directed to the case of the Chinese women who arrived in this city from Hongkong on the British ship “Anjer Head,” and whom the Federal officials prohibited from landing on account of their questionable character. This prohibition caused considerable wailing and venting of imprecations upon the Fanqui mandarins from the old hags whose business it is to minister to the depraved pleasures of the resident Chinese. Though the business of importing women from Canton and Hongkong for immoral purposes has been carried on for nearly a score of years, it is only recently that any official action has been taken to prevent it, and the task so far has proved by no means easy or successful.

The Dens of Chinatown. — The dens in which these unfortunates are kept in almost a state of captivity are situated in two or three of the connecting alleyways 90 in the blocks bounded by Washington and Jackson streets. During the day the only signs of life are a few children playing in the filthy gutters, or an old woman or two discussing events with some of their countrymen who are connected with the houses as employees or proprietors. At night the scene changes; coal oil lamps shed an ill-smelling, sickly light through the tiny windows and doors, which are invariably protected by wire screens or iron bars. Each door is furnished with a sliding wicket a foot square, from which coign of vantage protrudes the face of a gaudily painted damsel, whose rouged cheeks,

blackened eyebrows, stiffly greased hair and vermilion lips present a curious contrast to the dingy boarding of the house and the hovel-like aspect of her surroundings. When the coast is clear of Caucasians the “cruiser on watch,” as the women whose turn at the wicket it is are termed, displays her charms with shocking immodesty for the benefit of passing Mongolian Don Juans.

White Patronage. — Let, however, the festive hoodlum or chance visitor to Chinatown come in sight and the wickets are closed and the Caucasian pedestrian is hailed from behind the wire screens with the vilest epithets known to the Chinese or English tongues. The intruder out of sight, the virago disappears and the seductive and bewitching damsel reappears. The ordinance making it a penal offence to visit any of the Chinese houses of ill fame has the effect of diminishing the number of white visitors, hence the lack of desire on the part of women to conciliate them. Two or three houses, however, exist that are almost exclusively patronized by a low order of Caucasians.

91

The California Supply. — The principal source from which the demand for Chinese women in California is supplied is Hongkong, where the women are under police surveillance. There they all live in a district known as “Tai Ping Shan” (Exceeding Peace Hill). Many of them have graduated from the singing classes, their early life having been spent on the flower boats, while others are the cast-off mistresses of Europeans. These women are bought in some cases from themselves, the purchaser paying a stipulated amount for their possession for a period of years, or life, as the case may be. In case of their accumulating sufficient money under kind owners to purchase themselves, they at once get married and almost invariably open a brothel on their own account, and in their turn become the owners of other women. When girls are bought in China they are escorted to this country by one or two of a number of men or women who make this brief guardianship a regular business.

Bargain and Sale. — The slave owner seldom makes his own purchases in this country, but secures the services of a “chung jen,” or go-between, who conducts all the negotiations, pays over the purchase money, and delivers the human merchandise. Should the “chung jen” find a satisfactory “article,” he reports the price, which is seldom below \$1,000, to the would-be purchaser, who

pays the commission instead of the seller, as is generally the case in American commission transactions. These transactions are carried on in utter defiance of the law, not alone in China, but in this State, little secret being made of the matter. The earnings of the women are sometimes divided, a percentage going 92 to the slave herself, but such instances are rare, the slaveholder generally extracting every dime, through the aid of the old housekeepers, who also act as jailers and cashiers. That the plying of this nefarious traffic is a disgrace to the country's boasted civilization and enlightened laws will scarcely be disputed, and its exposure should attract the attention of the officials whose duty it is to punish such outrages upon common decency and the laws of morality.

At this time I was reviewing books for the "Western Medical Lancet;" among others I wrote a review of a book entitled "The Opium Habit and Alcoholism," by Dr. Fred Heman Hubbard, from which review I extract the following, describing opium smoking very much as I saw it in Chinatown at that time:

A pipe having a large, straight stem is used, the bowl being small at the bottom and coming to a point so that it can be screwed into the stem. The bowl gradually enlarges as it approaches the top, being similar in shape to an old-fashioned clay pipe; a spirit lamp stands by the couch used by the devotee. The stem is taken into the mouth and a reclining position assumed; an attendant then places a small amount of gum opium on the end of a wire and quickly exposes it to the blaze of the lamp, twirling it dexterously in the meantime to warm it on all sides. This lump is then forced to the bottom of the bowl and the wire withdrawn, leaving a small airhole through to the stem. The flame of the spirit lamp is now allowed to touch the opium; at the same time the smoker takes a long pull, inhaling the blue smoke into the lungs and expelling it through the nostrils, receiving its full effects. One or two inhalations narcotize the new beginner, causing him to experience strange sensations of delight. The memory is excessively stimulated — past events float before the mind's eye, exaggerated and changed, presenting varied forms beautiful as they are strange. Erotic thoughts are wonderfully intensified, unallayed by any desire to gratify the grosser sensual passions. 93 Worldly anxieties and cares are effectually banished. Sleep of a peculiar type soon follows,

simulating *coma vigil*; but although sleeping, the smoker is conscious of pleasing sensations that exalt the finer sensibilities.

In those days Chinese immigration into this country was not restricted, and feeling among Californians ran very high. In the "San Francisco Examiner" of March 5, 1882, there was a full page of description, in the most grandiloquent terms of patriotism, of a great mass meeting held in Platt's Hall, San Francisco, in favor of the bill then before Congress, for the exclusion of the Chinese. The Governor announced the day as a legal holiday. Some of the captions of this journalistic account are as follows: "A Unit. The People Speak as with One Voice. California Calls to her Sister States. She Demands Relief from the Chinese Curse. A Grand and Dignified Appeal. San Francisco's Monster Meetings Yesterday. Platt's Hall Jammed by an Enthusiastic Audience. Twenty-five Thousand People Gathered in the Street. An Army of Able Advocates in Argumentative Array Against the Further Allowance of Asiatic Invasion." The opening paragraphs of this description are examples of a type of self-confident journalism which is now a thing of the past. I cannot resist the temptation to quote a little of it:

Yesterday must forever stand as marking in the history of California the occurrence of an event that cannot find a parallel in the history of the world. Nothing in Grecian or Roman history, or the history of any other nation, furnishes an incident at all comparable to the magnificently spontaneous outburst of feeling and exhibition of moral grandeur, of the principles of law and order that characterized the meeting held yesterday to vent the completely unanimous feelings of a people of a sovereign state, in regard to the question of restricting Chinese immigration into this country. Besides such a cry swelling from a million throats, the humanitarian platitudes of the distinguished Senator Hoar seem as puerile as the command of Canute that the incoming waves of the ocean recede. The spectacle of a people who have for thirty years watched their countrymen closing shop after shop; the debauchment of the morals of the young; the absorption of every branch of labor, and consequent misery and wretchedness to themselves, quietly assembling and petitioning a distant power, bound to them only by chains of sentiments of loyalty (!) is grand and remarkable in the extreme. Bread riots of themselves form a large part of the histories of active, aggressive nations. Nations unused to self-government have revolutionized administrations for lesser causes than those

which led to the meetings yesterday. A brave, manly and vigorous race, quietly submitting to the rulings of an inexperienced, unsympathetic majority (!), must command the respect and admiration of the world, and be a lasting monument to the depth of the American idea of government.

The meetings held yesterday to urge Congress to pass the Chinese bill were called by the leaders in this city of the Democratic and Republican party organizations, and the day was made more impressive by the proclamation of the Governor declaring it a legal holiday. Montgomery Street, from California to Sutter, the immediate scene of the public meetings, was crowded with over 15,000 people.

Platt's Hall, where the principal orations were delivered, was filled in every nook and cranny. The utmost enthusiasm, coupled with order and good nature, prevailed. On the surrounding stands, erected on the corners of Bush and Montgomery, Pine and Montgomery, and in front of the Russ House, thousands congregated and listened patiently from two until nearly six o'clock to those who had been selected to voice their feelings. Thanks to the Committee of Arrangements, everything passed smoothly, all the speakers were heard, the invited guests cared for, and not one hitch or casualty marked the day's proceedings.

95

One cannot help wondering whether the "exhibition of moral grandeur and of the principles of law and order" would have continued to pass smoothly "with not one hitch or casualty" had the Heathen Chinees had an opportunity to speak for himself, or had any one dared say a word in his favor. The strength of the speakers' pleas lay in the strong feeling against Chinese cheap labor, but most of them did not hesitate to make use of the racial hatred already established to strengthen their plea that "free American labor may not be overwhelmed and degraded by contract slavery and coolie competition." Philip A. Roach, vice-chairman of the meeting, reviewed the history of the Chinese situation in California, saying that when the subject had been referred to the people there had been a vote of 154,000 for the bill and only 883 against it. He added:

Today all along the coast, including Oregon and Nevada, an earnest protest will go up against further Mongolian immigration and further influx of cheap labor. We have agreed to place Chinese steamships on a par with other foreign craft, and as they can build ships cheaper than we can, they will in time not only control the Pacific coast, but also the Pacific Ocean, unless some speedy restriction can be placed upon their operations. We have agreed to compensate the Chinese government for putting a restriction upon Chinese immigration by restricting and failing to encourage their dreaded opium traffic. Neither East, West, North nor South wants them, and especially do we find that in all the votes upon this question not a single southern Senator ever voted to encourage or allow this traffic. . . .

This fear, not only of Chinese labor, but of the Chinese in world competition, seems to have been even greater than the same fear shown by Californians 96 in more recent years of the Japanese. Mr. William T. Coleman paid rather a high tribute to the Chinese, physically, mentally and politically (!), but added that, socially and privately, they were so differently constituted that it would be impossible for them ever to become any part of us or to affiliate with our interests. He said:

“They take on our citizenship and use it for a time for their own benefit, and throw it off when they are done with it, as they would an old garment.” He said that he feared the Chinese, not with a personal fear, but he feared them for the body politic. The greatest danger that was to come had not yet been commented upon. “China is but twenty days from here. They are now in possession of a navy almost equal to that of the United States, and they are building more, and the death of a single important Chinaman in this country or an important American in China might thrust us into a state of war, and in that event they could land upon our shores 2,000,000 of their hordes, and that could be reinforced by 10,000,000 more, and that would not make even a slight vacuum in their population. Why, they have 400,000,000 to draw upon, and our whole country has only 50,000,000! Another point — if such an event should ever occur, they would find allies in every town and hamlet in our country, and especially in our State — aye, in almost every family, as they are becoming familiar with our secret life (!), and in the event of such a spectacle as suggested would all flock as one man to form a coalition and join in the work of destruction.”

This speaker did not explain why such a warlike 97 nation should submit to being deprived by our country of equal rights with other nations.

I am not attempting to give a history of the race question in California, but merely trying to show the state of mind of the very excellent people among whom I lived at that time. In course of time the Chinese were excluded from California, and the country relieved from the competition of these expert, patient laborers. Whether they really undersold other laborers is in my mind an open question. I have by me a very interesting plea for the Chinamen written a few years later by Mrs. L. L. Baldwin, who for eighteen years had been a missionary in China, entitled "Must the Chinese Go?" which throws quite a different light on the situation. One after another she takes up, analyzes and denies the charges made against Chinamen in America. In regard to the charge, "the Chinese cheapen labor and throw others out of employ," she writes:

The cry not so many years ago in California was against the exorbitant prices demanded for labor. A few had command of the labor market, making many lucrative industries impossible by their high demands. Today it is against the cheap labor of the Chinese, but this argument is reserved for strangers who are ignorant of western prices.

There is absolutely no such thing as cheap labor on the Pacific coast. An untrained Chinaman commands from \$3 to \$5 a week, and board, in kitchen employ; Chinese cooks, from \$20 to \$40 a month and board. These prices are somewhat higher than the cost of domestic labor in the East. Domestic servants are paid from \$8 to \$16 a month with board. Is this cheap labor?.

The Chinaman takes the place of no one who will do the work as well as he; but when unfaithfulness, dishonesty and utter disregard of the employer's interests are superseded by faithfulness, honesty and a recognition of duty to give a fair return in work for wages received, who will complain of such a change?

98

Mrs. Baldwin hits at the crux of the situation in another part of her argument. She says:

The Chinese laborer belongs to none of the labor unions of this land; worse still, he is of the exceptional class that does not patronize the rum shops. Think of the host of enemies they at once array against them in this last respect, and of the mighty money power in the hands of these foes. Again, they have no vote, and so are worse than worthless to the average politician. Lastly, and fatally for the native American, the immigrant from across the Atlantic desires and intends to command the labor market here; not only to rule in our homes, but in every other department of industry into which he enters; to fix prices of labor, to strike for more, to do or not to do, without fear of competition. An efficient competitor is his only obstacle, and that he has in the patient, faithful, sober Chinaman.

This Atlantic immigrant now holds the *balance of power* at the polls, and says to the politician, “My competitor, who stands in the way of my inalienable right to rule must go;” and down goes the politician on his knees before the balance of power. There are a few noble exceptions of *statesmen* who do not bite the dust in this manner. Such are Senators Hoar, Dawes, Hawley and Platt, who have stood nobly for ancient principles and the right, and such there are, too, on the Pacific coast, grand men and women who have held on to justice and right amid an overwhelming and demoralizing public opinion.

Doubtless there was and is much reason on both sides of this question. No one at the great mass meeting in San Francisco seems to have attempted to explain why that great city allowed such dens of vice to exist in Chinatown, and permitted the vicious side of life in the Chinese quarter to be exploited and advertised, as it was in that day, making it a point of special interest to the curious visitor. And I am wondering if matters are much better in the present day. This actual “menace” appears not to have been crushed out nor even controlled, in spite of the unanimous public opinion which, many years ago, abolished the competition of Chinese labor in this Country.

Mrs. Baldwin in her brochure above mentioned quotes a letter written later to U. S. Grant, when he was President, signed by seven leading Chinamen in this country. This letter is tolerant and

reasonable, especially as coming from men of a race who had every right to consider themselves persecuted. The letter reads as follows:

A MEMORIAL FROM REPRESENTATIVE CHINAMEN IN AMERICA To His Excellency U. S. GRANT,*President of the United States of America.*

Sir: — In the absence of any consular representative, we, the undersigned, in the name and in behalf of the Chinese people now in America, would most respectfully present for your consideration the following statements regarding the subject of Chinese immigration to this country: *First.*— We understand that it has always been the settled policy of your honorable government to welcome immigration to your shores, from all countries, without let or hinderance. The Chinese are not the only people who have crossed the ocean to seek a residence in this land.*Second.* — The treaty of amity and peace between the United States and China makes special mention of the rights and privileges of Americans in China, and also of the rights and privileges of Chinese in America.

Third.

— American steamers, subsidized by your honorable government, have visited the ports of China, and invited our people to come to this country to find employment and improve their condition.

Fourth.

— Our people in this country, for the most part, have been peaceable, law-abiding and industrious. They performed the largest part of the unskilled labor in the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad, and also of other railroads on this coast. 100 They have found useful employment in all the manufacturing. establishments of this coast, in agricultural pursuits, and in family service. While benefiting themselves with the honest reward of their daily toil, they have given satisfaction to their employees, and have left all the results of their industry to enrich the State. They have not displaced white laborers from these positions, but have simply multiplied industries.

Fifth.

- The Chinese have neither attempted nor desired to interfere with the established order of things in this country, either of politics or religion. They have opened no whiskey saloons for the purpose of dealing out poison, and degrading their fellow men. They have promptly paid their duties, their taxes, their rents and their debts.

Sixth.

— It has often occurred, about the time of the State and general elections, that political agitators have stirred up the mind of the people in hostility to the Chinese; but formerly the hostility has subsided after the elections were over.

Seventh.

— At the present time an intense excitement and bitter hostility against the Chinese in this land, and against further Chinese immigration, has been created in the minds of the people, led on by his Honor the Mayor of San Francisco and his associates in office, and approved by his Excellency the Governor of the State and other great men of the State. These great men gathered some twenty thousand of the people of this city together on the evening of April 5, and adopted an address and resolutions against Chinese immigration. They have since appointed three men (one of whom we understand to be the author of the address and resolutions) to carry that address and those resolutions to your Excellency, and to present further objections, if possible, against the immigration of the Chinese to this country.

Eighth.

— In this address, numerous charges are made against our people, some of which are highly colored and sensational, and others, having no foundation in fact, are only calculated to mislead honest minds, and create an unjust prejudice against us. We wish most respectfully to call your attention, and through you the attention of Congress, to some of the statements of that remarkable paper, and ask a careful comparison of the statements there made with the facts in the case.

(a) It is charged against us, that not one virtuous Chinawoman has been brought to this country, and that here we have no wives and children.

The fact is, that already a few hundred Chinese families have been brought here. These are all chaste, pure, keepers at home, not known on the public street. There are also among us a few hundred, perhaps a thousand, Chinese children born in America. The reason why so few of our families are brought to this country is because it is contrary to the custom and against the inclination of virtuous Chinese women to go so far from home, and because the frequent outbursts of popular indignation against our people have not encouraged us to bring our families with us against their will.

Quite a number of Chinese prostitutes have been brought to this country by unprincipled men, but these at first were brought from China at the instigation and for the gratification of white men. And even at the present time it is commonly reported that a part of the proceeds of this villainous traffic goes to enrich a certain class of men belonging to this honorable nation, a class, too, who are under solemn obligation to suppress the whole vile business, and who certainly have it in their power to suppress it if they so desired. A few years ago our Chinese merchants tried to send these prostitutes back to China, and succeeded in getting a large number on board the steamer; but a certain lawyer of your honorable nation (said to be the author and bearer of these resolutions against our people), in the employ of unprincipled Chinamen, procured a writ of *habeas corpus*, and brought all those women on shore again, and the courts decided that they had a right to stay in the country if they so desired. These women are still here; and the only remedy for this evil, and also for the evil of gambling, so far as we can see, lies in an honest and impartial administration of municipal government in all its details, even including the police department. If officers would refuse bribes, these unprincipled men could no longer purchase immunity from the punishment of their crimes.

(b) It is charged against us that we have purchased no real estate. The general tone of public sentiment has not been such as to encourage us to invest in real estate, and yet our people have 102

purchased and now own over eight hundred thousand dollars worth of real estate in San Francisco alone.

(c) It is charged against us that we eat rice, fish and vegetables. It is true that our diet is slightly different from the people of this honorable country; our tastes in these matters are not exactly alike, and cannot be forced. But is that a sin on our part of *sufficient gravity* to be brought before the President and Congress of the United States?

(d) It is charged that the Chinese are no benefit to this country. Are the railroads built by Chinese labor no benefit to this country? Do not the results of the daily toil of one hundred thousand men increase the riches of this country? Are the manufacturing establishments largely worked by Chinese labor no benefit to this country? Is it no benefit to this country that the Chinese annually pay over two million dollars duties at the custom-house of San Francisco? Is not the two hundred thousand dollars annual poll tax paid by the Chinese any benefit? And are not the hundreds of thousands of dollars taxes on personal property and the foreign miners' tax annually paid to the revenues of this country any benefit?

(e) It is charged against us that the Six Companies have secretly established judicial tribunals, jails and prisons, and secretly exercise judicial authority over our people. This charge has no foundation in fact. These Six Companies were organized for the purpose of mutual protection and care of our people coming to and going from this country. The Six Companies do not claim nor do they exercise any judicial authority whatever, but are the same as any tradesmen's or protective and benevolent societies. Neither do these companies import either men or women into this country.

(f) It is charged that all Chinese laboring men are slaves. This is not true in *a single instance*. Chinamen labor for food. They pursue all kinds of industries for a livelihood. Is it so, then, that every man laboring for his livelihood is a slave? If these men are slaves, then all men laboring for wages are slaves.

(g) It is charged that the Chinese commerce brings no benefit to American bankers and importers. But the fact is, that an immense trade is carried on between China and the United States by

American merchants, and all the carrying business of both 103 countries, whether by steamer or sailing vessels, or by railroad, is done by Americans. No China ships are engaged in the carrying traffic between the two countries. Is it a sin to be charged against us, that the Chinese merchants are able to conduct their mercantile business on their own capital? And is not the exchange of millions of dollars annually by the Chinese of this city any benefit to the banks?

(h) We respectfully ask a careful consideration of all the foregoing statements. The Chinese are not the only people, nor do they bring the only evils, that now afflict this country. And since the Chinese people are now here, under the most solemn treaty rights, we hope to be protected according to the terms of this treaty. But if the Chinese are considered detrimental to the best interests of this country, and if our presence here is offensive to the American people, let there be a modification of existing treaty relations between China and the United States, either prohibiting or limiting further Chinese immigration, and, if desirable, requiring also the gradual retirement of the Chinese people now here from this country. Such an arrangement, though not without embarrassments to both parties, we believe would not be altogether unacceptable to the Chinese government, and doubtless it would be very acceptable to a certain class of people in this honorable country.

With sentiments of profound respect,

LEE MING How,*President, Sam Yeep Company.* LEE CHEE KWAN,*President, Yung Wo Company.* LAW YEE CHUNG,*President, Kong Chow Company.* CHAN LEUNG Kox,*President, Wing Lung Company.* LEE CHEONG CHIP,*President, Hop Wu Company.* CHANG KONG CHEW,*President, Yan Wo Company.* LEE TONG HAY,*President, Chinese Y. M. C. A.*

104

The last cargo of Chinese Coolies was brought to San Francisco in the steamer “Arabic” some years later. There were 1,200 of them.

JANUARY 12. I have accepted an offer from Dr. Whitwell to assist in his practice and his sanitarium work in San Francisco. I began work with him today and saw a case of hydrocephalus, an infant of nine months, whose head measures 17 1/2 inches in circumference.

JANUARY 13. — Velma and I both sat for our pictures at Rieman's today; afterwards I vaccinated Mrs. Alfred E. Davis of Santa Cruz, her son Clifford, and her daughter Susie. They invited us to go to Santa Cruz with them tomorrow.

JANUARY 14. — Velma and I went with the Davises to Santa Cruz by train, through a very lovely country — San Leandro, San Lorenzo, Alvarado, Alviso, Santa Clara and San Jose. It was a beautiful day, and we rode in the baggage car most of the way the better to enjoy the scenery through the wide open door. We returned to San Francisco tonight.

JANUARY 16. — At the request of Dr. Whitwell, who is editor of the “Western Medical Lancet,” the leading medical journal on the coast, I have contributed an article to that paper which was published today, and I have been writing the book reviews for that journal, so am very busy evenings reading medical books.

JANUARY 20. — I am with Dr. Whitwell or at the Sanitarium most of the time, but in my leisure hours, manage to see something of my own friends. The other day we went to a birthday party at Emma Van Tassell's, 20 12th Street. 105

MARKET STREET, FROM 3RD STREET, LOOKING EAST, SAN FRANCISCO, 1881

THE CROCKER AND COLTON MANSIONS, CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, 1881

Billy Slocum has recently married an old flame who came out here from Iowa for the wedding, and of course we have called upon the bride. I also called on the Messrs. Farnsworth, the Misses Zeller, and Hattie Raymond, and on Mrs. Whitwell, at whose house I met her two brothers, Chester and Cutler Bonestell. Velma and I have been to see Mrs. Kenzie, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Wickware,

Kate Briggs, Mrs. Davis and her children, Clifford and Susie, and also the Starrs, with whom we afterwards went to a football game — Rugby rules. A player by the name of Deane fractured his collar bone, and Dr. McDermott the team physician, promptly set it.

JANUARY 21. — Mrs. Kent and Mrs. Whitwell took Velma and me to see the somewhat primitive County Jail today. We saw a number of prisoners and talked with several of them, among them one Wheeler, who killed his sister-in-law,^{*} and Owen, who murdered his wife. We thought both of these men rather handsome and refined looking. Another murderer whom we interviewed had killed a Chinaman in a shooting gallery, and there was a famous abortionist and other desperate criminals. This evening Kate Briggs and Mr. Spencer took us to the Winter Garden to see Emerson's Minstrels.

This man was hanged in 1884.

JANUARY 22. — Velma and I were invited by Mrs. Whitwell to attend the Unitarian Church with her, and afterwards, with her two brothers, to return to lunch at her house. The Rev. Mr. Stebbins preached a queer sermon, entirely on the subject of taking cold. I have a bad cold, so perhaps it was meant for me. In 106 the evening Slocum called with his bride, and Mrs. Camp also came to see Velma. I spent the rest of the evening with Miss Lombard and her sister. The latter gave me a very pretty painted palette.

JANUARY 26. — I went down town this morning and made several calls — on Mrs. Whitwell, Slocum and Hattie Howland. This evening Velma and I dined at Dr. Whitwell's, and Rev. Mr. Stebbins was there also. It has been a showery day, but this evening it cleared off.

JANUARY 27. — Down town again this morning doing errands with Velma. This afternoon I made several calls, as usual, and in the evening I took Hattie Howland to see "The Pretty Galathea" and "John of Paris," at the Tivoli Garden. We had a very enjoyable evening, and Velma was not lonely, as Mr. Spencer and Kate spent the evening with her.

This is my last night in San Francisco for the present, for since I took up work with Dr. Whitwell at the sanitarium, trying at the same time to keep up my social life, I have been overtaxing my strength

and growing worse instead of better. My cough has troubled me a great deal, and the clinical signs in my lungs are not quite as encouraging as they were. Dr. Sawyer and Dr. Hubbard have therefore decided that I must go south to Los Angeles, where the climate is better than San Francisco, and where I shall not be tempted to overexert myself. Mr. Cross has given me a letter of introduction to General Mansfield, who is Lieutenant Governor of the State and lives at Los Angeles.

JANUARY 28. — Today Velma and I left San Francisco at 9.30 A.M., and we parted at the station with

A. F. SAWYER, M.D., SAN FRANCISCO, 1881

107 much regret with a group of good friends who were waiting there to bid us farewell. Will Slocum was there, and Mr. Nichols and his daughter, with a bottle of blackberry brandy to fortify us on our journey; Mr. James T. Cross of Welch & Co., with journals to read on the train, and a present for Velma of a seal-skin shopping bag from Mr. Andrew Welch; and Rose Blum, who accompanied us as far as Martinez. Hattie Howland, Mrs. Noyes and Emma Lombard had bid us adieu previously. When our train drew up at Martinez there was Dave Fagan on the platform to greet us. After Rose Blum had left us at that station Velma was the only lady in the car with thirty-two men. In the evening after the lights were lighted I played cards with two other passengers, R. M. Powers of Salt Lake City and Albert Glass of Los Angeles.

When we left San Francisco on the morning of the 28th we took the boat across the ferry, landing in the new depot, which is the only genuine depot San Francisco has. We took cars via Lathrop. There is little of interest to the traveller until he enters the great San Joaquin Valley, which is over two hundred miles in length and from twenty-five to forty miles in width, and of this, six million acres is of the richest land in the State; many more millions of acres are very rich and capable of cultivation, but there are so many people who have claims to the land, that in order to get possession one would need a fortune to fight the lawsuits. Riding through this beautiful valley one is struck with the bright green which at this time of year the country presents. Many patches of brilliantly colored wild flowers lie on the sides of the hills, blended 108 as only nature can, and in the midst of all this are dotted white houses. High mountains shut in the view on either side as a

relief to the level extent of the plains. At Lathrop we took lunch, for which we were allowed twenty minutes. Continuing our journey, we passed many small places, none of which, except Modesto, can be called a town. Modesto is the county seat of the farming county of Stanislaus, and has a population of about 2,000 which, considering that it was laid out as late as 1870, is speaking very well for the place; but the richest town in all the San Joaquin Valley is Merced, the county seat of Merced County. This place has a population of about 3,000. It has many hundred acres under cultivation, the principal product being wheat. The land is irrigated by canals, the largest of which is the San Joaquin and King's River Canal, which is eight feet deep, one hundred miles long, and sixty to seventy feet wide. Land is valued at from \$5 to \$10 per acre. From here our course is a little nearer the Sierras, which are very rugged.

From the town of Berenda can be distinguished Mts. Lyell, Goddard, King and Brewer, with their snow nightcaps on, as if about retiring as the evening comes close upon us. At Madera, twenty miles beyond, we partook of a very nice supper. This place has about 300 inhabitants and the country around is stocked with sheep. Near the town there is a large V-shaped flume, which is over fifty miles long, and is used for floating lumber down from the sawmills. After twenty-five minutes for supper, we continued our journey, the country growing more level, and hundreds of irrigating ditches appearing along the line. Few trees of any size

CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO, 1881

GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, 1881

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO, 1881

109

are now seen except upon the mountains, and just as the lamps were being lighted and the curtains being pulled down for the night we reached Fresno, a place which the railroad has tried to build up during the last two years by running excursion trains with low fares from all parts of California, and offering land for from \$3 to \$10 an acre. From Fresno the sheep country commences; sheep ranches, fenced fields, each with a large herd of sheep with their shepherd and his dogs, may be

seen on either side of the track. Herds of cattle are also to be seen here and there, the pasturage being very good except for a few alkali tracts. Sixty miles farther on we came to Toulon, which is known as a very rich country, adjoining Tulare Lake. It has been said that this land has raised five crops of alfalfa, a very rich feed, each year. Pumpkins weighing 150 pounds are said to be grown here, and potatoes weighing 10 pounds. Land is higher here, ranging from \$30 to \$90 per acre. Passing through Tulare and Allila, both pretty places, we reached Lardo, about fifty miles distant. Here are located the Buena Vista Oil Works. Great quantities of oil are to be found in the ground here. Any one who would come and sink wells would be rewarded — oil is found even in the ditches for an area of forty-six miles.

It was very dark when we reached Kern County, and we were disappointed that we could see nothing of the wonderful Livermore Ranch of which we have heard so much. This ranch contains 7,000 acres of land. Mr. Livermore cuts four crops of alfalfa a year, which cover three thousand acres. Still another thousand acres are in vegetables and grain, all being irrigated by 110 one hundred and sixty miles of ditches, carrying water from two artesian wells which discharge nearly 100,000 gallons of water a day. Some of these ditches are made by a plough, owned by Mr. Livermore, said to be the largest in the world. It weighs 2,140 pounds, and is hauled by eighty oxen, making a furrow five feet wide and three feet deep. With such a plough he can break from eight to ten miles of ground a day. One would think that Mr. Livermore might be satisfied with this ranch, but no! he is a Californian, and never will be satisfied. A short time ago he purchased another ranch of 3,500 acres, and on these two ranches he has nearly 15,000 head of live stock.

At Caliente the passengers crowded to the platform to see the results of the wonderful engineering which takes the trains over Tehachapi Summit.

This is considered one of the greatest engineering feats in the world. From Caliente to the summit of the Pass, which is 3,064 feet above the level of the sea, the railroad has an average upgrade of over 100 feet to the mile. The line along here is called the “Loop,” and the scenery is very beautiful. The moon, now full, was well up in the heavens, and its soft light and shadows could almost be felt as well as seen on the great expanse of country now open to our view. Up, and still

up we went, now around a little sugar loaf hill, then down into a ravine and through small groves of cedars or scrubby pines. We passed through tunnel after tunnel as we wended our way towards the sky, emerging only to look down into frightful chasms, a thousand feet below, along whose edge faithful laborers have toiled month after month until this great work 111 was accomplished. Seventeen tunnels we passed through, winding round and round, the track crossing itself many times. We finally reached the summit, a station consisting of a store, a telegraph office, a hotel, and five buildings. From Tehachapi Summit we dashed down the mountain at a breakneck speed into the Mojave Desert, which is a tract of land about forty miles broad, composed chiefly of sand and alkali. Nothing grows here except a little sagebrush, a great deal of cactus, and the Yucca palm, which is a kind of tree peculiar to the Mojave Desert, and a species of cactus growing from thirty to fifty feet in height.

On waking in the morning we found ourselves at Newhall, with the solid barrier of the San Fernando Mountains ahead of us. We were at a loss to know how we were to get on the other side of these mountains which are over 2,000 feet high, but such problems are soon solved by the engineers of the day. Pushing up a grade of 116 feet to the mile, we reached a tunnel at an elevation of 1,400 feet. Passing through the tunnel, the length of which is about 6,900 feet, we came out upon a most beautiful valley which is truly a "land flowing with milk and honey." Dotted here and there among the verdure of this valley are cattle ranches, while along the foothills may be seen large bee ranches, with their rows of white beehives like the portholes on a man-of-war.

In the fall, southern California is anything but inviting; the whole country is covered with dry grass, such as we see in the East after the first frost. But the grass in California retains its substance and is fully as nutritious and fattening after having been 112 dried and weather-beaten for a year as it is when it first springs from the ground. The grass which grows over the mountains and hills produces a little burr about the size of a beet seed, or a little larger, which dries and falls to the ground, completely covering it. The sheep live on these until the next rain comes.

In southern California one sees no loafers on the corners of the streets of the principal towns. There is little loafing in this State. Even the lowest seem to have too much pride to use themselves as

supports for the buildings, or to hold the bricks down. There seems to be something for all of them to do, and they do it.

Why do so many people come to southern California? Not so much for the country as for the climate. For eight months of the year the climate is beautiful; for the other four months the country is beautiful. For eight months the country is brown and dusty; for four it is green and fresh.

Continuing down through the beautiful valley, we finally reached Los Angeles in time for breakfast.

113

CHAPTER III

LOS ANGELES IN 1882 — THE OLD TOWN THE FORT — THE SUBURBS SAMUEL
HENRY KENT — SANTA MONICA THE PERRY FAMILY GENERAL WILLIAM T.
SHERMAN CALIFORNIA DESERT — YUMA

JANUARY 29, 1882. — We arrived in Los Angeles at eight this morning and went immediately to the Pico House, which is on the Plaza, or town square, in the lower part of the town. We were hungry and enjoyed a delicious breakfast of fried chicken, eggs, chocolate, strawberries, oranges and griddle cakes. For supper tonight we had hot tamales, made by Mexican women, of beef, corn meal and red peppers, stuffed into a corn husk and then boiled. We have Japanese persimmons, oranges, limes and prickly pears, fresh from the trees. Mr. Griswold, the proprietor of the Pico House, is most accommodating.

This afternoon we met a Mr. Waller who was in Napa with his family when we were there last summer, and our cousin, S. Henry Kent, who is here to build a new high school. We took a long walk with them both. Los Angeles is a Spanish town, and the section where the Pico House is situated is part of the old town, where one sees mostly Mexicans and Indians and adobe houses. There are some pretty white residences cropping 114 up outside the town, especially to the west and south, and the streets and sidewalks are better taken care of in that section; many of the houses are surrounded by lime, lemon or olive trees, and some have groves behind.

We met today United States Senator Cole, who is staying here, and Mr. Bliss, who has a pretty orange grove, and also my father's old friend, T. W. Severance, who is living in Los Angeles after spending some years in South America. We saw a number of pretty residences on our walk, including Mr. Severance's, the Hellman's, the Kurkoff's, Mr. Hollenbeck's, and Mr. W. H. Perry's. We found it very dry and dusty everywhere; even in Washington Gardens, so called, the walks were dusty, though it is a fairly well kept park. The dust is especially trying in the old part of the town near our hotel, excepting in the very center of the plaza, where there is a small fountain, and so, on account of the dust and of the construction of the hotel, which allows little sunlight to enter the rooms, we had in mind on our walk the selection of a more suburban place to stay, with more foliage and less dust, that we may enjoy the air and sunshine of this climate. This evening we had some relief from the dust in a little shower, which was welcome. Today I presented my letter to General Mansfield and found him very cordial and pleasant. We have also made the acquaintance of Mr. Broderick and Mr. Clemens and of Miss Carrie Cunningham of Nova Scotia.

I am picking up all the facts I can about Los Angeles, that I may the better enjoy my stay here. It has been good training to be with Slocum.

115

SONORA, THE ORIGINAL SETTLEMENT OF LOS ANGELES; OCCUPIED IN 1882 BY
AGED SPANIARDS AND MEXICANS; MANY ADOBE HOUSES

VIEW OF LOS ANGELES FROM THE TOP OF THE COURT HOUSE, 1882

PICO HOUSE, LOS ANGELES, 1882

The first thing that strikes one is the quaint appearance of the lower, or Sonora, part of the town. This extends from the depot to the plaza, or open park, situated just on the edge of the business part of the city. Every old Mexican town has a plaza, where on Sundays the people congregate to enjoy their many sports. Bull fights are now in California a thing of the past; the last one took place in 1876, but did not amount to much.

The climate of Los Angeles has been rather overrated, though the old residents say that it has been an unusual season. This we admit, but it is not the first; the years 1827, 1828 and 1829 and 1844, 1845 and 1846 are said to have been marked by terrible droughts. In December, 1855, ice formed one-half inch in thickness. On December 4, 1865, ice formed and enough snow fell to enable the inhabitants to have snowballing. In February, 1867, ice formed again. In 1869 and 1871 ice formed one-fourth inch in thickness; and in January, 1878, ice formed in some places 1 5/8 inches in thickness.

Several interesting accounts of earthquakes are recorded. The first one recorded was in the year 1812, December 8. It also appears to have been the most destructive; thirty-six persons were killed outright and a great many buildings were destroyed. An earthquake occurred January 9, 1857, which threw the bells from the tower of the San Gabriel Mission Church. Others have been felt July 11, 1855, April 14 and May 2, 1856, January 27, 1860, May 7, 1862, March 26, 1872, and March 26, 1880.

The nights of Los Angeles are always cool and one can sleep under blankets the year round. Few persons are troubled with sleepless nights, or wake in the morning feeling more tired than they retired the evening before, which we all know is a common occurrence in the East. Some of the days are marked by intense heat, but it is not the debilitating heat of Boston or New York, and if one judges by his feelings 110° in the shade here would be 86° in New York or Boston. Blizzards or sand storms are rare; the only one of importance took place April 2, 1872, and almost obscured the sun's light. The number of perfect cloudless days averages about two hundred in the year. During the summer the city is favored with a sea breeze in the afternoon, which is very pleasant and relieves the intense heat of the sun. Foliage remains green until several months after the last rain; in fact, the sun does not seem to have the same power that it does east of the Rockies. Sunstrokes are unknown, and there have been but two cases of rabid dogs reported in the whole State of California.

Through East Los Angeles there flows what we in the East would call a brook, but here it is designated as Los Angeles River.

Los Angeles River is not to be laughed at, however, for without it thousands of acres which it now irrigates would be a desolate waste. Although it drains three hundred and twenty square miles of country, yet, except in very wet seasons, none of it reaches the ocean. The streets of Los Angeles are made of a kind of clay or adobe and gravel, and are kept in very good condition, a chain gang of prisoners being employed for this purpose. The city has about 18,000 inhabitants, 117 and an immense amount of business is carried on in a quiet way, though it certainly has the appearance of a lively little city. Almost every kind of business is transacted here, but the commission merchants and the hotel and lumber business rank among the most important. Among other employments is the important one of fruit canning; there are also three breweries, two carriage and wagon factories, one soap manufactory, stone works and gas works. The city supports six daily papers, including one Spanish and one German paper, also a very good magazine, the "Semi-Tropic California and Southern California Agriculturist." The petroleum wells of Pied Cañon bid fair to be a source of considerable income; also the castor oil manufactory of Downey, a town about eight miles distant. The castor bean grows wild all through this country, and it is very little expense to gather it. Many minerals have been found in Los Angeles County, among them gold, silver, copper and coal; but with the exception of coal there are few mines of any great importance. The country is more adapted to agriculture, and especially to the grapevine. Orange culture holds an important part, but the present year is noticeable on account of the increase of vines planted over the increase of orange trees. Barley, rye, oats, buckwheat and Indian corn are grown here.

Among the largest orange groves and vineyards are those of L. J. Rose, the Wolfskill orchard, Longstreet's place, B. D. Wilson's, General Stoneman's, Shorb's, Baldwin's and Pasadena, or the Indian Colony.

In 1860 there were in Los Angeles County 78,000 head of cattle; in 1880 the number fell to 15,000 head. 118 In 1865 there were 15,500 horses; in 1876 there were but 10,000. As there was a decrease in cattle and horses, so there was an increase in sheep and swine. In 1830 there were 21,000 head of sheep, and in 1875 there were 500,000. In 1831 there were 1,000 swine; in 1881, 19,000.

The mission of Los Angeles was founded in 1797. In 1830 there was a decline of the missions. Where the city now stands was in the eighteenth century occupied by an Indian village called "Vang-na." Here dwelt the aborigines in peace and quiet. Little thought they of the future, but lived along, enjoying their hunting and fishing. They lived in a kind of a hut made with a few poles covered with mats made from flag or straw. For food they ate wild cats, deer, crows, rats, raccoons, skunks, fish, snakes, squirrels, locusts and grasshoppers, toasted; seals, whales, sea otter and shellfish. Eagles, owls and bears were held sacred. They believed in a god whom they called "Ina-o-ar." The village contained about 1,800. The men went entirely naked, but the female dress consisted of pretty stone ornaments, shells and whales' teeth, and a piece of deerskin suspended from the waist. Chiefs only practised polygamy.

In Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" can be found a very interesting account of the Indians of Los Angeles County. Among the first known to have come to this county was San Diego McKinley of Scotland, who arrived in 1824. The oldest resident now living is Colonel Warner. Jedediah Smith, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, came here in 1825. Ewing Young came in 1832, with Moses Carson, a brother 119 of Kit Carson. Mr. Rice came here in 1824 from the Sandwich Islands. Los Angeles from the time of its settlement, for more than fifty years, had a larger population than any other town in California. The first censuses, taken in 1836, shows a population in the county, exclusive of San Juan Capistrano, of 2,228, and of this number, 533 were Indians. The city is now connected by rail with two ports, that of San Pedro, twenty-two miles distant, and Santa Monica, eighteen miles. Among its principal buildings are three banks, the Baker Block, the Downey Block and the State Normal School, now in process of construction under the superintendence of our cousin, S. H. Kent, formerly of South Boston.

One thing Los Angeles needs more than anything else is a family hotel, anywhere just on the city's outskirts. Such an enterprise would certainly be a financial success. The hotels are always crowded, and many go away because they cannot find suitable accommodations, who would otherwise stay several months.

FEBRUARY 1. — A year ago today I had my most severe hemorrhage from the lungs in Honolulu. I am thankful to be so much better, and I realize that San Francisco would not have been a good place for me to remain long, especially with the work that I had undertaken there. This more relaxing climate and leisurely life are much better for me.

After lunch yesterday Albert Glass (whom I met on the train) and his friend Rodney Powers of Salt Lake City called with a barouche and pair to show us about and help us find a less dusty place to live. First of all, we went to the Hammond House, where we immediately 120 engaged rooms and today we have moved into them. I visited today the old Mexican Fort, and I found it very interesting, not only on account of its picturesqueness, but because of its romantic history.

In military history Los Angeles took quite a prominent part in the Mexican War, and the remains of the fort now throw a shadow over the old part of the town. This fort was thrown up in July, 1847, and in excavating part of it last year old cannon and balls were found in goodly numbers. It was occupied by Lieutenant Gillespie, General Fremont and Commodore Stockton during the war. Several engagements took place in and near the city; among those were a skirmish fight October 7 and 8, 1846, between Captain Mervin and Jose Antonio Carrillo; also the battle of the Laguna, January 9, 1847, between Commodore Stockton and General Kearney, Americans, and Jose Maria Flores, Mexican; and two charges made by Captains Johnson and Moore upon the Mexicans on the evening of December 6, 1848, in which thirty-eight were killed and wounded. On the 17th of January, 1847, Los Angeles ceased to be a military station. The news of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo did not reach the city until August 15, 1848, though ratified May 30 previous.

It was before Los Angeles came into the possession of the United States, however, that it was made a city, the Congress of Mexico incorporating it as such in 1836. Quite an excitement followed the discovery of gold in 1840-41 by Don Andres Castillero and Mr. Francisco Lopez, the first of which was shipped around Cape Horn and received at the United States Mint at Philadelphia.

But the greatest excitement that Los Angeles (the “City of the Angels”) has ever had, and one which will ever be a dark spot in the history of the city, was the Chinese massacre, which occurred the 23d and 24th of October, 1871. I take from a “History of Los Angeles” the following:

Two rival Chinese companies quarreled about the possession of a woman; both parties purchased firearms and prepared for conflict. On the morning of the 23d, they met in Negro Alley; several shots were fired, but no one was injured. The police arrested four of the combatants, and those were held to bail. On the following day, after a preliminary hearing before the justice, the fight was recommenced and many shots were fired. Officers and citizens repaired to the scene, but the combatants resisted arrest, wounding Officer Bilderraine and two citizens, one fatally. The Chinamen engaged in the *mêlée* then took refuge in the houses of their countrymen. The news spread rapidly. Almost immediately an excited angry mob surrounded the Chinese quarters, clamoring for the blood of the inmates. One of these, emerging, was at once seized, hurried up Temple, near New High, Street, and hanged to the doorway of a corral. The rope broke and he begged for mercy, but amid jeers and imprecations was hauled up again and left to die. Like tigers, maddened by the taste of blood, the mob returned, and an indiscriminate massacre began. Mounting upon the roofs they broke holes through and shot down the wretched creatures within, regardless of age, sex or innocence. “Burn them out!” was the cry now, and fireballs flung with fearful precision, added dread to dread. But here, not motives of humanity, but fears of a general conflagration, interposed and the flames were extinguished. Next, water from a hose to drown them out was tried, but owing to lack of unity this attempt also proved fruitless; but the human animal when hunting his kindred prey has an ingenuity fairly devilish in its scope. One by one the victims were seized, one by one murdered; and for three long hours the Angel City seemed possessed by the powers of hell. Yells, curses, screams, prayers and pistol shots rent the air continuously. 122 It was a carnival of blood; murder was rampant. Yet murder is sometimes merciful; but here mercy was lacking. As each “heathen” was dragged forth, he was stabbed, shot, beaten, kicked and tortured by those of his “Christian” captors who could get at him, incited by the furious cries of the other less fortunate “Christians” (male and female) who could not. Then with a rope about his neck, he was dragged through dust and mire to the place of execution, and more dead than alive already, was strung up

by eager hands to anything which could possibly be made to serve the purpose of an impromptu gallows. Trees, awnings, lamp posts, even farmer's wagons, were thus utilized, until eighteen ghastly corpses — one that of a mere child — dangled about the street, even in death not free from insult at the hands of their inhuman executioners; yet all, with scarcely an exception, as it afterward transpired, guiltless of any known offence, the real culprits having escaped. Nor was the handmaid of red-handed murder, avarice, absent from this orgy of human passion. Every house in the Chinese quarter was sacked. "Boys, help yourselves," was the maxim well obeyed. Every victim was first robbed. American "hoodlum" and Mexican "greaser," Irish "tramp" and French "Communist" all joined hands to hands to murder and despoil the common foe. He who dared not shoot could shout; he who feared to stab could steal; there was work for all; and "the Chinese must go."

There is every reason to believe that the police officers of the city aided these miscreants. As a rule, the attempts to bring the guilty parties to justice failed utterly. Less than a dozen were sentenced to six years in the penitentiary; the others went scot-free.

This afternoon Mr. Powers and Mr. Glass took us for a long walk, up Fort Hill and through the cemetery. This cemetery is used by foreigners, — French, Germans, English and Chinese. Some of the inscriptions are very quaint. On a Miss Garey's stone we read, "Translated to a more genial clime" — bad for the vaunted reputation of Los Angeles as to climate.

123

This evening we played cards at the hotel. I had Mrs. Clemens for my partner against Mr. Clemens and Mrs. Ellis. Mr. Waller has come to board here and is sharing my room at present.

FEBRUARY 2. — Mr. Waller took us for a lovely drive this afternoon, around the foothills and among sheep ranches, and, nearer home, some flourishing vegetable and honey ranches. Bee culture and raising honey have been an industry among the foothills of the city of Los Angeles, and have so far proved quite a success. According to James T. Gordon, the first hive of bees was introduced into this county in 1854. In April, 1855, this hive cast out two swarms, which sold for \$100 each as they were clustered on a bush. The "Express" of March 30, 1872, gives notice of the introduction of the

first queen bee at an expense of \$65. In 1880 honey sold for \$1.45 per pound. It now can be bought for from 7 to 15 cents per pound. At one ranch which we visited they had over 6,000 pounds of honey on hand after having sold a great deal of their season's product. On the way home we stopped at the Dutch settlement, where the people are also engaged in bee culture. We returned to our hotel about six.

FEBRUARY 3. — We have been driving all day today. Right after breakfast the inseparable Messrs. Powers and Glass called with a barouche for Velma and me, and we drove out to the Sierra Madre Villa. On the way we stopped at Sunny South Ranch, L. J. Rose's place. He has 1,000 acres, 600 in grapes and the rest in oranges and other fruit. We had dinner at the lovely Sierra Madre Villa, at San Gabriel, which is owned by W. P. Cogswell, the artist, a first-class hotel 124 (managed by W. P. Rhoades), situated in the midst of orange groves, overlooking the San Gabriel Valley, in the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, only about thirteen miles from Los Angeles and 1,800 feet above sea level. It accommodates fifty or sixty guests. We spent two very pleasant hours walking about the extensive grounds, which are beautifully planted and are irrigated on a plan which economizes the water and secures most satisfactory results — about every two hundred yards there is a hydrant with a long hose in the hands of a Chinaman, who dispenses the refreshing showers. The orange and lemon trees are very thrifty looking. The water comes from a grotto, about three-quarters of a mile distant. To reach it we passed through some lemon groves belonging to a Mr. Davis. We ascended some three hundred feet to the brow of the hill, and from there it seemed as if we were descending on the other side to the source of the water supply, but of course this appearance was deceptive. The flume runs around a chasm which, from its depth and picturesqueness, might almost be called a miniature Cape Horn. Finally we came to the charming grotto. In a crypt hollowed out of the solid rock by the rushing waters we made a sharp turn to the right and came upon a cascade which plunged for a distance of fifteen or twenty feet over a shelving rock. The roots of great gnarled trees reached clear down to the pool in which the water plunged. We enjoyed a cool, delicious drink after our hot climb. There are said to be plenty of mountain trout in the San Gabriel River, near the Sierra Madre Villa, and grizzly, black and cinnamon bear, California lions, deer, mountain sheep and antelope, hare and rabbit, as well as quail, 125 doves

and smaller birds, are to be found in the mountains and near-by plains. We returned to Los Angeles through Indiana Colony, Pasadena and East Los Angeles after a most enjoyable day.

FEBRUARY 4. — This afternoon Velma and I called

THE NEW NORMAL SCHOOL, 1882

on Lieutenant-Governor Mansfield, but found no one at home, so we went on to the new Normal School and found Mr. Kent there. Mr. Kent has every reason to be proud of his achievement in the construction of this building. A bill providing for an appropriation of \$50,000 was passed by the California Legislature in the session of 1881, having failed to get through in 126 1880, so very little time has been occupied in its construction, and it is indeed a very fine piece of work. The \$8,000 for the purchase of the site on Bellevue Terrace had been raised by private subscriptions from patriotic citizens. The construction was begun on November 28 last, and is already so well under way that there is no doubt that the building will be ready to open on August 29, according to the plan. The building will accommodate about 350 pupils in the Normal School and 100 in the Training School. The front of the building toward Charity Street is 131 1/2 feet, the depth 104 feet.

FEBRUARY 6. — Yesterday (Sunday) we went to the Presbyterian Church in the morning, and in the evening to the Chinese school and a concert in the Methodist Church with Mr. Powers and Mr. Glass. We met Mr. Kent there and they all came back and spent the rest of the evening with us. We have been indoors all day on account of a sand storm from the Mojave Desert — the wind still blows furiously at 10 P.M. Mr. Kent called in the evening and Mr. Waller was here, and we all played cards, as we do almost every night.

FEBRUARY 7. — After getting our mail this morning Velma and I went with our constant companions, Mr. Powers and Mr. Glass, to Mr. William Cogswell's studio, to see his portrait of Miss Mamie Perry, the "prima donna." Later I took a pleasant walk with Carrie Cunningham. There is a wonderful variety of trees about here, — oranges, lemons, limes, pomegranates, figs and all kinds of tropical and semi-tropical fruits, huge palm trees, bananas, beautiful Italian and Monterey cypresses, live oaks, peppers and eucalyptus 127 trees. Many of them are sadly whipped by the

storm, but will soon regain their beautiful foliage. We walked to the picturesque old adobe Mission Church. It has been a delightful cool day after the storm.

Here I must interrupt my journal to pay tribute to my mother's cousin, Samuel Henry Kent, of San Francisco, who died on March 25, 1925, at the ripe age of ninety-three, a splendid specimen of manhood, 6 feet 4 inches tall, and straight as an arrow, always with pink cheeks and a smile, kindly, generous and well-read. He was born in Boston in 1832, and went out to San Francisco, via the Isthmus of Panama, in 1851. There he engaged in the contracting and building trade, and was president of the Builders' Exchange for fifteen years, resigning ten years before his death. He arrived in California at a time when the great city of San Francisco was in the making, and he was one of its makers. He built the old Spring Valley building which for many years stood at the corner of Geary and Stockton streets. He was also a boat-builder and constructed a steam yacht for William Ralston which later belonged to John D. Spreckels. Mr. Kent was a prominent Mason, for sixty years a member of the Golden Gate Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons and the Scottish Rite Masons. He attended the old Calvary Presbyterian Church, which stood on the site of the present Hotel St. Francis. My sister visited the Kents in California not long before Mr. Kent's death; his second wife, Mrs. Evaline C. Kent, is still living. His ashes were taken out to sea and "scattered to the four winds," as was his wish.

FEBRUARY 12. — We had a delightful trip today 128 to Santa Monica. Our party consisted of Mr. Fox, Mr. Kent, Mr. Glass, Mr. Powers, Miss Cunningham, Velma and myself.

Leaving Los Angeles early in the morning we drove through a most beautiful, semi-tropical country. The roads were hard and in good condition, and the horses fresh, and as we went through the groves of oranges and other fruits it seemed to us Northerners like a dream. As we reached the outskirts of the town we came upon groups of Mexicans and Spaniards, lounging around or playing one or another of their many games. The houses became more scattered as soon we found ourselves approaching the great ranches of which we had heard so much. The first of any importance was the Wolfskill Ranch, an orchard of a thousand acres, situated near the heart of the city, with 26,000 orange trees, 1,000 limes and 1,800 lemons; they have also a hundred acres in vineyards. Some

orange trees there, twenty-five years old, were one solid mass of the yellow fruit. What would an Easterner give to have a tree like one of those in his front yard?

To the right, and some distance below, are Shaw's large orange groves. To the left is the famous Briswalter's place. It takes a great deal of time to ride through this place. Mr. Briswalter has the largest English walnut orchard in Los Angeles County, having 23 acres in walnuts alone. Altogether he has 240 acres in fruit; of this, 120 acres are in grapes, the rest in oranges, peaches, apples, almonds, limes, lemons, citrons and ornamental trees. One is welcome to help

SAMUEL HENRY KENT, 1882

129 himself to anything in the shape of fruit on his place and carry away all he wants.

Continuing our ride through this beautiful country we reined up to take in the scenes around us. One level tract of country is now almost totally dried up by the scarcity of rain this season. Irrigation has saved many ranches, while others who had not that facility are going fast on the road to destruction. Ahead of us lies Colonel Baker's ranch; he has 1,200 head of cattle, but they, like the sheep, are fast becoming victims of the drought.

The once fine cattle may be seen lying here and there, stripped of their hides, the only value their owner will ever realize from them. The buzzard then finishes the carcass. Were it not for this bird it would be worse than sickening to go through one of these ranches after so many cattle have died. As it is, they free the country of carrion, and there is a fine of \$50 for every bird killed, thus protecting them from extinction. This valley is backed up on the east and south by the Sierra Madre and San Bernardino mountains, and on the north by the Coast Range. Colonel Baker's ranch is the last before reaching Santa Monica, and is one of the largest in southern California. Besides 1,200 head of cattle, he has 5,000 sheep which graze on the 30,000 acres of his own land, most of which fell to him through his marriage to a Mexican lady to whom these grants then belonged. Leaving this ranch we soon reached Santa Monica, which is the sea-bathing resort of this part of California, and has the finest beach on the coast. There were not many in bathing today, as it is a little 130 cool, but those that were in seemed to be having a very nice time. Santa Monica is composed

chiefly of hotels, saloons and stores, there being but one small church and few residences. There are, however, some fine country homes outside of the town, among them that of Senator Jones of Nevada. Santa Monica itself is a lovely place, and commands a grand view of the Pacific Ocean, and many sufferers experience great relief from their various troubles by a short stay here and the salt-water baths. There is a fine bathhouse filled with every convenience, where hot and cold baths can be had at any time.

Standing on the pier, which is built some 200 feet out into the ocean, the view is indescribable. Back of us lies the town, with pleasure seekers strolling here and there. To the right stretches a long line of beach, back of which lies the noted Malaga ranch. To the extreme right lies Point Demarol. To the left we see Portuguese Bend, a whaling station, also a very fine fishing ground. A little to the west of this point the San Clemente and Santa Catalina Islands can be distinguished, while a little northwest of these lies Santa Barbara Island scarcely discernible in the distance. To the front or west stretched the vast Pacific Ocean, truly named, for there seemed to be scarcely a swell on its peaceful bosom. No sail was in sight to add to the beauty of the scene, but steaming quietly down to Wilmington we saw the small steamer that plies between San Diego and San Francisco. We had a pleasant stroll along the beaches and made a visit to the old Santa Monica Mission before starting for home. FEBRUARY 14. — With our two companions Velma 131 and I went this afternoon for another interesting drive in the open barouche, with a very good driver. We started at one o'clock and drove through San Gabriel, an interesting little place about ten miles east of Los Angeles. The Mission San Gabriel has some fine old Spanish relics. This Mission was the fifth one established in California, founded in 1771, and was one of the most prosperous of the Franciscan establishments. We stopped at several ranches — General Stoneman's, Colonel Keewen's, D. B. Wilson's and Shorb's — a beautiful drive, overhung in many places by eucalyptus and other trees, to Pasadena, and then home again by way of East Los Angeles.

FEBRUARY 15. — The weather is still perfect. We went with our friends to the ice house this morning and saw how ice is manufactured in this warm climate. This evening we played cards with Carrie Cunningham and her friend, Miss Kitty Thompson, who afterwards sang for us.

FEBRUARY 17. — Yesterday it was very rainy, so we stayed at home and entertained our friends — the usual party, and, in addition, Carrie Cunningham's brother-in-law, Mr. Thompson. It has been a windy and disagreeable day, but a most enjoyable one for us, for this afternoon Mr. Powers and Mr. Glass took us to call on the new prima donna, Miss Mamie Perry — or Maria Perrini, as she is called in Italian. She has just returned from Italy where she sang in grand opera, and she is now receiving many offers to sing in this country. Miss Perry is a very beautiful girl, and most entertaining, as is also her sister Florence. Their father is prominent in business and social circles here. 132 Mrs. Perry was most kind to us. There are four children, these two daughters, Fred and Eugene. Eugene^{*} is a charming boy.

From his obituary in a local paper I quote: "He was genial, unaffected, frank and possessed of an integrity beyond question. His business associates testify to his great ability, application and geniality. His sweetness of disposition, combined with his business sagacity, made up a character as desirable as it is exceptional. His illness began some time ago. All that the love and the resources of his parents could do was done. Under the charge of those nearest and dearest to him the most celebrated physicians of the East were visited, but mortal power could not arrest the approach of the destroyer. The funeral services were held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Rev. Mr. Birdsall officiating. The young man's popularity and the affection so widely felt for him, together with a desire to express sympathy with his bereaved parents, served to fill the church to overflowing with mourning friends."

Not long after my return to Massachusetts I learned of the death of this fine young fellow. He had been educated entirely in the West, — in Los Angeles and San Francisco, — and had entered business life with the City Water Company of Los Angeles, and afterwards accepted a position with the Southern California Insurance Company. He had been ill for some years and had consulted eminent specialists from various parts of the country, but to no avail. He had a particularly sweet disposition and endeared himself to a large circle of friends. He had also real business sagacity.

FEBRUARY 18. — Chinese New Year's and a lively day here in Los Angeles. We went to Chinatown this afternoon with Rodney Powers and Albert Glass, and saw the Chinese fire off several strings of firecrackers, with a million firecrackers to each string, so we were told. We did not count them, but were quite ready to believe it after hearing the terrific noise.

Mrs. C. J. Ellis and Miss Kitty Thompson called today upon Velma. This evening I took Mr. Glass to 133 the Turnverein to a complimentary concert to Miss Mamie Perry. Her voice is very charming and she is indeed an accomplished singer. After the theatre we all had an oyster supper.*

This concert was in response to a request from the citizens of Los Angeles as follows:

LOS ANGELES, January 7, 1882. To Miss MAMIE B. PERRY. The undersigned, your fellow citizens, beg leave to assure you that we very much desire to hear you sing since your return from Europe. We have heard with genuine pleasure and pride of your progress in your art in Italy, and of your success before Italian audiences on the lyric stage. Although we understand you have very flattering offers to sing in San Francisco, we respectfully urge, in behalf of the entire people of Los Angeles, that you make your first appearance in America in this your native city. we appreciate the great difficulties of presenting opera in Los Angeles, and we therefore only ask that you will sing such selections and with such accompaniments as your own good judgment may dictate. With sincere respect, yours, etc. ISAIAS W. HELLMAN. ANDREW GLASSELL V. E. HOWARD. STEPHEN M. WHITE. I. R. DUNKELBERGER. JOHN MANSFIELD. J. S. SLAUSON. A. F. KERCHEVAL. E. F. SPENCE. THEO. WOLLWEBER. J. W. WOLFSKILL. O. W. CHILDS. H. W. HELLMAN. JOSEPH KURTZ. H. D. BARROWS. EUGENE MEYER. H. S. ORME. A. BRONSON. H. NEWMARK. R. R. HAINS. Y. SEPULVEDA. JOHN G. DOWNEY. JOSEPH D. LYNCH. J. R. TOBERMAN. FRANK SABICHI. And many others.

Hon. V. E. Howard and Others:

Gentlemen: — In reply to your kind and truly flattering communication of January 7, I can but say that I fully recognize the claims of Los Angeles, as the place of my birth, and heartily appreciate the interest shown by many friends in my progress as a student of music and final success as a debutante. I will therefore be most happy to comply with your wishes by giving a concert on Saturday Evening, February 18, 1882, at Turnverein Hall.

Yours very sincerely,

MAMIE B. PERRY. LOS ANGELES, CAL., January 17, 1882.

134

FEBRUARY 20. — Mr. Waller and I drove out to Pasadena this afternoon and shot rabbits over a territory that was so dry that sheep were dying and rotting in the fields for want of water and food. Signs were up on this land advertising it for sale at \$8 an acre. We drove to Downey's ranch and over the burned district, and to Major Robert H. Fulton's orange grove of 2,800 trees.

FEBRUARY 22. — Yesterday noon I gave a seven-course dinner at the Cosmopolitan Hotel to about a dozen friends in honor of Mr. Powers and Mr. Glass. Among the guests were Mr. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. Hammond, Mrs. Voorhis, Mrs. Glass (Albert's mother), Mrs. Lincoln and her little boy. In the afternoon Mr. Powers and Mr. Glass, with his mother, departed for San Francisco, on their way home to Salt Lake City. Mrs. Lincoln accompanied them as far as Lathrop. I was at the train to see them off, and there met Mr. Perry and returned with him to call on his daughter. She gave me some violets from her first concert in America last Saturday night, and her picture, and showed me some beautiful jewels which she had purchased in Europe. Mr. Powers left in low spirits, as Velma did not encourage his suit. I went out with Mrs. Voorhis this evening to see a fire.

Today is Washington's Birthday, but there has been little to mark it as a patriotic occasion; only a "parade" of about twenty-six soldiers. Velma called on Mrs. Mansfield this morning, and I on Kitty Thompson, who sang for me and gave me some delicious oranges from her father's orchard of 1,000 trees. This afternoon, Velma, Kitty Cunningham and I went for 135 a long drive and stopped again at Judge Thompson's to call on his two daughters, Kitty and Mrs. Ellis. In the evening Mr. Kent, Velma and I went to Mr. Woodworth's wedding in the Methodist Church. The bride was a Miss Fox.

FEBRUARY 23. — I spent the morning very pleasantly with Mamie Perry and Madame Marra, at Madame Marra's apartment. In the afternoon Mamie and I went hunting and shot nine birds and two squirrels. One of the birds is so pretty that I am going to have it stuffed.* Mrs. Kent is expected to arrive here tomorrow to join her husband. We still play whist or bid euchre almost every night with

a group of friends, generally Mr. Kent, Mrs. Voorhis, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Carrie Cunningham and her sister Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Hammond, etc.

This bird is now, 1931, in a glass case in the Stetson Historical House, Centre Hanover, which I have given to the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, as a memorial to my parents, Lloyd and Sarah Elizabeth Elms Briggs, and my sister, Harriette Stetson Briggs.

MARCH 6. — In order that I may keep up somewhat with my medical work we have come to live at Dr. Wise's, and I am assisting him with his patients. We still see a great deal of our friends and exchange frequent visits with some of them, but my spare time is generally spent at the Perry's house on Boyle Heights. They are very hospitable and we have grown to be intimate friends. Velma and I go there almost every evening to play cards and hear Mamie sing. Yesterday, Sunday, we were specially invited to dinner, and we stayed on to tea and spent the evening. They always have delightful music. Among others whom I have met at their house are Mr. Kays, Mr. M. White, Mr. Dalton, George Williamson, Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Pike, Miss Jenkins, Mr. Van Voorst, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Hiller, Mr. Congrieve, General and Mrs. Mansfield, Mr. Hollenbeck, Mr. Tompkinson, Mrs. and Miss Sacriste and Mrs. Chandler. This evening Mrs. Perry and Mamie came to see us. Mr. Hiller also spent the evening and we all played cards.

MARCH 7. — This evening Velma and I took Mamie Perry to an opera concert at the Turnverein Hall. Her mother was there, as well as Miss Hoyt, Mr. Hiller, Mr. Williamson and his mother, and Mrs. Mott. Signora Gemma Tiozzo and Signor Antinori were the leading soloists. They sang in Italian, and we also had a duet by Madame Marra and Mr. Abernathy in English, and another by Madame Marra and Mr. Peachey. The second part of the program was the second and fourth acts of "Il Trovatore, which included Miss Ferner and Mr. Rees.

MARCH 9. — Velma, Mr. Hiller and I went to the train to see Carrie Cunningham off for San Francisco. We have seen a great deal of her, and shall miss her very much. She tells us that she has made about \$25,000 lately in stocks, and has a good prospect of further profits. This evening we went to a card party at the Perrys'. There were two large tables at cards, and afterwards Mamie sang for us, divinely as usual.

MARCH 11. — Last evening Mamie and I went to the Turnverein Hall to see the Lingards in “Stolen Kisses” and “Little Toddlekins.” I have just learned that our good friend Luke Kelly, proprietor of the Palace Hotel in Napa, died this morning.

137

RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM H. PERRY, ESQ., ON BOYLE HEIGHTS, LOS ANGELES, 1882

MARCH 12. — It has rained almost every day lately, and we have been able to make no excursions out of town until today; but it was all the more lovely this morning after the rain. We got up before six, and after an early breakfast we started off on the eighteen-mile drive to Santa Anita Canyon, in an open wagon with a good team of horses. Our party consisted of Mamie and Fred Perry, Perry Parker, George Williamson, Mrs. Mott, Velma and myself. Santa Anita Canyon is indeed a lovely spot. We strolled through the woods and along a lovely stream, gathered mosses, and had a delicious lunch with our cloth spread on the grass near the sparkling water. We hardly noticed that it was becoming a little cloudy until, on our way back, about six miles from home, it commenced to rain in torrents, and we got miserably wet and muddy in our open wagon, and were decidedly the worse for wear when we arrived at Mrs. Motts, where we spent the night.

MARCH 24. — We got word this evening of the death of the poet Longfellow. He died in Cambridge at 3.15 P.M., aged seventy-five. This comes specially nears home to me, for I remember meeting him often and hearing him read his poems at the Sunday afternoon musicales at Dr. Henry I. Bowditch's house (113 Boylston Street, old number, opposite Arlington Street, Boston), where I lived for some time while studying medicine with Dr. Bowditch.

APRIL 9. — We have been having a great deal of rainy and foggy weather, with occasional pleasant days between. Last Thursday we had another blizzard or sandstorm, which lasted all day. The air was so thick 138 that the mountains were quite invisible. It rained all this morning. As it was Easter Sunday, Velma and I went to the Episcopal Church. It was beautifully decorated — there were 350 calla lilies and masses of red geraniums. Mamie Perry sang Gounod's “Ave Maria.”

After church, as it was still raining, I got a carriage and we drove Mrs. Perry, Mamie and Florence and Miss Hoyt home; we are to stay with them all night, as we often do. In the evening Mamie sang her favorite song, "Roberto," which invariably brings tears to the eyes of all the ladies present. Velma plays the accompaniments for her songs.

APRIL 11. — Velma, Mamie and I walked up to Mr. Kent's to get some orange blossoms, and this evening we took them to the Perrys', where we made them into a beautiful great cross for Mr. Lankershein's funeral. We worked at it until 12 o'clock.

APRIL 14. — I worked at the Orphans' Home, both yesterday and today. Mamie is giving a concert for the home tomorrow night, and she is training the orphans to sing. Velma also helps to rehearse them. General William T. Sherman arrived this morning to attend the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic. This evening Mamie and I called upon General Sherman and his daughter, and we met General Poe and Adjutant General Morrill or Morrow. We had a very delightful evening, listening to General Sherman's reminiscences, especially about his famous "March to the Sea." The conversation was interrupted only once, by the arrival of a group of Grand Army men, who marched up to the house and demanded that he come

WILLIAM H. PERRY, ESQ., LOS ANGELES, 1882

MAMIE B. PERRY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

139

out and speak to them; so he went to the balcony and delivered a short address.

APRIL 17. — Mamie gave her concert on the 15th and sang so beautifully that the audience demanded that it be repeated this evening. General Sherman and his party attended this second performance, and the flowers sent to her were magnificent.

APRIL 18. — Velma, Mamie and I spent the afternoon with General Sherman and his daughter, and found him as interesting as ever. When we left he gave me a pencil that he had carried for a long time, as a souvenir of our meeting.

APRIL 19. — Velma and I are leaving here tomorrow, and this evening Mrs. W. H. Perry gave a farewell dinner for us, and we spent the evening at their house. All of the Perrys were there, as well as Mr. Herbert, Mr. Van Voorst, Mrs. Wise, Mr. Kays, Mrs. Mott and Mr. Hiller.

APRIL 20. — We left Los Angeles at 8.45 this morning. There was quite a gathering of our friends at the train to see us off, including Messrs. Kent, Herbert and Van Voorst, Miss Hoyt, Mrs. Wise and Mamie Perry. We were indeed sorry to leave such good friends, and the delightful hospitality of Los Angeles. Soon after our train passed Walters, a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, a terrific sandstorm struck us; double windows and tightly closed doors failed to keep out the dust, and by the time that we had crossed the line into Arizona, at Yuma (where we stopped for dinner at seven o'clock), it blew so violently that we could not see ten feet from the car. The sand covered everything in the car, and even penetrated our clothing, and we were so choked up that we could hardly breathe. Among our fellow passengers are a Mrs. Greene and Lieutenant Colonel Mendel, with whom we played cards in the evening.

I here insert the account of our journey from Los Angeles to Yuma, as I sent it to the "Boston Evening Transcript," whose correspondent I was at this time.

LOS ANGELES TO YUMA.

Leaving Los Angeles we soon came to San Gabriel, an old Mission town founded in 1771. The original bells, brought from Spain about that year, still hang in the belfry, and every morning lend their chimes to the air. From here we continued through a sheep and hog country, watered principally by artesian wells. At Pomona, a promising little place, neatly laid out with many trees, there is a reservoir containing 3,000,000 gallons, which is always kept full. Twenty-five miles further on is Colton, named for the late Vice-President of the Southern Pacific. Whether Colton will

ever be of much importance, excepting as a shipping point, is doubtful. It is a very small town of about 230 inhabitants.

San Bernardino, a few miles east of Colton, a promising city of 8,000 inhabitants, ships large quantities of fruit; grain is also grown here. San Bernardino was settled by the Mormons in 1847, and laid out very much like Salt Lake City. Riverside, situated ten miles southwest of Colton, also ships from this point. The nicest oranges in the State are raised in the latter place, and there is no spot in the state which has improved so much in the last ten years. In 1868 land sold for about \$10 an acre. In 1869 a colony came here and irrigated the land by canals from the Santa Anna River. Real estate immediately went up and land now sells at from \$100 to \$150 an acre. There are nearly 2,000 inhabitants, most of whom came from New England. A great many are wealthy retired business men, who have come here, built fine houses, and intend to enjoy the last few years of their lives in a climate where there is perpetual summer.

141

From Los Angeles we had been gradually ascending until we reached an elevation of 1,874 feet at El Casco, which is about fifteen miles beyond Colton. The country here is noted for producing large quantities of peaches. From El Casco we commenced our descent, down into the great Colorado Desert, a wild, sandy country with the rugged cactus springing from the sand here and there, and for the first fifty miles palm trees are quite plenty, also mesquite, ironwood and greasewood grow in great quantities. We then come out of this and nothing but sand is to be seen. The mesquite is a thorny shrub, growing only a few feet above ground, but spreading wonderfully underground, each shrub having a perfect forest of roots, which are very large and easily dug out, growing only in sandy soil. These roots are used almost entirely for firewood in southern California, and, to some extent, in Arizona. They burn slowly like coal and produce an intense heat.

At Indio, one of those sandstorms which never can be described set upon us. The wind was strong and it picked the sand up in clouds, driving it against and through the windows until everything and everybody in the train were completely covered. It was a dismal sight, and made one ponder upon the hardships which must have been endured by the immigrant settlers with their pack trains,

plodding wearily through this stretch of desert, one hundred and fifty miles in extent. What must have been their sufferings to be overtaken by a sandstorm in the midst of this desolate waste! Lost in the heart of a wilderness, without water and with but little food, — no trail can be distinguished, as the sand drifts like snow, — they must wait until the storm is over, for to venture away from the trail would be sure death, and one cannot see ten feet in such a storm. Still worse it is for him who is driving a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep; numbers must needs perish if the storm is of any duration, for want of water if not from the terrible effects of the storm. Some parts of this desert are literally covered with skeletons of horses, mules, cattle and sheep; and I should be afraid to state how many persons are known to have perished in crossing this desert.

Although the track is invisible in some places, our train continued on until we reached Dos Palmas, where we found ourselves 142 250 feet below sea level. Here one imagines all sorts of things. We feel that we are now, as it were, side by side with the huge leviathans of the deep, looking around on the bottom of the sea, with its hidden treasures and curiosities. Above us we seem to see large ships and many steamers plying their way, their hulls covered with barnacles, and the shark with the pilot fish above him, following in their wake to get what may be thrown overboard, or by chance to pick up some seasick passenger or unfortunate sailor who has fallen overboard. But we are dreaming — we must continue on and on through this monotonous country, while the wind, still increasing, drives in unabated fury the showers of sand fiercely against the sides of the cars.

Finally we reach the Colorado River, and cross it at a beautiful spot. The slow, broad body of water is lazily wending its way towards the Gulf of California. On the west side and to the left is Fort Yuma, where the government keeps a permanent force of about twenty soldiers. Crossing the bridge to the east side we enter Yuma City and are now in Arizona.

Here we stop for dinner and have a short time to look about the town. It contains about 1,800 inhabitants; of these, about 500 are Americans, the rest Mexicans, Indians and Spaniards. It is laid out and built like all old Mexican towns, with narrow streets, and houses made of adobe. These are one story high, with roofs made of poles, covered with brushwood, and from the walls extend large verandas, where the Mexican enjoys his cigarette, protected from the rays of the hot sun. The

heat often reaches in summer 120 to 130 degrees. Little clothing is worn; the Indians wear only a piece around their waists. Yuma supports a newspaper and two hotels. The Colorado River, flowing along the side of the city, is the largest in this part of the country, being navigable for 500 miles. Some of the scenery along this river is very beautiful, and for 300 miles it pursues its way through a distinctly cut channel, with walls on either side which rise from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height. Regular steamers are run on this river by the railroad company, and do a large business, considering the thinly scattered population.

ADOBE MISSION CHURCH, 110 YEARS OLD IN 1882, SAN GABRIEL, CAL. THE CHIMES CAME FROM SPAIN (See page 131)

INDIANS AT NEEDLES, CAL., 1882

INDIANS NEAR NEEDLES, CAL., 1882

143

From here on we had some rather exciting and interesting experiences, due to the Apache War, which was then raging, about which I have decided to write in a later volume, which shall be about my experiences in Arizona, New Mexico and Mexico, confining this volume to my early experiences in California and to some of my subsequent visits to that delightful State.

143

CHAPTER IV

A TRIP TO THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, ILL., 1893

The year 1893 was an eventful one. On January 15 Boston Harbor was frozen over so that people walked from Quincy Point to East Boston on the ice. The Charles River was the scene of all kinds of ice sports — hundreds of people were skating, ice boats were in evidence, and fires were lighted on the ice in the evening up to February 15. This was before soft coal and oil made the ice filthy and dangerous.

Another event of that year which remains in my memory is that Princess Kaiulani of Hawaii visited Boston in state. She held a reception at the Hotel Brunswick on March 6, to which I took little Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry Dubois Tudor, who was then only three or four years old. The Princess gave her a kiss and ordered an ice for her, which pleased her very much.

This was the year of the World's Fair, and on May 30 I left Boston for Chicago to visit the Exposition in a special car, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hubbard, Mrs. E. P. Bowditch, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Cushing, Bishop and Mrs. William Lawrence and their two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. William Tudor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Miss Crowninshield and others.

145

On our way we stopped at Niagara Falls long enough to visit the different points of interest, including a drive to the Burning Spring, Cedar Island, Clark's Hill Islands, Goat Island, Horseshoe Falls, American Falls, the Whirlpool Rapids and Table Rock, and a trip under the Falls. We did not have time to go to the Indian Village, which was seven miles distant.

We arrived in Chicago the next day at 10.30 P.M., and immediately went to our rooms, which had been reserved for us at the Raymond and Whitcomb Grand Hotel, situated on 59th Street, between Madison and Washington avenues, and facing the Midway Plaisance of the World's Fair grounds.

The week we spent on the grounds of this first wonderful exposition was most interesting. Only two 146 events interrupted the pleasure of our stay, — Bishop Lawrence's daughter, who afterwards married Bishop Slattery, was taken with mumps, and required my attention off and on for several days; and two days before we left my own hay fever, or rose cold, began, making the journey home rather uncomfortable for me.

I have kept but very few notes of this eventful week. We visited, of course, all the exhibitions of any interest to us, — the buildings of the different States, the United States government buildings, of which the Horticultural, Mining and Manufacturers' Buildings were the most interesting. Then there were the buildings erected by the different countries who had joined in this exposition, with

exhibitions of their products and handicrafts, their art and their amusements and folk dances, such as we saw on “The Streets of Cairo” (then new in this country and very startling) or in the Indian and African villages.

In the evenings there were electrical displays from a gondola on the lagoon in the center of the fine architectural setting, which converted the place into a veritable fairyland, and there were a great many entertainments and displays of which I remember best a military tournament at “Tattersall's,” which included “trooping the colors,” an exhibition of fencing with the lance against the sword by the Fifth Irish Lancers; a combined attack on fortified positions, including the Balaklava Melee; exhibitions of skill by the Royal Horse Artillery; Highland dancing by the Black Watch; and firing exercises by the Grenadier Guards; tent pegging, by officers of the Royal Irish Lancers; 147 musical rides by the First Life Guards; and, at the end, a realistic representation of the defence of Rorkes Drift.

The original defence was one of the most brilliant exploits in the British military service. Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner and Governor of Cape Colony at the time of the Zulu War, intimated to the King of the Zulus that if he did not accede to certain requests made by the British government within twenty-four hours war would be declared. The Zulu King refused, and war was declared. General Lord Chelmsford, in command of the British troops, crossed from Natal into Zululand with his army, and when he crossed Rorkes Drift he left behind a very small force under command of Captain Chard. The next morning General Chelmsford learned through his scouts that the whole of the Zulu Army, numbering over 20,000 men, had bivouacked only twenty miles away. He made a strong reconnoissance of 1,000 men, under the command of Major Dartnell, to draw on the Zulu Army, and on the following day he marched with all his forces to attack them in person. But in the evening the Zulus made a countermarch.

How the British were overwhelmed by numbers, and how nobly they fought and died to a man is a matter of history. They retired fighting, step by step, until they were ultimately killed, with their colors wrapped around them, at Fugitives' Drift. At this place the rocket battery was entirely annihilated; here Colonel Dunford and Major Shepstone were found dead, side by side, and every

officer of the Twenty-fourth was found dead, surrounded by his 148 men. Captain Chard made up his mind at once that he would not retire, but would defend Rorkes Drift to the end. He had no time to make a fort, and the only defence available was to throw up as quickly as possible some earthworks, — bags filled with maize and biscuit tins. At four o'clock the first Zulus were sighted, and at about six o'clock 6,000 men attacked Rorkes Drift. It was a terrible conflict, and they fought until four o'clock in the morning, leaving 1,200 men dead around Rorkes Drift.

Captains Chard, Dalton, Broadhead and others received the Victoria Cross for their gallant conduct and brilliant defence of Rorkes Drift, a victory which prevented the Zulus from crossing the river and carrying everything before them. All these events were depicted true to life.

Of all the exhibits, one of the best patronized was the historical exhibit of Wells, Fargo & Co. In this exhibit was a representation of the old office, express and bank of the Wells, Fargo & Co., at the northwest corner of Montgomery and California streets, San Francisco. The stones of this building were prepared and brought from China, each stone being marked with Chinese characters indicating its proper position. They had a very interesting exhibit of the souvenirs of fights with highwaymen and desperadoes in the West during the fourteen years from 1870 to 1884, years in which the company lost, in 1,313 stage robberies, nearly a million dollars. In these robberies and other attempted robberies of stages and trains, two of the company's guards, four stage drivers and seven horses were killed, and there were many wounded; 149 fourteen horses were stolen. On the other side, sixteen stage robbers were killed and seven were hanged by citizens. There were also souvenirs of the robberies since 1884, such as a treasure box, a memento of the attack on the Reading (California) and Altura Stage in 1892, when the robbers appeared, fired into the stage, and killed the driver and a woman passenger. Another broken treasure box is a relic of the Shasta (California) stage robbery of May 14, 1892, by the Ruggles Brothers.

One point of interest which was much patronized at the Columbian Exposition was the Distillery Exhibit, which was located near a representation of the Cliff Dwellers at the back of the Anthropological Building. This building, by the way, was 415 feet long by 255 feet deep, which gives one some idea of the magnitude of that exhibit.

On June 8 we left Chicago, and I arrived at my residence at 37 Brimmer Street, Boston, the morning of the 9th, at seven o'clock.

150

CHAPTER V

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA IN 1895, ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC VANCOUVER — SEATTLE — PORTLAND HOME BY WAY OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG TRAIL

On July 15, 1895, I left Boston in company with Walter Channing, Jr., a boy in whom at that time I was much interested, and we arrived in Montreal at 8.15 the next morning. We found time to drive about the city and saw many of the principal points of interest before our train on the Canadian Pacific left for the Great West, at 9.50 A.M.

We reached Ottawa at noon and continued our journey along the Ottawa River through farming country most of the day. The next day, July 17, our road lay through a wild country abounding in streams and lakes, great and small, — a country which will some day be a veritable sportsman's paradise. Many of these waters have never been fished, but the country to the north of Lake Superior is being developed by the railroad company, which has made trails up several of the rivers. It was nearly dark when we passed the most famous of all these streams, the Nepigon, which connects Lake Nepigon with Lake Superior. Nepigon is not only well known to fishermen, but it is celebrated for its great natural beauty.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, 1895

MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, 1895

151

Large game is said to be plentiful in this country. We found the black flies and mosquitoes rather troublesome, even in the train. We reached the shore of Lake Superior at Heron Bay before three

o'clock the next day and had the great lake in sight nearly all the afternoon and evening until we reached Fort William at half past ten. This town, 998 miles from Montreal, has a population of 3,000 and is beautifully situated on Thunder Bay, where the Canadian Pacific Steamship line from the Great Lakes joins the railway. This port was formerly a very important post of the Hudson Bay Trading Company. The fur house of the old fort is now used as an engine house for the great coal docks, and some of the largest grain elevators in the world overshadow all. Here we changed our watches to central time, and left at 22 o'clock (10 P.M. by my corrected watch). From Fort William to Winnipeg we passed through a wild, broken region, over many rivers and by picturesque lakes, in many of which, I am told, very good fishing is to be found. The next town of any consequence after Fort William was Rat Portage, population 4,500, which is situated at the principal outlet of the Lake of the Woods, the largest body of water touched by this railroad between Lake Superior and the Pacific. It is known as the Saratoga of the West, being a favorite resort for sportsmen and pleasure seekers. This beautiful lake is studded with islands, and its waters break through a narrow place here and fall into the Winnipeg River over most picturesque cascades. At Rat Portage I saw two pieces of sawn timber, each measuring a yard square, the entire seventy feet of their length.

152

We arrived at Winnipeg at 4.30 P.M. on July 18. As our train was not due to leave until six o'clock, we drove about this typical western town with its muddy streets, although some had wooden pavements. The drainage is poor and the water hardly drinkable. We visited the Hudson Bay Trading Post, which was established in 1670, and saw all the other points of interest, including the free museum of W. F. White, who claims to have the only curiosity shop in the Northwest. Here we saw buffalo horns, Indian curiosities, bead work, rugs and mats, agates, amethysts and mineral specimens, chairs made of buffalo horns, Indian war clubs, tom-toms, stone pipes, peace pipes, horn cups, tomahawks, medicine charms and mounted heads of buffalo, elk, moose, caribou, Rocky Mountain sheep, antelope and deer.

The next day we were passing through a rolling prairie country where we saw thousands of cattle grazing. The only place where we stopped long enough to investigate was at Moose Jaw in the Province of Assinibora. Our train pulled up at an excellent depot hotel where they had clean

beds and a very good table. Lounging about the town and the railway station were members of the great Indian Cree Nation, clad in blankets, all with painted faces and some with wrists and arms also painted. The population of Moose Jaw is 1,000 and the altitude 1,725 feet. Its name is an abbreviation, the real Indian name, literally translated, means “the creek where the white man mended the cart with a moose jaw bone.” This is a good place to shoot ducks and geese in the fall.

Beyond Moose Jaw the line steadily rises and the country becomes treeless. Beyond Old Wives Lakes

CREE INDIAN FAMILY AND TRAVOIS, CALGARY, 1895

BOW RIVER AND TWIN PEAKS, BANFF, 1895

153 the prairie was scattered with old buffalo trails along which the whitened bones were still to be seen. At some stations piles of these bones had been gathered and were awaiting shipment to be converted into fertilizer. Beyond Chaplin is Rush Lake, a favorite resort for waterfowl; ducks, geese, swans and pelicans congregate here at times in myriads. Still rising, we reached Medicine Hat, at a height of 2,150 feet, at which place we stopped for water, coal, etc. An important station of the mounted police has been established here, and gold mining is carried on not far away. Near Morley, at an altitude of 4,000 feet, there were great herds of horses in the valleys, thousands of cattle on the terraces, and immense flocks of sheep on the hilltops.

We arrived at Banff on the morning of July 20 at 6.15, and a stage carried us for a mile and a half to Banff Hot Springs, where for the first time I felt relief from the hay fever from which I had suffered most of the way out. The springs are natural hot sulphur water combined with other chemical ingredients, including calcium, magnesium and sodium, according to the test made by Professor Osler of Philadelphia in 1886. The Banff Springs Hotel is open from May 15 to October 1. Though the waters of Banff are specially recommended for rheumatic patients, the place is mainly a pleasure resort, being situated in the Canadian National Park at an elevation of 4,500 feet, and surrounded in every direction by towering snowcapped mountains, which rise above it to a height of from 7,000 to nearly 10,000 feet, — more mountains than one can count, stretching as

far as the eye can reach in chaotic disorder. From our hotel we had a 154 wonderful view of these and of Bow Valley, with its rambling tributaries. Cascade Mountain, to the north of us, is 9,800 feet high, and Peachee, to the east, is 9,585. Rundle Mountain, which lies to the right, across the Spray River, rises to an altitude of 9,788 feet. These are not isolated peaks, only specimens of hundreds of such giants all about us in that region which was evidently abounding in game of all sorts. We saw wild sheep and mountain goats on the neighboring heights. The place is a great center for canoeing, walking, driving and mountain climbing. We went canoeing on the morning of our arrival and fished in the Bow River and Vermilion Lake. In the afternoon we went to Sun Dance Canyon and the Cascade. It is very, very beautiful in every direction from Banff, and we were sorry we could not remain longer.

We left Banff early on the morning of July 21, during a slight flurry of snow, and traveled all day through the mountains. The scenery was too beautiful to describe. We passed the summit station of the Rocky Mountains at Stephen, where the railway reaches an altitude of 5,296 feet. On the shoulder of Mt. Stephen we saw, almost directly overhead, a shining green glacier, 800 feet in thickness, which was slowly pressing forward over a vertical cliff of great height. Selkirk, 4,300 feet high, is the summit station of the Selkirk Range. Towards the west is Rose Peak, a massive, symmetrical mountain, carrying an immense glacier on its eastern slope. Some way back at Donald I got my first view of the Columbia River, and was greatly impressed by it. I had always

BLACKFOOT INDIAN CAMP NEAR GLEICHEN, 1895

RAILROAD LOOP IN THE SELKIRKS, SHOWING FOUR TRACKS, 1895

155

wanted to see this river, for it is named for the ship which first discovered it, built by my great-great-grandfather, James Briggs, on the North River at Scituate, Massachusetts.* At the Glacier House Station we saw the Great Glacier one and one-half miles away, rising above to an abrupt naked pyramid named "Sir Donald Smith," after one of the promoters of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

See "History of Shipbuilding on the North River, Massachusetts," L. Vernon Briggs.

The next morning, July 22, our route lay along the banks of the Frazier River. We arrived at Vancouver at 1, or 13, o'clock, and took rooms at the Hotel Vancouver. Mr. John Campbell, a barrister with whom I had become acquainted on the train, was kind enough to put me up at the Vancouver Club, and in the afternoon he took me for a beautiful drive through the town and Stanley Park. I found him a delightful companion. Vancouver has a population of 20,000; its climate is mild. It is sheltered on the north by the mountains of the Coast Range, and from the ocean by the highlands of Vancouver Island. In fact, it is protected from rough weather on every side, while enjoying the sea breezes from the Straits of Georgia, whose quiet waters bound the city on two sides. Prior to 1886, on the site of the present city were only a few wooden buildings in the midst of a dense forest; and in July, 1886, a fire swept away every house save one, and most of the forest. In the nine years since then a beautiful city has sprung up, with hotels, churches and schools, good drainage and water supply. Many buildings are of brick and granite, 156 lighted both by gas and electricity, and the city has expensive wharves and warehouses.

We departed from Vancouver at 9 A.M. on July 23, and were met at Whatcom, Washington, by my old friend, David D. Fagan, who was so often my companion, during my early days in California, as I have related in this book. He and his wife, whom I had never met before, invited me to dinner and then drove me to Fairhaven. It was a great pleasure to meet him again. He was just the same, perhaps he had a few gray hairs, but I noticed no other change. We continued our journey, and in the afternoon at five o'clock we arrived at Seattle, where we spent the night at the Rainier Grand Hotel. The next day, July 24, we left Seattle at 7.10 A.M. and reached Tacoma in little over an hour. Here we had time to drive about the city and enjoy the views, especially that of Mt. Rainier. Leaving Tacoma at 2 P.M. our train passed through beautiful forests and many hop fields; then we skirted Puget Sound and arrived at Portland, Ore., at 8.45 P.M. Here we found rooms ready for us at the Hotel Portland, where we spent the night and the following day. There are lovely drives about the city, which we enjoyed, with magnificent views of Mt. Hood. We left at 9 P.M. on the 25th and arrived at San Francisco at 1 P.M., July 27, where we had engaged rooms at the Grand Hotel, and I again met my old friend S. F. Thorn, and my very dear friend Obadiah Rich.

One of my objects in coming to San Francisco was to look into the history of a nurse who had tried to blackmail one of my patients. I employed Captain 157 Curtin, the Pinkerton detective who had run down and captured Bidwell of Philadelphia, the forger (who robbed the Bank of England of \$1,000,000), after Scotland Yard and all the other detective agencies had failed to apprehend him.

My spare time was occupied in visiting Chinatown with Martin Teehaney, a special officer, as my guide, buying pretty Chinese and Japanese things for my friends from Wing Fat & Co. and Sing Fat & Co., at 219 and 614 Dupont Street, respectively, and from Fung Hai & Co., at 715 Dupont Street; and most of all I enjoyed listening to Captain Curtin's tales of his many thrilling experiences in the pursuit and capture of criminals. After much work by Captain Curtin in San Francisco and many consultations there with lawyers and others the object of my visit was accomplished. Captain Curtin later completed his observations for me on this case in Portland, Oregon. When I left San Francisco he gave me a gold nugget which he had himself found in the early days of gold mining in California, when he was placer mining. I had this nugget made into a scarf pin and wore it for a long time, until, one day, when I was shooting ducks in the marshes near Orleans, Massachusetts, I lost it, and no amount of searching ever revealed its whereabouts.

We left San Francisco at 6.06 on the evening of August 2, and had a terribly hot and dusty journey for the next few days. At Cisco, Utah, although the elevation is 4,600 feet, the thermometer stood at 103° in the shade. We stopped at Salt Lake City on August 4. My journal says, "It has an elevation of 4,300 feet, is situated in the Salt Lake and Jordan Valleys, and 158 was founded in 1847 by Brigham Young. It has the largest pavilion in the world, and the buildings are mostly of the Moorish type." Leaving Salt Lake, we passed through the Grand Canyon and saw Leadville by moonlight.

On August 5 we awoke in time to see Colorado Springs and Pikes Peak, and passed through Denver at 11 A.M. The afternoon we spent crossing prairies covered with wild flowers of many colors, but pink was the prevailing color, and again for hundreds of miles our track lay through sunflowers which were sown by Brigham Young when he trekked west to Salt Lake in the spring of 1847 — nearly fifty years ago — that they might grow up and mark the route for his return by the same trail

the following year. These sunflowers had died out on many parts of his trail, but were still growing luxuriantly for stretches of many miles, especially in western Nebraska. We saw flights of hundreds of doves through all that country.

We reached Chicago at 6.45 on the morning of August 7, changed cars, and continued our journey that afternoon at three, by way of Montreal, where, while waiting in the station, I weighed, and found I tipped the scales at 151 pounds. We reached Boston on the evening of August 9, 1895.

BLACKFOOT INDIAN, BRITISH COLUMBIA, 1895

CREE INDIAN AT MEDICINE HAT, 1895

MISS VELMA BRIGGS RIDING A CAMEL, WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, 1904

MISS VELMA BRIGGS DISMOUNTING FROM A CAMEL, WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, 1904

159

CHAPTER VI

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, 1904 A VISIT TO THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

On July 23, 1904, my sister, Velma Briggs, and I left Boston for the St. Louis Exposition, and arrived at Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, at 5 P.M. the following day. In the evening we rode out to the King's Highway to see the residential part of the city, where there were many fine but very modern residences.

The next two or three days we spent on the Exposition Grounds, visiting the buildings of the different States, the United States government and of the different nations, including the Mexican, Dutch, Swedish, Austrian and Ceylon buildings; also the Irish village, and the usual "Streets of Cairo," etc., so familiar to every visitor at these expositions. The buildings covered 1,200 acres, and we were only too glad to avail ourselves of the tram car lines which wended their way in and out through these different exhibits. As in the Chicago Exposition, there was one gondola

which gave electrical illuminations every evening on a lagoon, and many other gondolas with real gondoliers from Venice on other lagoons. Each evening we hired one of these gondoliers and were fortunate in having a full moon, which, with the singing of our gondolier, added to the charm of our surroundings.

160

A very interesting exhibit was the Igorot village which occupied six acres of the most picturesque part of the Philippine Reservation. These 114 natives, from three tribes, — the Bontogs, the Suyocs and the Tinguianese, — lived in nipa huts built by their own hands. They are among the most conspicuous races of northern Luzon; their hair is straight and black, their chests strong, muscles well developed. The women are generally well formed, erect and graceful; their clothing consists of a woven breech clout of gaudy color for the men, and not much more for the women. There is much tattooing, especially on their breasts, which tells of their head-hunting raids, and some wore strung around their necks the red beak of a bird, signifying that the wearer has taken at least twenty heads. Headhunting among the Bontog Igorots is not only a means of self-defence, but a pastime. After a member of the pueblo has taken home a human head, a month is given to celebration. All Igorot men eat dogs. It is a tribal dish, and twenty dogs were furnished these men each week by the United States government. We watched them preparing and cooking the dogs, as well as eating them. The women are not allowed to eat dogs flesh because the Igorots say they do not care for their women to fight. These natives wear many bracelets and armlets of beads, and are fond of riding horses. We saw them in all their different activities, including the feast dance and many other dances; and at their games, including a curious game with a ball, which they threw about.

I again visited St. Louis in 1910 to read a paper before the meeting of the American Medical Association,

THE IGOROT PREPARING AND COOKING A DOG FOR THEIR DAILY MEAL AT THE
WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, 1904

161 and was struck with the tremendous progress made in the building up of the city, — its art museums and public parks, its hospitals, residences and public buildings.

We left St. Louis on the morning of July 27, and by invitation of Mrs. Mary Morton Kehew of Boston (who had been a valued friend and associate in my work as Treasurer of the Tyler Street Day Nursery, as Director of the New England Hospital for Women and Children, and as President of the Ward XVI Associated Charities, and many other charitable activities in and near Boston), my sister and I made an excursion to the Yellowstone Park. Mrs. Kehew was founder of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, and probably did more for the welfare of Boston than any other woman of her day or since. It was a delight to work with her and for her; and as I had been doing some very strenuous work for some months before I left Boston, in connection with projects in which she was interested, she insisted upon my extending the vacation which I felt I must take, and suggested the Yellowstone.

We reached Livingstone, Montana, on July 29, in time for lunch, after which we were given time enough to walk about the town. We found an interesting curiosity shop, with all sorts of raw furs and skins, game heads and live game animals. The proprietor, W. F. Sheard, claimed to have the largest stock of hunters' and trappers' outfits in the United States. From Livingstone we had a short ride of fifty-four miles through the valley of the Yellowstone, with its gorgeous canyons and its precipitous cliffs, and along 162 the windings of the Yellowstone River to a unique little station at Gardiner, which we reached about five o'clock. Here we climbed on top of a commodious gaily-colored coach, drawn by six prancing horses, matched teams of black, gray and sorrel. There was a rise of more than a thousand feet in the five-mile drive up the canyon, past strange formations called "pinnacles," like great cone-shaped monuments, to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, where we spent the night.

Near the hotel we saw the very interesting and beautiful formations, — Jupiter Terrace, a white, seemingly frozen cascade of crystals, formed by waters flowing from the Mammoth Hot Springs above; Minerva Terrace, Pulpit Terrace, Cleopatra, Hymen and Angel Terraces. The hot waters, heavily charged with lime, have built up tier upon tier of these white terraces, which the algæ-laden waters color with faint tints of red, yellow, blue and pink. In the terraces are basins elaborately carved and fretted, which, when their springs run dry, merge into the great hills of white formation,

while new basins form upon their edges. Great trees are engulfed in these terraces, and not far below these heavenly spots we peered into the blackness and breathed the sulphur vapor-laden air of the Devil's Kitchen! -The view from the Mammoth Hot Springs is very striking: the steaming, tinted terraces and Fort Yellowstone near by; the long, palisaded escarpment of Mt. Evarts to the east; Bunsen Peak and the Gardiner Canyon, the distant elevations of the Mt. Washburn group, to the south; the rugged slopes of Terrace Mountain to the west; and the gleaming

MISS VELMA BRIGGS RESTING ON AN ELEPHANT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, 1904

MISS VELMA BRIGGS FEEDING AN ELEPHANT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, 1904

DRIVING INTO THE YELLOWSTONE, 1904

163

peaks of the Snowy Range to be seen in the distance to the north.

We could have spent days exploring the wonders in this neighborhood, but early the next morning we were off again, in a long, low, yellow coach, drawn by four horses, on our trip through the Park. At noon we reached the Norris Basin. On the way we passed Silver Gate, Hoodoo Rocks and Golden Gate, and came out into grassy valleys with thick groves of trees, little lakes and cold mountain brooks. Swan Lake was lovely, and we passed the famous Apollinaris Spring, and then came to Obsidian Cliff, a sort of mountain of glass forged in Nature's furnace, and Roaring Mountain, which emitted a noise as if from a gigantic cauldron of boiling water. The Norris Geyser Basin lies in a desolate, naked plain, in startling contrast to the beauty and color of other parts of the Park which we had seen. Here we stopped for lunch and saw our first boiling geysers, — the Constant Geyser, which sends up water and steam in small clouds every half minute; the Black Growler, blowing off steam; the Mud Geyser; and a beautiful spring called Emerald Pool. From the veranda of the hotel we could see a hundred little clouds of rising vapor, which looked as if they might come from so many underground factories.

Leaving Norris, our route lay over the lovely Gibbon Meadows and turned into Gibbon Canyon, following the rushing, green river through the wild, craggy defile, overhung by high walls and forests, twisting and winding through the heart of the mountainous region. Coming to a turn in the river we 164 again hear a loud boiling noise, and the steam appears to come from directly under the road, and a few feet farther on we see the beautiful Beryl Spring, one of the finest in the Park, whose madly boiling waters cannot hide the wonderful coloring. After a forty-mile drive we reached the Fountain Hotel, prettily situated among trees in the Lower Basin, where we stopped for the night. The hotel stands on a little knoll, and beyond the trees surrounding the hotel is a waste of steaming formation, geysers, lakes and pools, including the Smaller Fountain Geyser, a very beautiful one. The famous Great Fountain Geyser is two miles away. Here we saw, also, the Paint Pots, which were huge cauldrons of boiling, mushy clay into which we gazed at pure colors — pale blue, terra cotta, drab, pink, cream — in wonderful gradations and great delicacy. We heard the pop, pop, popping of this gruesome mass, as the steam puffs burst in small, symmetric cones. Before retiring for the night we went into the woods, where we saw wild deer and bears prowling about waiting for scraps to be thrown from the hotel kitchen.

We started off again early the next morning, July 31, for the Upper Basin. From Hygeia Spring, at the junction of Firehole River and Nez Perce Creek, the northern end of Lower Geyser Basin to Old Faithful Geyser, at the southern extremity of Upper Geyser Basin, is only nine miles in a straight line, but between these two points are the greatest phenomena of the geyser sort in the world. We visited some seventy geysers in the course of the day, — geysers, geysersettes, boiling springs, hot cones, hot springs, formations

CONSTANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE, 1904

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL AND MOUNT EVERTS, YELLOWSTONE, 1904

TYPICAL GROUP OF TOURISTS WATCHING OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE

165

of many sorts; there is no end to them, and each seems more marvelous than the last.

At the Midway Basin, only a few miles beyond the Fountain Hotel, is the mightiest geyser in the world, — the Excelsior. But this geyser was not in action. It erupts at intervals of many years, but is said to be a most magnificent sight, — “a water demon of terror and awful majesty.” Among the many geysers we saw in the Upper Basin, Old Faithful, which may be counted upon to erupt once an hour, is the most interesting of them all. It is just by chance that one sees the other large geysers erupt, as they are irregular, but there are always plenty of them in action. In the Upper Basin are the Giant and Giantess, the Castle and Grotto, the Beehive, the Splendid and the Grand. I photographed a number of them. There are also the Black Sand Basin, the Emerald Pool and countless other beautiful pools and lakes, in all the colors of the rainbow. Here is the Baby Cub Geyser, with frequent infantile splutterings, while the great Giant roars at intervals of days, causing the air to vibrate and the earth to quake as he throws aloft a mass of water and steam to a height of 250 feet. The day was indeed full of marvels, but I got one of the greatest thrills in taking a photograph of a wild bear in a tree!

After a good night's rest we started again on a forty-mile drive to Yellowstone Lake, a very beautiful road which twice crosses the Continental Divide at the top of which is Two-Ocean Lake, whose waters lie at an altitude of 8,350 feet above sea level and flow to the east and south toward the Gulf of Mexico 166 and to the west to the Pacific Ocean. We stopped on the West Bay of Yellowstone Lake, called the Thumb of the lake, from which we had a fine view far across the waters of the lake to the great mountains beyond. We could plainly see the “Sleeping Giant,” a wonderful likeness of an immense figure of a man in repose, formed by the outline of the hills against the sky. Arriving at the Lake Hotel we had a late lunch, after which I went fly-fishing in the Yellowstone Lake and caught twenty lake and silver trout, weighing thirty-five pounds, in less than two hours! The lake is a beautiful sheet of water, averaging over fifteen miles in diameter, at an altitude of 7,788 feet — almost a mile and a half above sea level. The air is wonderfully rare and bracing. Here, too, bears — brown, black and silver tip — are regular boarders at the kitchen door of the hotel, though we saw fewer than at the Fountain.

On the morning of August 2 we were off again, but traveled only seventeen miles that day, to the Canyon Hotel. There were many points of interest on the way; the road was a good one which followed closely the left bank of the Yellowstone River. The scenery was glorious all the way. First we passed Mud Volcano, which gave us a somewhat new feature of this land of marvels. We should have liked to stop for a long time in Hayden Valley, which is a beautiful park in itself, and especially interesting as the winter resort of the wild animals of the country, — buffalo, elk, deer, etc., which come here in great numbers. This valley was named for Dr. Hayden, one of the original explorers of this neighborhood for the United States

PAINT POTS GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE

EXCELSIOR GEYSERS, YELLOWSTONE

YELLOWSTONE GREAT FALLS

167

government, who first made the suggestion that it should be made a national park. But the wonders of the country were known to mountaineers, trappers, etc., from the time of Colter, in 1810, long before Dr. Hayden's day — in the early seventies. As early as August 13, 1842, the “Wasp,” a Mormon newspaper published at Nauvoo, Illinois (before the Mormons had settled in Utah), contained a fine description of a visit to the Geysers made in 1833 by an unknown gentleman.

We reached the Canyon Hotel before noon, and from there we visited the most beautiful part of the Park. After lunch, on horseback, we descended the long slope to see the far-famed gorge. The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, excavated out of a series of volcanic rocks by the flow of the river itself, is twenty-four miles long. It ranges in height from 600 or 700 feet to 1,200 feet. At the bottom of the gorge it is 50 narrow that the river has hardly room to pass, and it tears along so madly that one may well imagine how the canyon was made. In most places the sides are very flaring, so that the width at the summit is many hundreds of feet. At the head of the Canyon are the Great Falls, 308 feet high, a most magnificent spectacle, and only a quarter of a mile further

back, around a turn of the river, we came upon the Lower Falls, 109 feet in height — very different but equally beautiful. The views from Lookout Point can never be forgotten. As we came out of the trees on the brink of the gorge we were dazzled by the sudden change from the shadow to the glare of light and color in the strong sunlight. We stood silent, overcome with awe at the magnificence. Even Moran's paintings, which are well known, can give but a suggestion of this blazing glory. The Grand Canyon Hotel has the finest location in the Park, high on a hill, some hundreds of feet above the brink of the Canyon. It can be seen from the road eight miles away, and the views from the veranda were magnificent. Here we spent the night and were sorry to leave again at nine the next morning, August 3, on our return trip to the Mammoth Springs, another drive of forty miles, following the Upper Gibbon River much of the way, and pausing to see the lovely Virginia Cascade. We completed the round of the Park at Norris, where we stopped again for luncheon, and then continued our journey over the same road on which we had started out, back to the Mammoth Hotel, where we completed our one hundred and fifty mile coaching trip through this wonderful and beautiful country. Here we had dinner, and at 7.15 we left again in the big coach for Gardiner, where we boarded our train for Livingstone. The next day's journey across the hot and dusty plains of Montana and North Dakota to St. Paul was a great contrast to our beautiful week in the Yellowstone.

We reached St. Paul at 2.20 and visited Minneapolis and the Minnehaha Falls that afternoon, and saw the Park and the Zoo before proceeding on our journey. St. Paul is a very fine city and should some day be one of the most beautiful in the United States, if it is properly developed and not spoiled by commerce. It is built on many hills, which afford a very lovely landscape with views of the Mississippi River winding

GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE

BUFFALO IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

A FAMILIAR SCENE IN THE YELLOWSTONE

169

through the city between its white sandstone bluffs. Minneapolis, on the other side of the river, is a newer city, and is much better laid out, with broad streets and many fine parks. The river views here are marred by great flour and saw mills.

At nine the next morning we reached Chicago and paused there for several days which we spent very pleasantly, in spite of the summer heat, seeing much of my friend, Clifford Ramsdell, but we left on the afternoon of the 8th and were back in Boston early in the morning of August 9, and were very glad to get back to our mother who had been ill in our absence.

There was a bill that year (1904) before Congress providing for the addition of an area of 1,000 square miles to the Yellowstone Park. This included the scraggy, serrated granite peaks of the Teton Range, Jackson Lake, and all the rugged scenic lands north of the Buffalo Fork of the Snake River, including the valleys of Pilgrim and Pacific Creeks to Two-Ocean Pass, the canyons, lakes and forests of the Upper Yellowstone, and the Thorofare Basin. This gives the Yellowstone a stupendous exhibit of mountain scenery.

170

CHAPTER VII

A HURRIED TRIP TO SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, IN 1920

On October 14, 1920, Dr. Hilmer O. Koefod telegraphed me that my sister, who was ill in the Santa Barbara Hospital, had "raâles in her right chest, axilla and base," and advised me to come to Santa Barbara at once. I left Boston on October 18, my wife seeing me off from the Trinity Place Station at 2.10 P.M.

The next morning, October 19, when near Batavia, New York, our train struck an automobile on a railroad crossing, killing two young girls and two boys. There was much discussion on the train as to the cause of the accident. The number 13 seemed to the minds of many to have some significance, for our train consisted of 13 cars and we left Boston on track 13; our engine was numbered 13, and our dining car 113. In Canada we went through miles of beet sugar crops in

the harvesting. We arrived in Chicago two hours late, and left on a second section of the western train at 7.35 P.M. We arrived at Kansas City at 9 A.M. There were many people on the train from Connecticut, Maine and Massachusetts going to California for the winter, and some of them to settle permanently. There are four trains on this (Santa Fe) line going west each day, packed, in fact crowded, many of them having two sections, each section carrying from ten to twelve sleeping cars.

171

The next day, October 21, was a beautiful day, with blue sky, and we saw snow-capped mountains in the distance. We passed many ranches with corn or cattle or horses, cowboys riding here and there, and later we saw a few “ships of the desert” trailing along over bare and rocky fields and hills with some growth of scrub cedar and sage brush. We awoke at Las Vegas. At noon we were at Albuquerque, where I bought a bow and arrow for my son Cabot from an Apache Indian. There was a telegram there for me from home to tell me that all was well. I had already received one the day before at Newton, Kansas.

On October 22 most of the day we passed through sage brush and sandy, desert country, with bare hills in the distance. My ears rang loudly, and I was slightly nauseated on account of the altitude. I photographed some palms near Bagdad. After passing the Summit station we descended rapidly into a very fertile country of orange orchards, vineyards and palms; pepper and magnolia trees were growing in profusion, and roses and other flowers in full bloom. Reaching Los Angeles at 5.30 P.M. I drove to the Southern Pacific Station, where I dined with Capt. J. T. Fisher, my associate in the Hospital Center at Commercy, France, in 1918, when we were receiving an average of 480 sick and wounded daily from the trenches. I took the 7.30 train for Santa Barbara, where I arrived at half past ten that evening.

OCTOBER 23. — This morning Dr. Koefod called and took me to the Cottage Hospital, where I found my sister upset by the treatments which were necessary on account of her serious illness, as well as by the illness itself. She had been very ill.

172

While in Santa Barbara, and when not with my sister, I was with some of her many friends or physicians. During my stay here everybody I met was most kind to me, especially the friends and physicians who were so devoted to my sister.

During the next few days Dr. Koefod took me for many drives about the town and along the Riviera, so called, from where we had extensive views of the city and of the bay, and he and his wife entertained me at luncheon at the "Cozy Corner," with a Mr. Monroe, who was private secretary to Dr. Koefod's patient, Mr. Knapp, whose place we afterwards visited. Dr. Sam Robinson also asked me to lunch at the Santa Barbara Club, where, among other Bostonians, I met Charles W. Dabney.

On the 27th Dr. Koefod took me for a most delightful drive along the ocean front and over a beautiful mountain pass to Los Angeles, where I lunched with Dr. Fisher at the Athletic Club and later met his children, and I then had the pleasure of calling on my old friend Mamie Perry, now Mrs. Charles M. Wood, who had been twice married since my previous visit in 1882. Her first husband was an Italian singer. I enjoyed seeing her in her delightful home, renewing my acquaintance with her charming mother, and meeting her children. Her daughters have inherited much of their mother's beauty. We returned to Santa Barbara the same evening rather late, for we lost our way in the fog.

On the evening of the 29th Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Robinson called for me and took me to a very good movie picture.

"THE UPHAM," SANTA BARBARA, OCT. 30, 1920

COTTAGE HOSPITAL, SANTA BARBARA, OCT. 30, 1920

173

On the 31st Mr. Arnold and Miss Curtis, friends of my sister's, took me for a delightful drive to Rattlesnake Pass and through the McAdoo place; and I lunched with Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Robinson and their three children, after which Mrs. Robinson took me to call on Sam's mother and then left

me at the Cottage Hospital to be with my sister Velma. I dined with Miss Collier and Mrs. Curtis. As my sister continued to improve, and was pronounced out of danger by her physicians, I left Santa Barbara at 11.35 on the morning of November 1, Dr. Koefod seeing me off, and I arrived in San Francisco at 10.45 that evening. Here I was met by my good friend of Napa days, Emma Howland, formerly Mrs. Sol. Haas, and her husband, Fred L. Button,^{*} whom she married in 1885; 174 and by Obadiah Rich and his wife, who took me to the Clift House, where we dined and talked until two o'clock in the morning. It was a great pleasure to meet the Buttons, and I was sorry to have so short a visit with them.

Fred L. Button, oldest practicing attorney in Oakland, oldest honor man of the University of California, and founder and president of the Society of Pioneers of Oakland, succumbed to a heart attack, October 2, 1927, at his home, 590 Thirty-fourth Street, at the age of seventy-one years. He was born at Pontiac, Michigan, but came to Oakland in 1863. He was graduated from the University of California in 1876, being awarded the University medal as a prize for the best scientific thesis. After serving two years as an instructor there he entered the office of Vrooman & Davis. He was admitted to the bar in 1879, and in 1881 "hung out his shingle." He was secretary of the board of freeholders, which framed a charter for Oakland in 1888. He twice codified and annotated for publication the ordinances and city charter, and served as a school director. He was an ardent musician and sang in the May Day festival at San Francisco as early as 1870. For several years he was director, and in 1880 was president, of the original Orpheus Society. He was a flutist of note, and for many years played in the Shrine and Knights Templar bands here and the Bohemian Club Orchestra in San Francisco. In 1925 he helped to organize the California Flutists' Guild of Oakland. He was famous as a conchologist, and his collection of shells of all varieties is valued at \$30,000, and is the largest privately owned on the Pacific coast. He was active in Masonic circles and was a member and past master of Oakland Lodge, and was affiliated with the Scottish Rite, Knights Templar and Shrine. He also was Grand Patron of the Order of Eastern Star in 1891. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Emma Button, and three daughters, Mrs. H. A. Merrill and Mrs. N. T. Luning of Oakland, and Mrs. Dan H. Knox of Alameda, and two grandsons, David H. and Fred E. Merrill.

The next day, November 2, my mother's cousin, Mr. S. Henry Kent, who was now in his eighty-ninth year, with a perfect memory and wearing no glasses, and his wife met me and took me, at 8 A.M., to the market where he went each morning to order his provisions for the day. Six feet tall, with a rosy complexion and blue eyes, which matched an immaculate blue shirt, his favorite color and most becoming, he went about everywhere alone, even to Lodge meetings twice a week, for he was an enthusiastic Mason. His (second) wife was about forty-five, young looking and attractive; she seemed to be devoted to him in a perfectly sensible way and to make him very happy. They crossed the ferry with me that evening and saw me to the train at 9.30. My train stopped awhile at

a station called “American,” to see the canyon, river and view. During the night we passed over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 7,000 feet high, which made me breathe a little more rapidly.

The next morning, November 3, I awoke to see the world covered with snow and a glistening coat of ice on the trees and brushwood. At Lemay we were in the midst of a desert. There were two sick men on the train whom I was asked to attend. One of them, a Serbian, was being sent East in the very last stages of tuberculosis; the other was an American with tuberculosis of the spine, on his way home to Salt Lake 175 from Los Angeles. There was a Mrs. Gerstel from San Francisco on the train who asked me to attend her grandchild who had been taken ill on the train, so I had a busy trip. Adolph Sutro, who made the famous Sutro Tunnel, and Rudolph Spreckels, the sugar man, were among my fellow passengers.

I arrived at Chicago at 11 A.M. on November 5, where I called on my cousin, George Otis Spencer, and lunched at the LaSalle Hotel. Leaving Chicago that afternoon at 1.30 I arrived in Boston the following day, November 6, at 6.15 P.M.

176

CHAPTER VIII

CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST, 1921 TRUCKEE, NEVADA — LAKE TAHOE — YOSEMITE
SAN FRANCISCO — MONTEREY - SANTA BARBARA LOS ANGELES — GRAND
CANYON, ARIZONA

On August 28, 1921, my wife, Mary Cabot Briggs, my son, Lloyd Cabot Briggs, and I left Boston on the 10 A.M. train for Chicago, by the Boston & Albany and the New York Central Railroads, on our way to California for a pleasure trip, and to visit my sister Velma at Santa Barbara. The weather was warm, but traveling was fairly comfortable, although my wife and son both had hay fever, from which they suffered all the way to Chicago, which we reached the following day. We went immediately to the LaSalle Hotel, where we all enjoyed baths and had an excellent dinner, leaving Chicago again at eight that evening by the Chicago & Northwestern Overland Limited. We arrived at Omaha at 10 A.M. on Tuesday, August 30, my wife and son still suffering from hay

fever, especially at night. Ragweed was growing in profusion all along our route, and on our way to Grand Island (the third largest city in Nebraska) it was so luxuriant that it almost brushed the car windows where we were sitting. Early in the morning of August 31 we found ourselves in the desert, but we passed many fertile spots where there were cattle and sheep ranches. We

WOOD-FIRED ENGINE WHICH RAN FROM TRUCKEE TO TAHOE

L. CABOT BRIGGS DIVING IN LAKE TAHOE, SEPT. 1, 1921

177

reached Grand River, Wyoming, at 8 o'clock that morning, and the train stopped there long enough for us to take some photographs of the town and hill. At Evanston, Wyoming, again we were glad to have a chance for exercise, and we got out and walked about the town. We arrived at Ogden, Utah, at 2 P.M., and had time to do some shopping on the main street before our train went on. Soon afterwards we crossed the Great Salt Lake, which I remembered having to go around the last time I crossed the continent by this route. We were passing through sage brush and alkali country most of the day, and that night our altitude varied from 4,000 to 8,000 feet.

SEPTEMBER 1, THURSDAY. — This morning at 5.40 we arrived at Truckee, Nevada, and left the train, being met by a seven passenger Packard car, sent from San Francisco to meet us and driven by a good chauffeur, W. S. Anderson. We started at 6 A.M. and had a beautiful morning drive of fourteen miles, over a very fair road, to Lake Tahoe. The air was pure and invigorating, and the sunshine was warm, though tempered by cool breezes from the snowcovered mountains. Our road followed the line of the Truckee River, a mountain stream of pure, ice-cold water; the growth of trees, bushes and flowers along our road, which wound between the hills, was most lovely. We arrived at Lake Tahoe at 7 A.M. in time for a good breakfast at the Tahoe Tavern, where we found comfortable rooms awaiting us and enjoyed good service. We spent the day reveling in the magnificent views and walking in the woods. Cabot almost immediately went swimming and diving in Lake Tahoe. 178 From the end of the pier we could see the bottom of the lake, 50 feet deep, so

clear was the water. The lake is 1,700 feet deep in places, and has an altitude of over 6,000 feet, and a most wonderful coloring of

LAKE TAHOE

sapphire, emerald, blue-green and gray. Sometimes Lake Tahoe is called Lake Bigler, in honor of John Bigler, who was Governor of California from 1852 to 1855, and who introduced alfalfa into California from Chili, South America.

We also drove to Emerald Bay, one of the most beautiful and romantic places on Lake Tahoe, a little 179 over three miles in length by half a mile wide. The road was very rough, but the spot was so lovely that it more than repaid us for our discomfort. Near by is an island surrounded by rock, upon which is a rude tomb with a cross. The story goes that the island belonged years ago to an erratic Englishman called Captain Dick, who lived there for some time and built the tomb for his own remains. Unfortunately he ventured out upon the lake in his boat one dark and stormy night when he had taken so much to drink that he was unable to navigate. He was drowned and his body was never recovered, so the lonely tomb is empty. The road was very rough, and although the trip was well worth the effort we were not sorry to get back to the Tavern. This lake is named for an Indian Chief who is said to have been drowned while swimming in its waters after partaking of too much firewater.

SEPTEMBER 2. — Today we left Tahoe by steamer at ten o'clock in the morning and arrived at Tallac about one o'clock, after a most delightful sail, including a trip around Emerald Bay, which was very beautiful this morning. In spite of the fact that the snow falls in winter all around the lake to a depth of eight and ten feet its waters never freeze. In summer the water reaches a higher temperature on the surface, but decreases with the increasing depth to 700 feet, below which it never changes, being always about 39 degrees. The coldness of the lower water is given as the reason that the bodies of drowned persons never rise, the water being so cold that decomposition does not take place, and therefore no gases are generated. 180 Lake Tahoe is famous for its trout fishing. Many thousands of fish are taken from the lake every summer, weighing from one to eight

pounds apiece. The headwaters of Truckee River, which is one of the most beautiful mountain streams I have ever seen, are always alive with trout.

We left the steamboat at Tallac, another very picturesque spot, at the base of Mt. Tallac, from whose summit one can see fourteen beautiful lakes, all thousands of feet above sea level. Here we were again met by Anderson, the chauffeur, with the car. Soon after starting on our journey to Minden, Nevada, we lost a pin from the car, which we finally regained after traveling back a quarter of a mile. Replacing it we proceeded on our way, with our springs held down by straps, over a narrow road with many curves, through wonderful mountains and a pass by way of Kingsbury Grade to the grazing valley of Minden. We arrived at the Minden Inn at 5 P.M., a clean, comfortable house with a beautiful view of mountains and plains, situated opposite a very noisy garage. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3. — We left Minden at seven this morning and continued on our way amid very beautiful scenery. First we followed the windings of a lovely river, and then our road led us into California, past Interstate Lake, up through a beautiful pass to Bridgeport, and thence to Mono Lake. On the way, near Brooksville, Nevada, we reached some fairly level elevated country, and came upon a building standing by itself in a dreary, windswept rocky country, without a tree in sight. Before this lonely house stood a man of curious type, shabbily

MONO LAKE. MRS. McPHERSON'S BOAT JUST LEAVING HER ISLAND

VENITA R. McPHERSON AND HER GOATS ON PAOHA RANCH AND ISLAND, MONO LAKE

AFTER LEAVING MINDON, SEPT. 3, 1921

181

dressed and very peculiar looking, though his face showed some intelligence. I asked the chauffeur to pull up, that I might inquire who this strange individual might be, apparently living quite alone in a God-forsaken country. To my surprise he introduced himself as Dr. Bartlett, and informed me that the building was not only a house, but a hospital. He said that he was in government employ, and that he had quite a number of patients there, and there was no other medical service for many

miles, so that he was often called to see patients thirty or forty miles away — certainly a heroic life. He claimed to be an expert in various specialties, — surgery, obstetrics and internal medicine. He told us that he was a New Englander, born in the Falmouth House on Causeway Street, in Boston, and said he had come out to San Francisco around Cape Horn on a schooner; he was now, he said, the “head” of this hospital.

We stopped at lovely Mono Lake, which lies at an elevation of 6,412 feet. Its waters are highly impregnated with salt, lime, borax and soda, and are intensely bitter and of such high specific gravity that bathers float without effort. No living thing inhabits this lake, which is sometimes called the Dead Sea of California. The lake, with its lovely islands, lies in a great plain, bounded by towering mountains, — an exquisitely beautiful spot. Here we met a Mrs. Wallace D. McPherson, a very interesting and attractive lady, who has her home, “Paoha Ranch,” on one of these islands. She raises goats, and has some very valuable ones, and she is deeply interested in everything that concerns this beautiful country. When we spoke of 182 the magnificent falls which we had passed that morning she told us that they now belonged to a power company who were obtaining the right from Congress to use them for commercial purposes, thus destroying their beauty. She seemed to feel that there was little hope of their being saved, because of the strong political influences at work for the power company, but begged us to write to our Senators and Congressmen remonstrating against this commercial vandalism. (This we did promptly, but the power company was successful, as such enterprises usually are, in ruining these falls.)

Leaving Mono Lake we soon began to climb toward Tioga Pass, to go through which we had to have a permit from an agent of the Department of the Interior. This pass is 9,941 feet above sea level, and from it we saw the glistening, snowy cap of Mt. Dana, 13,300 feet high. We came down from the pass over the Toulumne Meadows, through which the beautiful Toulumne River flows peacefully for twenty miles and then suddenly plunges over a precipice 2,000 feet high and enters one of the most inaccessible mountain canyons in America.

We arrived at Lake Tenaya at half-past seven this evening, and as it was already dark, we were shown immediately to our quarters, which were two canvas tents. We took good care to attend our

fires, but, nevertheless, the water froze in our tents before morning. As we had a great log fire in one of the tents we were joined there in the evening by other travelers whose quarters were near ours, and we managed to be very cozy and comfortable until bedtime. We were

TENAYA LAKE, CALIFORNIA, SEPT. 4, 1921

CANVAS CABINS AT TENAYA LAKE, WHERE WE SPENT THE NIGHT OF SEPT. 3, 1921

L. V. BRIGGS AND PARTY PASSING A MULE TEAM NEAR TIOGA PASS, SEPT. 3, 1921

183

given good but simple food, and at nine everybody retired and the camp was soon dark.

SEPTEMBER 4. — We were awakened at three this morning by the stampede of some horses, belonging to other tourists, which had been left tethered outside the tents, and we soon heard the cause of their fright. There was a sniffing and growling under the flaps of our tents; arising, I discovered that *bears* were trying to break in; they had evidently smelt the remains of our supper and meant to help themselves. We were 184 obliged to drive them off twice during the night, and we did not feel like sleeping very soundly afterwards. We left Tenaya Lake at 7.30 this morning, and had a better chance by daylight to take in the beauty of our surroundings. Some of the ranches about here have Lombardy poplars which are already from thirty to forty years old.

This glacier lake is probably the highest of all the many beautiful California lakes, — 8,141 feet; it is only about a mile across, but for picturesqueness and grandeur of scenery surely no place in the Sierra Range surpasses it. Along the western shore sweeps a beautiful meadow shaded by stately forest trees and watered by crystal streams. The amphitheatre in which it is situated is guarded by lofty granite peaks and ridges, which glistened in the sun like great glaciers, while Cloud's Rest, Mt. Watkins and other high peaks overlooking the chasm of the Yosemite seemed 'but a stone's throw away. The water looks shallow along the western shore, but the bottom shelves off gradually and then drops suddenly to an unknown depth against the base of the precipitous mountain guarding the eastern shore.

After driving through deep woods and on the brinks of many precipices, over a very poor and extremely narrow road, especially bad on the turns, we met with delay at Big Oak Flat Grade, being unable to pass the Yosemite Company's White Car, which was apparently geared differently from our own. However, we passed the "Control" on time and arrived at Yosemite at about two o'clock. We had our lunch beside the Merced River, under the shadow of Bridal

MERCED RIVER, YOSEMITE, SEPT. 4, 1921, NEAR WHERE WE LUNCHEDED IN OUR CAR

HALF DOME, YOSEMITE, AT MIRROR LAKE, SEPT. 5, 1921

YOSEMITE

185

Falls on the right and El Capitan, a 7,500-foot mountain, on the left.

After our lunch we drove through the village to Yosemite Lodge, where we were given a bungalow surrounded by big trees, the same, we were told, that Governor Stevens had recently occupied. We have had to tell the story of our recent experiences several times this evening, for up to this time few have entered the Yosemite by the route we chose. Indeed, we were probably among the very first to go over that road in an automobile, though there is a motor stage route from here to Lake Tenaya (as we learned to our sorrow); at times during the early part of our journey we were held up by roadmakers still at work to make it possible for the first automobiles to pass.

SEPTEMBER 5. — We are still at the Lodge. There is much to see and to marvel at in this world-famed valley of the high Sierras in middle eastern California, with its 1,125 square miles of lofty cliffs, its giant trees, its romantic vistas and waterfalls of stupendous height. After an early morning expedition to Mirror Lake, surely the gem of all lakes, to see the marvelous reflections, and stopping at the Hermit's Cave, we visited the town and called upon Chief Ranger Townsley, from whom we obtained much information about the work being done in the reservation under his direction. We also went to the Zoo and saw specimens of various wild animals from this region,

including wild cats, mountain lions and bears. Then we went to the Yosemite Indian Settlement, where we saw that celebrated old Indian woman, Lucy.

186

This valley was formerly occupied by hostile Indians and was not seen by white men until 1850, when a number of them formed a military company to punish the then murderous Indians and to compel peace, and later a similar expedition under Captain Bolling invaded their stronghold and killed or stampeded its defenders. Peace was declared, but soon afterward the stampeded Indians returned and recommenced hostilities by murdering two miners and burying their bodies near Bridal Veil Falls, which act resulted in their being driven out of the valley by an expedition of whites in 1852, and later in their complete extinction by the friendly tribe of Mono Indians. For four years afterward different bands of Indians held peaceful possession of the valley before the final incursion of white tourists, who seem to have held possession ever since. The first trail through the valley was made on the Mariposa side in 1856, but of course it was many years before any but the very adventurous tourist undertook this expedition which has now become so popular.

We returned to our Lodge for lunch, where we met Miss Ida Stauff, an interesting woman who is instructor of languages at Stanford University.

In the afternoon we hired a well-known guide, who calls himself "Professor Herbert E. Wilson, Official Escort." Wilson is an entertaining fellow, who has written a good deal about this valley. He knows the Indians well, speaks their language, and can dress up in disguise as an Indian so that it is impossible to tell him from a real aborigine.

This evening Wilson took us to see the night sights in the valley. First he drove us at a rattling pace

L. CABOT BRIGGS, L. VERNON BRIGGS AND CHAUFFEUR, W. G. ANDERSON, ON THE YOSEMITE TRAIL, SEPT. 5, 1921

HALF DOME, YOSEMITE, SEPT. 5, 1921

VIEW ON THE WAY FROM YOSEMITE TO GLACIER POINT, SEPT. 6, 1921

187

forty or fifty miles an hour — over an awfully rough and perfectly dark road, for four and a half miles from the Lodge to a refuse or garbage heap in the woods. Turning his lights on this dump we saw eight bears feeding. With his small Ford he put after first one and then another of them until all had disappeared except two, a black and a brown one, which he treed. Then he took us to Camp Curry, a tourist settlement of about 640 tents of various sizes. Next we stopped opposite Glacier Point, where there is a famous overhanging rock which juts out into space 3,200 feet high. On top of this a bonfire had been started with many small branches and pieces of fir, etc. When these were all aglow those who had been nursing the fire gradually pushed it over the precipice of 3,000 feet so slowly that it looked like some giant falls ablaze, — a splendid sight, which lasted for half an hour or more, — after which we returned to the Lodge for the night.

SEPTEMBER 6. — At half past seven this morning we left Yosemite. Quite a number of new-made friends arose to see us off. First we stopped at Glacier Point, opposite where we watched the fiery cataract last night, reaching there about eleven o'clock, after a rough drive but with many fine views. This is the most magnificent outlook in the Yosemite, 7,214 feet above sea level and 3,254 feet above the valley. We walked about from point to point above the steep precipices to get the glorious views of mountains and falls, the "Little Yosemite," and the high peaks of the Sierras. We had a cafeteria lunch at Glacier Point and then drove to Wawona, over the Wawona Road, a beautiful panorama of mountain scenery all the way.

188

At Wawona we left our luggage and went on to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. The road to the grove is so narrow cars run on it at a speed of twelve miles an hour in one direction, leaving Wawona on the even hours and returning on the odd hours only, so as to avoid passing. This wonderful grove is situated at an altitude of 6,500 feet above sea level. We marveled much at the ages of these great trees, and at their size; at the towering mountain ranges, startling precipices and a cave of considerable size. We had our lunch under the shadow of the king of them all, the

“Grizzly Bear” or “Grizzly Giant,” which is said to be over 5,000 years old. It is 32 feet in diameter (96 feet in circumference), and it is estimated that it would cut a million feet of lumber. I took a photograph of Cabot standing by this tree — he looked like a mere pygmy. A tunnel for the road was cut through the trunk of another great tree, “Wawona,” in 1880, through which automobiles are driven and stages with four horses, without any apparent injury to the tree.

These giant trees are the *oldest living things in the world*; estimates vary as to their age from about 2,000 to 6,000 years. The Sierra Nevadas lack the glaciers, the frequent rains, the rich verdure of the Alps, but they surpass any other mountains I know of in the world in the wealth and grace of their trees. “The Big Tree,” says Professor Whitney, “is extremely limited in its range, even more so than its twin brother, the Redwood. The latter is strictly a coast range, or seaboard tree; the other, inland, or exclusively limited to the Sierras. . . . The Big Tree has never been found outside of California, and probably never will be. It may be roughly stated that their area does not,

VIEW FROM GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE, SEPT. 6, 1921, CABOT IN THE FOREGROUND

BIG TREE AT WAWONA, SAID TO BE 5,000 YEARS OLD. L. CABOT BRIGGS STANDING AT THE FOOT OF THE TREE, SEPT. 6, 1921

189

so far as is yet known, exceed fifty square miles, and most of this is in one path, between King's and Kaweah Rivers.”

There are two groups of big trees in the Mariposa Grove, half a mile apart, lying in a little valley which occupies a depression on the back of a ridge running almost in an easterly direction between Big Creek and the South Merced. A branch of this creek heads in the grove, and as a rule the largest trees are found nearer the water, though several of the very largest are on the hillside south of the creek, quite high above the stream. Going a little farther up on the ridge above the grove, we had a very fine view of the country, and especially of the Merced group. There are eight distinct groves of 252 acres of these big trees in middle eastern California, numbering some 12,000 trees of these *sequoia gigantea* variety, over 10 feet in diameter — some of them 25 to 36 feet. Endlicher,

who named this genus, was not only a botanist but an ethnologist; he named it for Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian of mixed blood, born in Alabama about 1770, who invented an alphabet and a written language for his tribe. We drove back to Wawona for the night through a denuded forest, after our marvelous day at Mariposa.

SEPTEMBER 7. — We started out again at 7.30 this morning from Wawona, and after about three hours in the high hills we passed down through a grazing flat to Merced, where we arrived about two o'clock and dismissed our automobile. We took rooms for a few hours at a fairly good local hotel, and at 5.53 P.M. we boarded our train for San Francisco, where we arrived at 10.40 this evening. It was very lovely crossing the bay and looking out at the lights of the 190 beautiful city as we approached. We were met here by Kelly, the owner of our automobile, who took us to the St. Francis Hotel, where we found comfortable rooms and our trunks awaiting us. Things change very rapidly in California in these days. As we passed through Oakland, the key to San Francisco, we noted the results of \$2,500,000 recently spent on harbor improvements, and among the developments which are new to me are the outfitting station of the Alaska Packers' Fishing Association, which is a huge wall of concrete built at a cost of nearly \$3,000,000; the new Hotel Oakland, constructed at a cost of \$1,500,000; the Museum; the Chamber of Commerce; the cotton mills, representing an investment of over \$1,000,000; the modern schools; and a new \$2,500,000 City Hall. Fortunately the great skyscrapers of New York are unknown here, and the Hotel St. Francis, fourteen stories high, is the highest building in San Francisco. It faces Union Square and is the center of social life down town. It has an excellent chef, an up-to-date orchestra for dancing, ball and banquet rooms, and a cafe whose walls are embellished with paintings by Albert Herter.

SEPTEMBER 8. — Today we had a call from Obadiah Rich, my old friend of the Palace-Grand Hotel, but now manager of the Clift Hotel, to whom I have referred in previous visits. We all went shopping and bought ranger's hats for Cabot and myself, then to Chinatown, where we found Chinese silk materials and many articles of especial interest in the shops of Kin Lung & Co. and Quong on Wo & Co. on Dupont street, including some enameled cups. This afternoon I called on Mr. Jackson, the son of Colonel Jackson 191 of the Napa Soda Springs, of whom I have already written, and I ordered some soda water sent to me in Boston — the same Napa Spring water as of

1882 which I bought of Colonel Jackson at the Springs that year (see Chapter I). This, at least, has not changed, and no lemonade is so delicious as that made with this spring water.

SEPTEMBER 9. — We had a most delightful drive today with Mr. and Mrs. Rich, over Nob Hill, where are located the sumptuous residences of the early railroad and mining millionaires, — the Flood house, the Leland Stanford and the Mark Hopkins mansions. Then we went to the Presidio to get the beautiful harbor view. (The word *Presidio* in Spanish signifies a garrison post; this was the first permanent settlement, made in 1776, within the limits of what is now San Francisco.) Then we went to the Cliff House — more changes, indeed! This is the fourth hotel of this famous name to occupy the same site since 1863. Kings, Presidents and Lords have wined and dined here and watched the sea lions play in the waters at the foot of the cliffs. The Spaniards called the sea lions *sea wolves*. The Adolph Sutro Baths and Museum, on the Pacific Ocean, near the Cliff House, claim to contain the “largest indoor natatorium in the world.” Everything is large in California! The Golden Gate Park of 1,013 acres is in process of development. From it we had beautiful views of the bay and of the Golden Gate. Wild animals of many species already inhabit the enclosures which have been built for them; broad roads overarched by shade trees lead one past beds of richly colored flowers and across picturesque stone bridges which span artificial lakes, and up to the summit 192 of Strawberry Hill, 428 feet above the ocean. It is indeed a lovely spot, and the views from beneath the fine trees remind one of old engravings. We also visited the Mission Dolores, within whose adobe walls services have been held for more than one hundred and thirty years. It presents a combination of the Moorish, Mission and Corinthian styles. In 1776 the dwellings for the Indians which were grouped about the mission buildings were built chiefly of willow poles, thatched, and later adobe houses roofed with tiles were built.

This evening Major Esterly and Mr. Siebert, friends of my days at Camp Devens, in 1917, called to see me.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10. — Polly, Cabot and I went shopping again in Chinatown, with Mr. Samuel Henry Kent, who is now in his ninetieth year; we lunched together at the St. Francis Hotel, and at 6 o'clock we all dined with Mr. and Mrs. Rich* at the Clift Hotel. We found

Chinatown as interesting as ever. Rudyard Kipling said, after his visit there, "It is a ward of the city of Canton, set down in the most eligible business quarter of San Francisco," and so it seems to us. As one strolls along Grant Avenue,

BAY AT CARMEL NEAR MONTEREY, CAL., SEPT. 11, 1921

VIEW FROM GLACIER POINT, SEPT. 6, 1921

193

between Pine and Jackson streets, one cannot help admiring the architectural construction of the buildings and the interesting Chinese goods displayed in the shop windows. Most of the Chinese here are from Canton or its surrounding cities. The city of Canton, China, has been modernized, I understand, as has the Chinatown of San Francisco. The squalid quarter of years ago has been cleansed by fire, and Chinatown has been transformed from the disgusting quarter I found it in 1881 and 1882 into a rather picturesque modern settlement.

Obadiah Rich, famed San Francisco hotel man, died today, April 20, 1925, at a Christian Science Rest Home at 1436 Balboa Street, where he was taken last Friday, after being stricken on Wednesday with apoplexy at the Clift Hotel, of which he was manager. He was seventy-two years old and most of his life had been passed in the hotels that made this city noted among travelers around the world, — the old Palace and the Grand, when a bridge over New Montgomery Street connected them, the Fairmont and finally the Clift. He was born in Truro, Massachusetts, and came to San Francisco when a young man to become clerk in the Grand Hotel. He soon became assistant manager of both the Grand and the Palace, under Col. John C. Kirkpatrick, succeeding to the managership on the colonel's death. Afterwards he became manager of the Fairmont and the Palace, and then was made head of the Clift. He is survived by his widow, a sister in the East, and a cousin, Mrs. Samuel Augusta Moody of San Francisco.

SEPTEMBER 12. — Yesterday we left San Francisco at two in the afternoon by the Southern Pacific Railway, and arrived at Monterey at six o'clock; we came directly to the Hotel Del Monte, where we found most luxurious accommodation. The hotel stands in a park of one hundred and twenty-five acres, with ancient oaks and stately pines interspersed with lawns, shrubbery and beds of flowers. There is a splendid Roman 194 swimming pool here, and an indoor pool at the bathing beach, and there are good golf links, where Cabot enjoyed playing this morning. The beautiful bay of Monterey sweeps in a half circle, surrounded by miles of sun-rimmed beach and rocky bluffs. We took the seventeen-mile Drive through the Del Monte Forest, with beautiful views all the way

of the hills and the bay, where we saw cormorants and pelicans on the rocks. Some of the Monterey cypresses, which look much like Italian cypresses, or stone pines, are said to be a thousand years old. The hotel has a club house at Carmel by the Sea, Carmel Bay, where we went out in a glass-bottomed boat and looked down at the red, green, purple and yellow fish, the starfish and sea urchins, many feet below us among beautiful seaweeds.

Few of us in the East know much of the history of California. The Spanish settled early on these coasts and built up flourishing missions; their romantic names and the dates are interesting and make one want to learn more about the life and times of these adventurers. In 1542, Roderiguez Cabrillo landed in the Bay of Monterey, and in 1602 Sebastian Vizcanino claimed the country for the King of Spain, naming it for his patron, the Count de Monte Rey, at that time Viceroy of Mexico.

The appearance of the country made a deep impression upon the enthusiastic navigator, and he departed with the hope of soon returning to found a church and a settlement. Several attempts were made to reach the spot again, but in vain, probably owing to the difficulty of identifying the location on Vizcanino's 195 map, as well as to the dangers encountered on the way, and it was one hundred and sixty-eight years before the foot of a white man again trod the soil of Monterey. Finally, in 1770, this spot was occupied by valiant Jesuits, under Padre Junipero, who held Mass there for the first time on June 3 of that year. The bell which called the faithful together was hung from a tree, the location of which was marked by a cross to celebrate the centennial of their occupation.

The fine old Mission Church of San Carlos de Borromeo remains to this day. It was the second of the twenty-one missions established in California, the mission at San Diego being the first. In that same year, 1770, Gaspar de Portola, the first Governor of Alta, California, established a presidio and garrison at Monterey, which remained the capital of California until 1849. Some ruins of the old fort may still be seen near a Mexican fort of a later date, and farther up the hill the Americans built their fort when they seized the country in 1846. The old Custom House is also a picturesque and interesting landmark; in fact, this place is full of old landmarks of early American history.

SEPTEMBER 13. — Cabot got out early this morning for an hour on the golf links before we started on our journey to Santa Barbara by the 10.25 A.M. train on the Southern Pacific. The first part of the journey was not very interesting, but we enjoyed going over the Horse Shoe Curve and along the ocean front with its long lines of curving breakers. We arrived at Santa Barbara at 7.15 P.M. and found very comfortable rooms at the Hotel Arlington. My sister Velma, who is our objective, is still living in Santa Barbara. I am happy 196 to say that she is in much better health than she was a year ago, though she still has to be very careful. She has been here so long that she may almost be called a resident of Santa Barbara.

SEPTEMBER 14. — It is not surprising that this place has become so famous as a winter resort. Its beautiful curving beach faces directly to the south, and it is backed by the sloping foothills of the towering Santa Ynez Range; the climate is mild and delightful, and many fine winter homes have been erected here. The city is comparatively new, built on the site of an old mission settlement, and there is a fine esplanade bordered with palms, the Plaza del Mar, which flanks the beach. A Spanish settlement was made here in 1782 by Ortega, but the present city dates from 1851. The old mission of Santa Barbara, founded in 1786, is one of the relics of the early days.

After lunch Mary Gray (Mrs. Roland Gray of Boston) called and drove us out to her home in Montecito, which borders on the sea, four miles from Santa Barbara. We had supper with them, — Roland, Robin, Molly and Christopher and Elizabeth Thacher. Afterwards Cabot played croquet with the children and then Mary sent us home in her automobile.

SEPTEMBER 16. — As we came to Santa Barbara to visit Velma, we spend several hours each day with her. She has been ill and is still confined to her room, but seems to be gaining every day. We found the Arlington rather draughty and noisy, so we removed this morning to 'El Mirasol, formerly the residence of Albert Herter, now converted into a very attractive bungalow hotel. The house, designed by Delano & Aldrich of New York, is said to be one of the most perfect

L. CABOT BRIGGS ON THE GOLF LINKS AT MONTEREY, CAL., SEPT. 11, 1921

L. CABOT BRIGGS AT MISS BAYLOR's WALNUT GROVE (HARVEST TIME), SANTA BARBARA, SEPT. 21, 1921 (See page 198)

197

specimens of Spanish architecture in all California. The bungalows in which the guests are quartered are in harmony with the main house, which has been remodeled to provide a central dining room, lounging rooms and office, but the main features of the original house, with its beautiful patio surrounding a court with an exquisite marble fountain, have not been spoiled. The smaller dining room is called the Peacock Room, and is decorated by two panels by Albert Herter. This afternoon I left this delightful spot to visit the Santa Barbara clinic with Dr. Koefod, my sister's physician and my own good friend, who introduced me to members of the staff. This is a most up-to-date clinic, not unlike one or two of our very best in Boston — Dr. Edwin A. Locke's, for instance, or Dr. Harry W. Goodall's. Dr. Koefod (who was for a time at the Psychopathic Hospital, Boston, studying) also took me to visit some of his patients, and introduced me, among others, to Mr. Cluett, of Cluett, Peabody & Co., and Mr. Wrigley, of chewing gum fame.

SEPTEMBER 17. — Today we took a beautiful drive to the Ojai Valley, fifteen miles inland, by way of Ventura, and lunched with Mary Gray at her delightful home in this beautiful valley. This valley is a great amphitheatre, with mountain walls rising on all sides. It reminds one of the great parks of old oaks in England, but here the oaks are all the more beautiful because the hand of man has not interfered to mar the work of nature. The delightful climate of this valley has made it famous as a health resort. Ventura, or San Buenaventura, as it was originally called, four miles south of Santa Barbara, is a fine 198 Seaport town, beautifully situated on the shore about twenty to fifty feet above high tide. The surf runs along the foot of the streets, and Mrs. Gray has chosen well these two places for her abode in California. We came home by way of Toro Canyon, and were shown through some of the lovely estates. We made a short call on Velma before returning to our hotel for dinner. Afterwards we went to see “Dear Brutus,” given by the Community Arts Association.

SEPTEMBER 18. — Dr. Koefod called after lunch and drove us out to the Knapp place in Montecito. There are outside and inside bathing pools and beautiful garden walks and views. Afterwards Cabot went on to the Grays to swim with them in the Pacific, at Miramar. We stopped for him later and we all went to call on Mrs. Koefod; with the Koefods we all went to tea at the Samarkand Hotel, which is finished in Sumptuous Persian style.

SEPTEMBER 20. — Yesterday Cabot played golf at the La Cumbre Golf and Country Club, and today, after visiting Velma, we remained quietly in our comfortable quarters and received calls from Dr. and Mrs. Jean, Miss Curtis and Dr. Brush, who took us for a drive and showed us the McCormick estate, where he holds the position of private physician to young Mr. McCormick.

SEPTEMBER 21. — Miss Baylor called for us today in her automobile and took us to her walnut ranch, a delightful drive. We picked and ate walnuts and sampled her strawberries, raspberries, grapes, melons, apples, tomatoes, lemons, etc., and then we went to afternoon tea at Mrs. Weld's.

SEPTEMBER 22. — Polly and I went shopping this

“CASA DE PAZ,” MARY GRAY'S HOUSE IN THE OJAI VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, SEPT. 17, 1921

L. CABOT BRIGGS ON THE LA CUMBRA GOLF LINKS, SANTA BARBARA, SEPT. 19, 1921

SAN INEZ MISSION, SEPT. 23, 1921

CABOT ON THE STEPS OF THE COTTAGE WE OCCUPIED AT THE EL MIRASOL, SANTA BARBARA, SEPTEMBER, 1921

199

morning, and, as usual, to see Velma. In the afternoon we had tea with Miss Curtis in an adobe house, and afterwards went to see other adobe houses and some old furniture places. Miss Curtis

returned with us for dinner. For the evening I gave a little talk, at Dr. Koefod's request, to the doctors of the Santa Barbara Clinic.

SEPTEMBER 23. — We all went for a hundred mile drive today, over the wonderful San Marco Pass, which is well worth seeing, and through the Santa Ynez Valley. The San Marco Ranch of 10,000 acres was set afire a week ago, supposedly by people who had been refused the right to fish there. It was slow going in the valley, which was hot and dusty, so the drive took us all day from ten o'clock until half past four. This valley is thirty miles long. The soil is chiefly loam, and the surface lies in a series of terraces, 25, 45 and 95 feet, respectively, above the bed of the river. We stopped to visit the interesting old Santa Ynez Mission, and were shown the original vestments (1804), the old silver service and the wall paintings. We came back to the shore over the Gaviotta Pass, and home.

SEPTEMBER 24. — This morning I spent with Velma. Mary Gray came for Cabot at eleven o'clock and took him to swim with the young people and for lunch, bringing him back at three o'clock. Soon afterwards Dr. and Mrs. Jean called and took us on the Mountain Drive, from which we looked down on Santa Barbara and had beautiful views of mountains and sea. At five o'clock we arrived at the La Paz Tea House at Montecito, prettily situated on a hill, which overlooks other hills. Here we had tea and met Dr. 200 and Mrs. Bissell, formerly of Minnesota, and another doctor and his wife from New York City. This evening we gave a dinner at El Mirasol to Dr. and Mrs. Koefod, Dr. and Mrs. Jean, Roland and Mary Gray and their son John. The El Mirasol outdid themselves and served a delicious dinner, and we had a very pleasant evening.

SEPTEMBER 25. — Miss Baylor, formerly of Massachusetts, called for us in her automobile and we spent a very pleasant morning in her house and gardens. This is the house in which Miss Charlotte Bowditch of Jamaica Plain used to live. Miss Baylor showed us her pictures, a good many paintings by Lundgren, including a particularly good one of the Grand Canyon and also Hunt's original sketch for his "Drummer Boy." In Miss Baylor's garden there are nests of quail who come back year after year to raise their young, knowing that they will be protected.

Later in the afternoon, after I made my daily visit to Velma, Dr. Bissell called and took us to afternoon tea at Mrs. Oliver's and then to his own home, where Mrs. Bissell had prepared a very dainty tea for us, with delicious waffles and pretty round balls of different colored melons. I went back to Velma's after dinner and had a lovely evening with her. It has been very warm here — 100 in the shade for some days.

SEPTEMBER 26. — This morning, after shopping for Chinese and Japanese things at Benz's, we called on Dr. Williams, who showed us the De la Guerra house where he lives. Then we spent the rest of the morning and all of the afternoon with Velma. Our hotel bill at El Mirasol for ten days was \$911.10, but it was 201 a delightful hostelry, pleasantly located, and with most delicious food. We left this evening on the 7.34 train for Los Angeles, arriving there at 10.40, with the thermometer at 101. We came directly to the Hotel Alexander.

SEPTEMBER 27. — Dr. and Mrs. James T. Fisher called last evening shortly after our arrival and took us to the grill room of our hotel for refreshments and music and to watch the dancing. The weather is too hot to remain in Los Angeles. After driving us through the old residential part of Los Angeles, Captain Fisher put us on the train at 11.30 this morning for the Grand Canyon of Arizona, where we hope it will be cooler. Los Angeles has grown beyond all recognition and is now a great modern metropolis, with fine streets, skyscrapers and a network of trolley lines and railways; but there are twenty-one parks within the city limits, and the residence district is lovely, with its tree-shaded avenues, pretty houses and semi-tropical foliage, its graceful pepper trees and acacias, tall palms, eucalyptus, orange and lemon trees. But the city this year certainly belies its good reputation for an equable climate, and we shall be glad, indeed, to reach higher altitudes. When our train reached San Bernardino today the temperature was 108 degrees, and at 4 P.M. at Barstow the thermometer in our car registered 115 degrees. All the passengers in the car were calling for ice, which they put into their handkerchiefs and held to their heads. We left the Needles at 8.30 P.M. and soon afterwards the thermometer fell to 92 degrees.

SEPTEMBER 28. — At 7 A.M., when we reached Williams, the thermometer had fallen to 68 degrees, much to our relief. At half-past eight we arrived at 202 the Grand Canyon of Arizona and

found good rooms ready for us at the Hotel El Tovar, which is located at the end of the railway branch from Williams, at the head of Bright Angel Trail, elevation 6,866 feet. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the greatest chasm in the world, was made a National Park on February 26, 1919. Within its present boundaries are included the Kaibab National Forest on the south and the Tusayan National Forest on the north. It is really not one canyon, but a series of canyons, a granite gorge chiseled out by the mighty Colorado River, flanked on either side by tier upon tier of huge architectural forms — great mountains carved by erosion from the solid rock strata which lie exposed in layers to the desert sun; and the magnificence of these mighty formations is equaled by the splendor of the ever-changing colors. My little guidebook is so well written that I am tempted to copy the following sentences, which describe better than I can do the marvels of this greatest of all canyons:

It adds to the scientific wonder and universal impressiveness of this unparalleled chasm that it is not in some stupendous mountain range, but in a vast arid lofty floor, of nearly 100,000 square miles — as it were, a crack in the upper story of the continent. There is no preparation for it. Unless you have been told, you would no more dream that out yonder amid the pines the flat earth is slashed to its very bowels than you would expect to find an iceberg on Broadway. With a very ordinary running jump from the spot where you get your first glimpse of the Canyon you could go down 2,000 feet without touching. It is as sudden as a well. But it is no mere cleft. It is a terrific trough 6,000 or 7,000 feet deep, 10 to 20 miles wide, hundreds of miles long, peopled with hundreds of peaks taller than any mountain east of the Rockies, yet not one of them with its head so high as your feet,

GUIDE, MRS. L. V. BRIGGS, L. CABOT BRIGGS, L. V. BRIGGS, STARTING ON A TWO DAYS' TRIP DOWN HERMIT TRAIL, GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA, SEPT. 30, 1921

L. CABOT BRIGGS (LEADING), MRS. L. V. BRIGGS AND THE GUIDE GOING DOWN THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA BY THE HERMIT TRAIL, SEPT. 30, 1921

and all ablaze with such color as no eastern or European landscape ever knew even in the Alpen glow. . . . Amid those enchanted towers — castles which the vastness of the scale leads you to call “Rocks,” but which in fact are as big above the river bed as the Rockies from Denver, and bigger than Mt. Washington from Fabyan's or the Glen.

We spent the morning enjoying the wonderful views from the terrace of the hotel and the refreshment of the invigorating air after our hot week in a torrid temperature. This afternoon we got an automobile and drove 65 miles to the Painted Desert View, partly in the Hopi Indian Reservation. We started out through the tall pines of the Tusayan forest, and stopped at Thor's Hammer and Grand View, from which we had splendid outlooks over the Canyon, showing the Great Bend of the Colorado River and its marvelous course all the way from Bright Angel Creek to Marble Canyon. No wonder the cliff dwellers were inspired to make their homes in these rocks. We paused to visit these cliff dwellings at Cliff Dwellers Point, and stopped again in the late afternoon at Lincoln's Point, 8,000 feet high, where we had the most magnificent view of all; then we went on to our destination, Navajo Point, or Painted Desert View, where we stayed until long after sunset, reveling in the marvelous display of colors, — a glory of colors, mystic and unreal, which seem unbelievable until one has actually seen a sunset in the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

SEPTEMBER 29. We visited the Hopi Indians and saw them dance in costume the Butterfly dance, the Hopi war dance and the Eagle dance. These Indians still cling to their high dwelling places and live almost wholly by agriculture. They are said to be industrious, thrifty, orderly and mirthful, and seem really to enjoy their dancing. The Navajo Indians also have a reservation, one of the largest in the United States, on the borders of the Marble Canyon. Their women weave fine blankets, and some of the men are expert silversmiths, who make bracelets, rings and other articles from Mexican coin silver. They are a pastoral people, intelligent, and, like the Hopis, self-supporting.

At nine this morning we started by automobile for the Hermit Trail, east of the Havasupai Indian Reservation. We drove by the long way seven and one-half miles to the head of Hermit Basin, over an excellent road, made on the very rim of the Canyon; at many places there is a drop of 2,000 feet

sheer from within a rod of the edge of the road. Along the entire route the gigantic panorama of the Grand Canyon unfolds itself, a series of magnificent views. We paused on Maricopa Point to enjoy the glorious spectacle before us and to see the impressive monument which has been erected to the memory of Maj. John W. Powell, who made the first explorations and survey of the Canyon. The memorial is constructed of native rock and represents an Aztec sacrificial altar.

Arriving at the head of Hermit Trail we engaged one Dick Ray as guide, and, mounted on mules, we rode seven and one-half miles down the first 3,500 feet to Hermit Camp, which has been built on a plateau at the foot of a lofty peak. The trail is four feet wide, well kept, and descends by what are called "easy grades." Perhaps our mules found them so! We next descended to the foot of Hermit Basin, where

MARY CABOT BRIGGS ON THE HERMIT TRAIL, GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA, OCT. 1, 1921

L. CABOT BRIGGS, MRS. L. V. BRIGGS, WITH THE GUIDE LEADING, GOING UP THE HERMIT TRAIL, OCT. 1, 1921

205

the red wall begins. From Red Top to Cathedral Stairs the trail leads along the steep east wall of Hermit Gorge, almost on a level, but at Cathedral Stairs we came to an abrupt descent through the blue limestone, by a succession of very short zigzags, which almost took our breath away, and we were glad of an hour's rest at the camp before proceeding down the new trail to the Colorado River, which lies at its foot, ten miles farther, and over 6,000 feet below the rim of the Canyon. Here we had a marvelous river view and remained for over an hour, watching the long, narrow, very rough rapids. It is only by thus descending into the Canyon over this long and circuitous trail that one comes to any realization of the enormous sizes of the strange rock formations. We rode back over the ten miles of trail as far as Hermit Camp, 3,500 feet below the rim, where we were given a comfortable tent with pine floor and sides for the night. Polly is to sleep in the shack and Cabot and I on the front porch. It rained torrents in the night. Folly rode beautifully today, as she always does,

whatever her mount, and Cabot has a fine seat and handles himself perfectly, being afraid neither of steep precipices nor hazardous climbs and descents, even when his mule was kicking and jumping on the very edge of the trail. Our only companions on this day's journey were Mr. and Mrs. George Marden (or Martin), who are also spending the night at the camp.

OCTOBER 1. The showers which laid the dust and cooled the air yesterday were so heavy in the night, with a strong wind, that everything got wet inside of our shack, and we were all more or less drenched. 206 These showers have continued at intervals today. We breakfasted this morning at half-past six, under the shadow of Hermit Peak and within sound of the waters of a friendly creek; then we mounted our mules and started on our return journey in a driving rain. We reached the rim at 11.45 A.M., after much difficulty with our mules, who slipped badly on the wet stones. At times one or another of them refused to move until one of us got behind the obstinate animal and whipped him along. At the rim we found Curley, the chauffeur, and an automobile to take us back to El Tovar, only four miles by the short road. The rain had abated for the last part of our journey, but just as we arrived at the hotel it began to pour again, and it rained hard all day, with the thermometer at 68 degrees. The Canyon was filled with clouds and looked like a vast ocean beyond the rim.

OCTOBER 2. — We spent a quiet morning in the neighborhood of the hotel, walking along the rim and enjoying the ever-changing views of the Canyon after the storm. We left by train this evening at 7.45 for Williams, which lies at the base of Bill Williams Mountain, 9,000 feet high — rather an uninteresting town of 1,500 inhabitants, some thirty-five miles from Flagstaff, Arizona. Here we are to remain until morning, when we are to be picked up by the Overland Limited.

OCTOBER 3. — We have been traveling all day through Arizona and New Mexico and have had glimpses of many Indian villages, — Hopis, Navajoes, Apaches, Zunis and Pueblos. We made some purchases from them when our train halted. Cabot

MARY CABOT BRIGGS AND HER SON, L. CABOT BRIGGS, AT THE FOOT OF HERMIT TRAIL ON THE COLORADO RIVER IN THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA, OCT. 1, 1921

207 bought a picture which he fancied from a Pueblo Indian and a bowl from a Zuni, and I purchased a very curious ring from a Zuni Indian, a greenish turquoise set in silver. We have had a very interesting day; the weather has been cool and there has been almost no dust.

OCTOBER 5. — Yesterday we passed through Kansas, and the weather was still delightful. This morning we reached Chicago at 10.30 and found very pleasant rooms ready for us at the Drake Hotel, overlooking Lake Michigan and on its shores. We spent the day sightseeing. First we visited the Art Museum, where we saw a remarkable exhibition of French masters, — Monets, Daubignys, Corots, — and one painting by Baque, but not as fine as my wife's "Coast Guard," by Baque. Then we went to the Museum of Natural History, just being completed and still surrounded by the city dump. From there we drove to Lincoln Park, where we arrived just in time to see the lions, tigers, jackals, bears and sea lions fed. We lingered long before the great St. Gaudens statue of Lincoln, which seems to me the most lifelike statue in the whole world, and of the greatest man.

OCTOBER 7. — We left Chicago at 11.30 yesterday and arrived in Boston at half-past three this afternoon. At Springfield, Massachusetts, this morning, we were glad to see the familiar faces of Major Cort, who was with me in the A. E. F., and his wife, who had come to the station to greet us. In Boston we were met by our own chauffeurs, George Davidson and Charles Blanchette, and were glad to get home again after a delightful trip.

208

CHAPTER IX

VISIT TO SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, 1923

Once again I was summoned suddenly to California on account of my sister's serious illness. Dr. Koefod's diagnosis, according to his telegram, was "subphrenic abscess," and as she desired me to come to her I left my family in Hancock, New Hampshire, where we were spending the summer, and hastened westward again.

On July 24, 1923, my wife saw me off on the 3.10 P.M. train from the South Station. Soon after the train started I made the acquaintance of the other passenger in my section, a young man who had come to America from England for his health, R. Norman Bollans by name, whose home is in Wallasey, Cheshire, near Liverpool, where he is engaged in business with his father. I found him a delightful fellow and the acquaintance begun at that time has lasted until the time of writing this book (1931).

Arriving at Chicago at 3 P.M. on July 25, Mr. Bollans and I walked about the city and had supper together at the LaSalle Street Station, where there is a most excellent restaurant; we left Chicago at 6.30 P.M. on the Golden State Limited.

JULY 26. — We arrived at Kansas City at 8.15 A.M., breakfasted at the station, and left again at 9.05. All during the night it seemed as if we were passing nothing but trainloads of hogs, which almost continuously threw a disgusting odor into our car; it seemed to enter readily and be loath to leave. There were five children in our car under six years of age, and between them they kept up an almost continual disturbance all night. Today the temperature on the train was from 96 to 106 degrees, — the latter at Pratt Station. JULY 27. — The temperature in our car today was from 96 to 100 degrees, though at times we had a nice breeze from the east, but going in the same direction we received little benefit from it excepting when we stopped. At El Paso my latest friend left me, but I met an interesting mining engineer who had resided for twenty-five years on the Mexican Border. He says that it seldom rains more than 2 inches a year in this section. He pointed out to me many “road runners,” — birds that look like poorly fed pheasants; he tells me that he has chased them on his horse for fifteen to twenty miles, but he never had a horse fast enough to catch up with one of them; they never fly or leave the ground, but always keep at least 30 to 50 feet ahead. As we neared Cloudcroft (7,000 feet high), a famous summer resort, I discovered on the train a Mr. Biggey of El Paso, another mining engineer, and made friends with two little girls who were traveling alone, Vivian Crawford and her sister, aged eleven and nine years, whom I invited to dine with me tonight.

JULY 28. — After a very hot night, — the thermometer being 102 degrees until nearly noon today, when it rose to 104, — we came to Salton Sea, a sheet of water forty miles long, which broke into

the desert 210 twelve years ago, near India, where there is a large date orchard. Today I met and talked with still another engineer, Chester B. Loomis, of Los Angeles. Near Colton we came to the Italian Syndicate Vineyards of over 40,000 acres, and passed through one 5,000-acre vineyard. It was still very hot when we arrived at Los Angeles, where I changed cars for Santa Barbara. I was met at the station there by Dr. Koefod, who took me to my rooms at the Arlington and then for dinner at the Carillo Adobe. After dinner he drove me to Montecito, where he called on a patient, and then took me to the Cottage Hospital to see my little sister, who had been having a rest period during which I was forbidden to see her. She is already improving, and, I am sure, is going to get well. It is needless to say that we were very, very glad to see each other.

AUGUST 2. — For the last few days I have spent much of the time with Velma, and this morning she greeted me with the words, "It is so nice to feel better!" I certainly feel repaid for having come. During these days I have lunched with Miss Baylor; dined with Dr. Wills; lunched with Mrs. Benjamin Young, at the Arlington Hotel where we are both stopping; called on Mrs. Bacon, one of the delightful residents of Santa Barbara; and, under the guidance of Dr. Koefod, have also called on Peter Cooper Brice and Governor Dix, at their residences in Montecito, after which Dr. Koefod again took me to dinner at the Carillo Adobe, at 15 East Carillo Street. My cousin Elizabeth Briggs is now staying in Santa Barbara, and I have had her to lunch with me; and I have called on Mr. and Mrs. John Wallace Brown and the

PRESIDENT AND MRS. WARREN G. HARDING, BRIGADIER GENERAL SAWYER ON HER RIGHT (IN UNIFORM), RECEIVING THEIR FRIENDS FROM MARION, OHIO, AT THE WHITE HOUSE, JUNE 10, 1921. L. V. BRIGGS PRESENT BUT NOT VISIBLE IN THE PICTURE.

211 Matthew girls. Today Dr. Koefod gave a delicious and well-served luncheon for me at the Montecito Country Club. There were fourteen covers; the guests, all physicians, included Drs. Adler, Hotchkiss, Williams, Henderson, Profant, Brush, Muzum, Sansome, Brown, Robinson, Ullmans, Pember. After lunch, Dr. Koefod left me at the Cottage Hospital, where I am spending as much time as possible with my sister.

That summer President Warren G. Harding, against the advice of his physicians and friends, had made a trip to the northwest coast, where it was reported that he had ptomaine poisoning. On his reaching San Francisco, the newspapers came out with the statement that the President had pneumonia.

Attending Mr. Harding on his trip were two physicians, Brigadier-General Charles E. Sawyer, the White House physician, and Dr. Hubert Work, the Secretary of the Interior. Having been more or less intimately associated in my work for the veterans with both President Harding and Brigadier-General Sawyer, and knowing both Dr. Sawyer and Dr. Work to be psychiatrists and probably not in touch with the latest methods of internal medicine, I sent special delivery letters to both of these physicians, setting forth my opinion that they, as psychiatrists, should have the best medical advice obtainable to assist them in the responsibility in the care of the President, who was so seriously ill of pneumonia; and I recommended as such an expert Dr. Hilmer O. Koefod, whose successful work with pneumonia I had seen in several cases in Santa Barbara. My letters arrived in San Francisco on August 1, and Dr. Work immediately answered, his letter being postmarked 6.30 P.M., saying that the President was improving rapidly, and that they did not anticipate any serious complication. Dr. Sawyer's answer was also written promptly and was evidently mailed before the President died, but it was not postmarked until 9.30; in it he said that the President was progressing satisfactorily, but that, should any untoward symptoms present themselves, he would call upon me to send Dr. Koefod to him. These letters were postmarked, the one at 6.30 and the other at 9.30 P.M. The President died in San Francisco at 7.30 that same evening of apoplexy, according to the physicians in attendance. According to the papers which I had read Drs. Sawyer and Work were assuming the entire responsibility for the President's treatment, and I did not know until later that Drs. Ray Lyman Wilbur, C. M. Cooper and J. T. Boone were associated with them as consultants, and Drs. Wilbur and Cooper had been issuing official bulletins, which I quote below, although the papers headlined Drs. Sawyer and Work as the leading physicians in attendance. It seems to me rather unfortunate that none of the physicians in attendance upon Mr. Harding have made answer, so far as I have been able to ascertain, to the insinuations of Gaston Means in his recent book that President Harding was poisoned. One might say that no attention should be paid to a man of Means'

reputation; but the fact remains that his book is reported to have been one of the best sellers in England during this last year, 1930, and it seems to me that at least it is the duty of these physicians to inform the English-speaking people, here and abroad, of the facts of the case, in 213 so far as they know them. They should also, if they are in a position to know, refute the reports which have been rampant in Washington since Mr. Harding's death, that he committed suicide. These events are of importance as history, and a full report should be made while so many of the physicians who attended him are alive. Already Dr. Charles E. Sawyer of Marion, Ohio, has died. He was the lifelong friend of President Harding, whom the President appointed to be the White House physician, with the rank of Brigadier-General. When Calvin Coolidge succeeded to the presidency he retained Dr. Sawyer as physician to the White House, and also appointed him as head of the Hospitalization Board, to co-ordinate the government's program for giving hospital treatment to the wounded veterans of the World War. In June, 1924, Dr. Sawyer announced his retirement from his position at the White House, stating that he expected to devote himself to the upbuilding of the Harding Memorial Association. His life was marked by intense personal devotion to the President and his wife, both of whom he served until he passed on.

AUGUST 7. — This morning I left Santa Barbara at seven, first telephoning to the hospital and finding that Velma was still sleeping. It was deliciously cool when we started, but at Indio, a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, it was 104 degrees in the shade, and it was still warmer when we reached a point near Salton, 264 feet below sea level.

AUGUST 9. — Arrived at Kansas City at six this morning; very hot, muggy and dusty. It was hot all day yesterday, but local showers had laid most of the dust in the country through which we passed, especially at El Paso, which is 3,700 feet above sea level. The highest point we reached was at Corono, New Mexico, 6,666 feet.

AUGUST 11. — Changing cars at Chicago yesterday, I took the Twentieth Century Limited at 12.40 noon, and arrived at the South Station at 12 noon today, where Polly and Karl Anderson met me. We all spent the night at our house (64 Beacon Street, Boston) and the next morning left for

Wiscasset Inn, Wiscasset, Maine, in order to visit my son Cabot, who is in Camp Chewonki, Mr. Clarence Allen's camp, near there.